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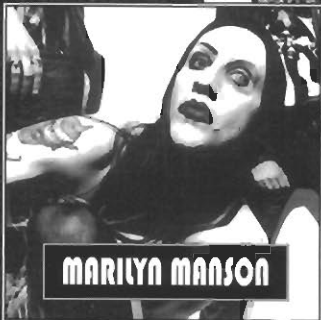
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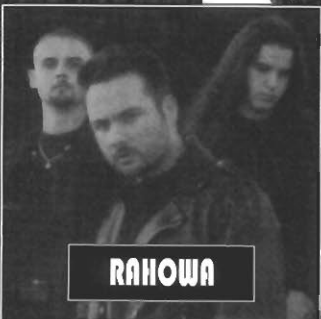
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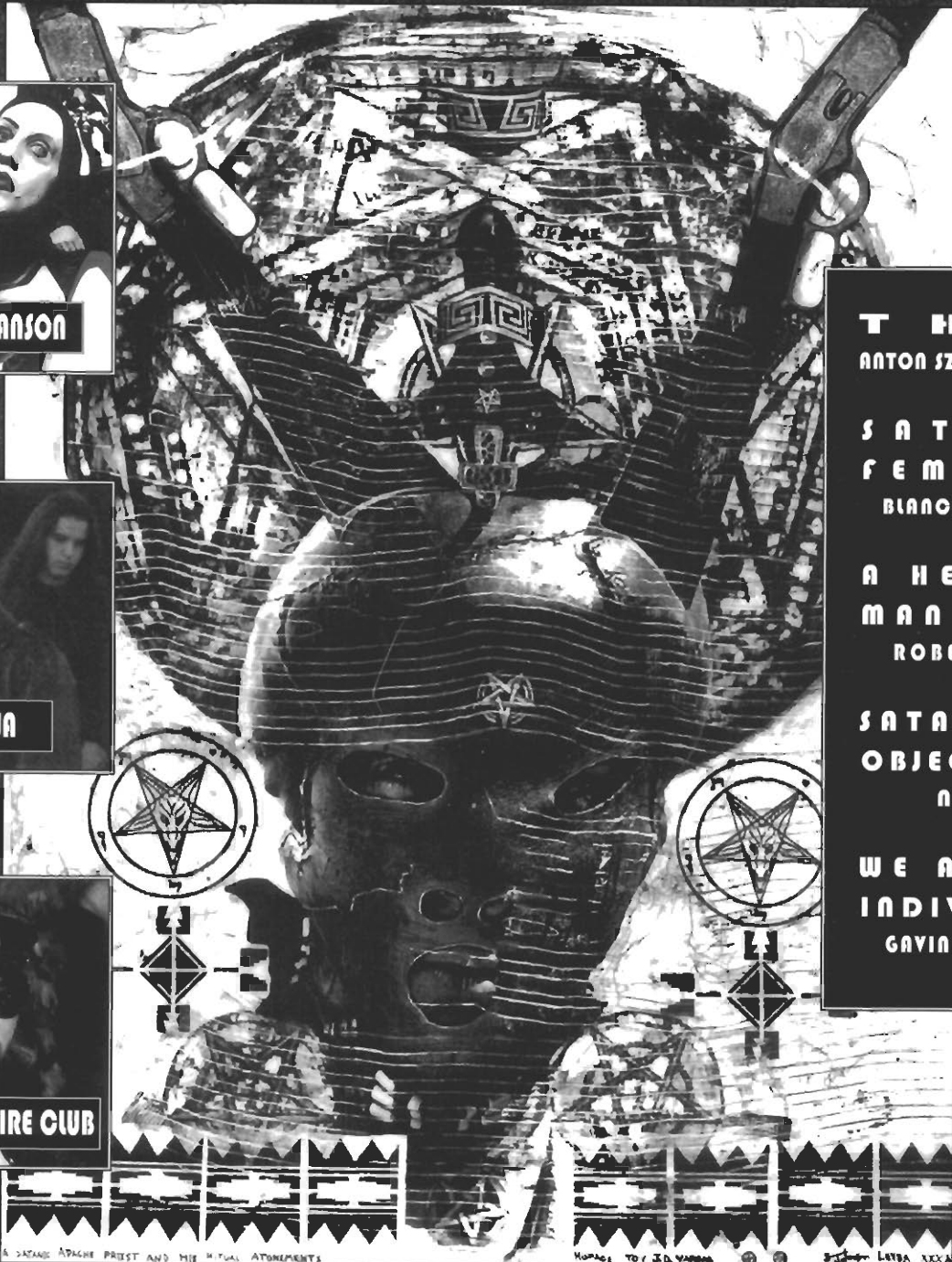
MARILYN MANSON



RAMMSTEIN



ELECTRIC HELLFIRE CLUB



THEY
ANTON SZANDOR LA VEY

**SATANIC
FEMINISM**
BLANCKE BARTON

**A HEATHEN
MANIFESTO**
ROBERT RUST

**SATANISM &
OBJECTIVISM**
NEMO

**WE ARE ALL
INDIVIDUALS**
GAVIN BADDELEY

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Demonic Convergence in Denver

March of 1996 saw a gathering of Satanic notables in Denver for the taping of several Bob Larson radio shows. These were also filmed and segments were broadcast over Larson's new vehicle on the Trinity Broadcasting Network.

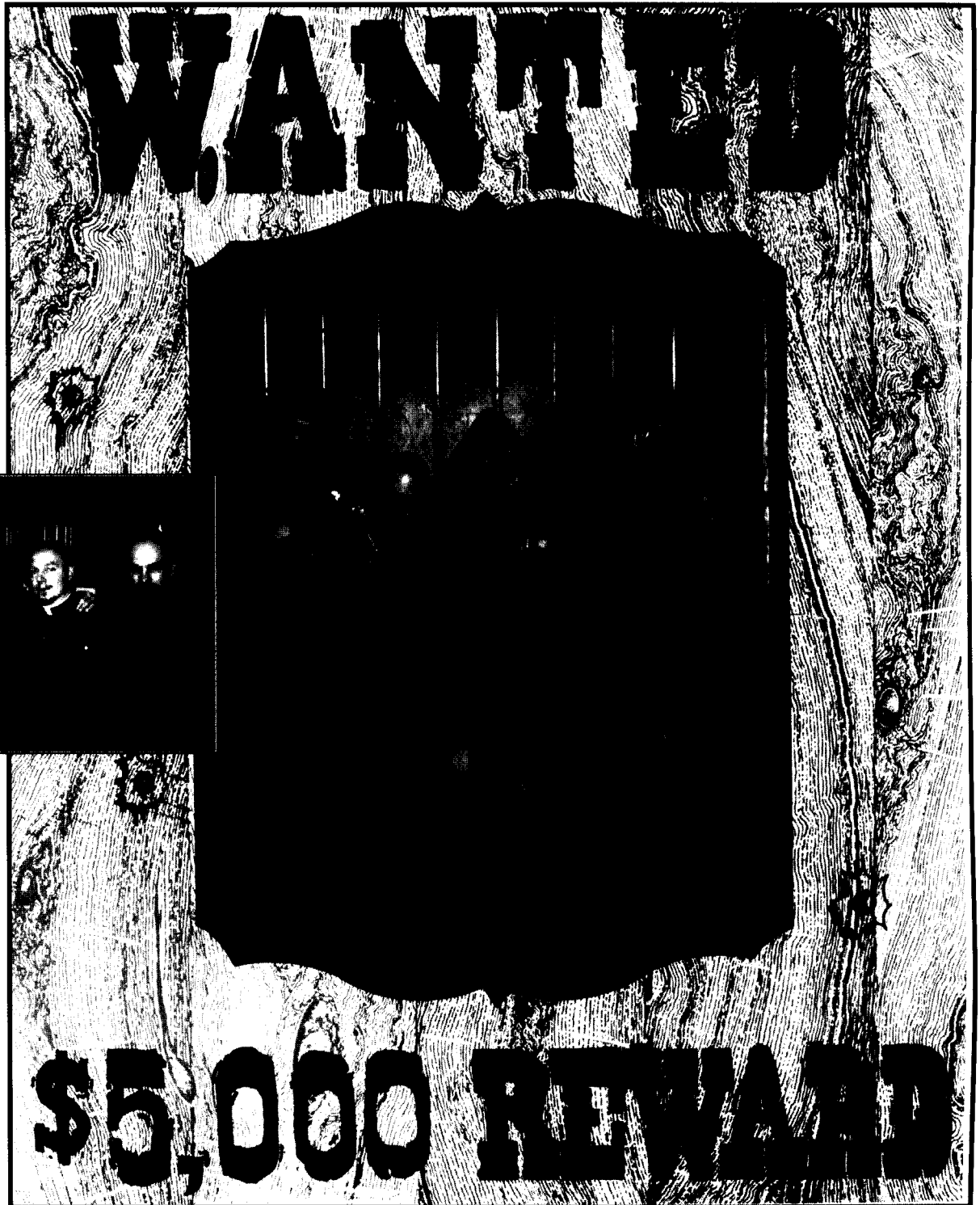
At right
you will see how we enjoyed the accomodations at the **Casa Bonita**, Denver's local den of total environments—the most magnificently tacky restaurant in Colorado.



Above

A portrait shot in Bob's studio.

From left to right:
Boyd Rice, Bob Larson, Peter H. Gilmore, and Rex Diabolos Church.



From left to right:
Shauna, Thomas Thorn, Peter H. Gilmore, Boyd Rice, Desirée Partridge, and Rex Diabolos Church.

THE BLACK FLAME

VOLUME 6, #1 & #2

INTERNATIONAL FORUM
OF THE
CHURCH OF SATAN

Editor

Peter H. Gilmore

Associate Editor

Peggy Nadramia

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IGNORANCE OF THE PRINCIPLES
AND IDEAS IN *THE SATANIC BIBLE*
BY ANTON SZANDOR LAVEY
WILL BE IGNORED.

PERVERSIVE PANTYWAISTISM

BY PETER H. GILMORE

Mollycoddles abound. Wimps are on the rise. Sissies hold sway. Our society is pervaded by a patronising protectivity, shielding the timorous from ideas that might be inimical to egos fragile as sodden tissue paper. What ever happened to cultivation of strength and self-assurance, once the hallmark of American culture? The minions of "political correctness" and a new generation of whiner-spawn have attained the legislative power to enforce their pusillanimous intolerance for any difference in opinion. Behold the vile cowardice that reigns in just about every public forum. Witness censorship, based on the principle that individuals must be protected from any negativity or they will suffer irreparable trauma and thus deserve reparations from the state to satisfy their shattered self-image. Here is the new standard for behavior, ranging from universities to work places, from the printed word to cyber-space, and it is enshrined by the various media who have united to crush those who refuse to abandon their critical faculties.

The contemptible contemporary credo is to seek the approval of all and sundry, while eliminating any critical commentary. It has become a thought-crime to voice the opinion that you **don't** embrace everyone in one sloppy hug of "brotherhood." There is, however, one group which **all** are permitted to deride, censor, and against which hatred may be freely exercised—those tarred with the label "racist." Here is today's ultimate bugaboo, far worse than being deemed a child molester. (They get "therapy" and are released to repeat their acts, or if a clergy person, simply transferred to a new parish to continue to do their Lord's work.)

Bob Grant, a well-known talk show host on WABC Talk Radio, was fired because of increased lobbying against him by various "PC" forces who had branded him a racist. Grant, a self-avowed conservative, does not hesitate to speak his mind against those whom he perceives to be miscreants and malefactors. And bravo to him! His candor, as well as his rational defense of his thinking, was refreshing to hear. He was hired shortly thereafter by a competing station to continue to air his views for a large audience who **does** appreciate hearing his opinions, and supporting or debating them. The situation may be grim, but not completely hopeless.

People are deathly afraid of words; they can't bear *anything* being said against them. To be "dissed" is the equivalent of being destroyed. Satanists deplore such weakness. It was once expected that one instinctively evaluated the gain-sayer (as well as the flatterer), automatically reacting with either pleasure, disappointment or even indifference based on the relative merits of this individual. Now, all are required to tout everyone else without discrimination (a word that now has an "evil" connotation and previously meant the exercise of one's selectivity based on educated appraisal.). Satanists have not lost this instinct; we welcome the conflict of ideas, and are excited by differences. It is by actions that we judge. Words are mere window-dressing.

We must cultivate a neo-Darwinian arena wherein opinions may clash in the bright glare of mid-day, light glinting off sabre-sharp tongues which slash against the armor of cultivated wit and erudition in a true conflict of rip-roaring repartee. We expect to see the sands stained crimson and will be ready to wield our discrimination boldly, without stint, to either raise a thumb in approval or give the sign of rejection. We will celebrate the victorious while the vanquished are carted off as refuse. This is the climate that will foster the re-emergence of intellectual rigor, and will present competing concepts for all to see and judge accordingly. It is time to end this childish insulation from the real world and go out to experience the invigoration to be had from a world of variety. If you come across that with which you don't agree, you'll be able to identify those who hold such values and deal with them as you will. Control of speech is not control of thought. The current climate has caused many to hold secret their true feelings, which often grow to strange shapes in their restraint, bursting forth in extremity which is shocking to the naive, but expected by the aware.

Let the triumphant strains of "My Way" ring their clarion call to those who refuse to disguise their true thoughts beneath a rictus of false politeness. Enter into the fray with claws extended, flying your true colors—winning friends and foes, or walk away and find another exchange more to your liking. You can soar, or crash and burn, but do so on your own. Don't go crying to some societal authority to wipe the snot off your nose and kick the ass of your betters. Perhaps you want to remain in diapers all of your life, but don't expect Satanists to stick around and smell the load. Manure is best when buried as fertilizer.

COVER: Rev. Steve Johnson Leyba
"The Angry Indian Priest's Satanic Self-Portrait."

THEY • ANTON SZANDOR LAVEY

THEY control everything we do. There is no human activity that THEY do not influence. THEY are everywhere, infiltrating the lives of even the strongest resistors.

Who are THEY?

How strange that humans can easily and readily externalize gods and devils, space aliens and UFOs, non-Aryans and fascists. Yet they find it difficult to entertain a notion that human hands and human minds serving human interests are sophisticated enough to exert control.

You say they do. They blame Satanists.

THEY are not Satanists.

When a rational mind hears another blame THEY for a negative event or situation, THEY are dismissed as a non-existent convenient catch-all employed by limited minds. Consequently, no one with any mental prowess uses the term, THEY.

If only dummies use the THEY reasoning, those whose mental capacity might really suspect, let alone detect, chicanery avoid it. By their avoidance, they close any doors before they attempt to enter.

There is no single THEY. That's why conspiratorialists search in vain or blame convenient enemies.

Any vested interest which contrivedly interferes with your best interests is THEY. The greater the need to make money, with little or no conscience, the greater the incidence of THEYS. If everybody is on the take, if everyone wants to win the lottery, some aspirants are more successful than others. Agencies of self-interest proliferate in a world of wannabes and big shots. The most successful, by dint of their established formulae for success, become the THEYS.

THEY do not want you to win. You win, THEY lose. THEY depend upon your ignorance and stupidity. THEY don't want anyone giving the show away. That's why THEY ridicule anyone who refers to THEY. THEY wish to abort *speculation*. THEY cannot afford to allow for *speculation*. Before any discovery can be made, *speculation* must be entertained. A simpleton who says: "What will THEY think of next?" is closer to discovery than those who ridicule him for saying "THEY."

THEY discourage logic and reason. It is unprofitable. There are seldom any hints or clues as to who THEY are. THEY survive by misdirection.

"New and Improved" is what THEY depend upon for their sucker's game. "Issues" maintain distraction and misdirection. Mainstream interests are mainline drugs. Fashion, style, trends, are common denominators. Common denominators are imperative, that THEY might remain in control.

THEY can be compared to the myth of the Mafia or



Organized Crime. There need exist no network or central control. THEY exist independent of one another. Yet in their perceived tyranny, THEY would appear to be organized. They cannot be broken or banished, because THEY are not an organization. Humans are so conditioned to organized lives that they cannot conceive of such a thing as power through disorganization. If one lives an institutionalized life, which most do, it is uncomfortable to move outside the herd. THEY depend on mass mindlessness and will destroy anyone or anything that threatens it. More than ever before in mankind's history, survival of the many is dependent on the success of the few. THEY, by whatever name, are the few. Collectively, THEY are powerless. Individually, THEY are ruthless and unscrupulous.

THEY are not fraternal. THEY do not help each other. Their strength lies in that THEY each concentrate on their own vested interests, with no collusion. Then, THEY are free to whip and lacerate the herd, without peer interference—without time and energy wasted on networking and organization. THEY have all manner of weaponry—whether deliberately neglected, yet more formidable than ever, or innovative technology. Control is achieved and maintained by radiation, saturation, and isolation; using sound and light waves, weather control, environmental substances, pharmaceuticals, atmospheric modification, etc. The greater the vested interest, the more formidable the arsenal THEY maintain.

It is a war in which the people of the world are the victims; a soft and flaccid enemy, too short-sighted and dull-witted to constitute a threat. It is the easiest war ever fought, where each new collective stupidity and despotically selected memory is a victory.

• • • • •

Portrait of Anton LaVey by Nick Bougas

SATANIC FEMINISM • BLANCHE BARTON

THE SMARTEST, MOST PASSIONATE, MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN I've met have been Satanists. I don't mean "beautiful on the inside where it really counts;" I mean gorgeous, vibrant, curvy women. Most non-Satanic men find Satanic women intimidating—too intelligent or too pretty, or worse yet, both at the same time. It takes a special woman to be a Satanist. Only the most truly liberated are summoned to Satan's legions. Up until quite recently, the ratio of Satanic men to women had been about 10 to 1, but that seems to be shifting. More and more young women are going through the process of exploring feminism and Wicca, seeking feminine pride, identity and power, and discovering only impotence, limitations and puritanical self-righteousness. Wicca and feminism share a flaccid, lackluster attitude and presentation. Satanic women like drama/adventure and know how to conjure it for themselves. Satanists have an innate complexity of mind that hungers for uncompromising examination and speculation, not superficially-comforting pap. We don't need to be comforted; we prefer the invigorating, bracing winds of truth and terror.

Our culture has been influenced enough by Anton LaVey and his books so that it's now cool for young women to dress like Satanic witches and think like the Devil Himself. Camille Paglia and others now get honorifics for challenging traditional feminism, defending women's rights to wear heels and makeup. Those who study such trends are calling this "lipstick feminism" (from the more honest "lipstick lesbians"), "non-traditional feminism" or "anti-feminist feminism." Big news. So *The Satanic Witch* came out 26 years ago, girls. Did you just get around to reading it? To me, it's still the same old game of cribbing from Anton LaVey's books, catering to the new Satanic generation, but not wanting to acknowledge those blasphemous philosophical roots. Jayne Mansfield recognized that, for the first time in her life, she had found a philosophy through which she could be a businesswoman, an intellectual, a mother and a sexpot all at once. She wouldn't be criticized for committing the ultimate sin of reconciling irreconcilables.

Satanic women don't want to gain their strength by castrating men, or by making themselves out as victims. Whether they're providing healing and inspiration to those under their roofs, cracking the whip in corporate circles, managing their own home-based businesses or maneuvering whatever they need to survive, all are applying and increasing their power—not whining about why they don't have any! We don't need "feminism" on our sleeve as our primary identity. We have our identity as Satanists. Satanic women are fierce, fierce defenders of their men, of their children, of their ideas and values. Wiccans understand the female archetype in a completely different way than Satanists do. We know that Woman is Nature—Darwinian law as well as peaceful, awe-inspiring sunsets. Women can be conniving and ruthless, plotting and vengeful. "Mother Nature" isn't loving and all-embracing. She's selective, cruel and unyielding.

Wicca is trying to keep up with Satanism by sprinkling in Valkyries, the Dark Goddess, and other more menacing images of the Mother Goddess. But it still remains lackluster and uninspiring

because it's isolated—dependent on internal references and icons. It becomes shallow, stilted and flaccid. By trying to ignore or deny the authority or existence of great men, they're disconnecting their religion from ennobling music, poetry, literature, art, architecture, science and philosophy. Satanists recognize that the force of Western civilization has always been a masculine, heroic, Promethean drive toward adventure and exploration. Feminist/Wiccan cant is ultimately "soul candy," like the term that's evolved for pop-science and psychology—this is the equivalent. You may seek it out when you need bolstering up, thinking that you'll be inspired and spurred to greater achievements, lured by promises of unique feminine perspective and strengthening. But ultimately it's not satisfying. The illusion of strength is superficial; the nagging victimization becomes insulting. Not like reading Dostoevsky or Will Durant, *Wuthering Heights*, or Jane Austen, or Plato's *Dialogues* or Erasmus' "The Praise of Folly", or, obviously, *The Satanic Bible*. I refuse to limit my role models only to other women just because I happen to be one. I gain power from the metaphors and heroes I choose regardless of their gender.

Our decisions are based on real-world concerns, not in defense of an inadequate ego. When a Satanic woman and her mate decide if they'll have children, or who will work in the outside world and who will stay home with the kids, it's a pragmatic question—who has more earning power? Who's invested more money and time developing their career? Who's more capable of earning money at home as opposed to in the workplace? Who's better able to have the patience and other attributes necessary to raise a child? The Satanic woman doesn't need a job to define her capabilities; nor does she need to have children to feel "fulfilled." She reserves her "nurturing" for those who deserve her help and encouragement—namely: herself, her mate, and those few she chooses to call friends. She finds a man who can express her Demonic or she conjures up a Lover for herself; she isn't desperate for love, vulnerable to ploys from fast talkers.

Many young bottom-of-the-clock women who are looking for gothic strength in a man, can't find it in the simpering she-males around them—so they manifest their Demonic themselves, dressing in black leather, black stockings and carrying a big black whip. A complete, Satanic witch can best spend her time in constant, intimate spiritual and sexual contact with her strongest Demonic archetype—Satan Himself. In practicing her arts of enchantment, manipulation, inspiration and protection in the real world, she strengthens both herself and those she chooses to love. She becomes a direct line to our Source. That's why a powerful sorceress must be cautious about aligning herself with, and transferring power to, unworthy men.

Identity and stimulation. Dr. LaVey has pinpointed these two elements as primary commodities. Satanism provides us with both. I don't need to be pigeonholed as a "feminist," or any other convenient label. None of us are so charitable to the weak-minded that we allow ourselves to be so easily categorized and dismissed. I am proud to call myself a Satanist, thereby aligning myself with the strongest minds, bodies and Will on Earth.

• • • • •

Anti-Christ Superstar: Rev. Marilyn Manson • Magister Jeffrey W. Nagy

DID THE HORRIFYING CIRCUS just hit town? Nope, it's just Marilyn Manson and friends here to take over (at least for a couple hours). Then off to another town to dominate. This newest rock icon isn't just playing the Devil's game without taking the Devil's name, in fact, he's the musical Anti-Christ smashing all conceptions of the behavior of typical rock and roll.

Seeing the intense show in San Francisco, one would figure his demeanor would be that of an ego-inflated weirdo. Such isn't the case. After the show, my wife and I went into a very calm, blue bus to meet with this showman, and to my delight I found a very modest, fan-appreciating gentleman.

Two months later, during a telephone interview, I was granted unprecedented access to and through the mask collectively known as Marilyn Manson. Here he is for you, dear reader: the man, the myth, the new icon.

JN: Where did the name Marilyn Manson derive from?

MM: Six years ago, when I was writing, I used a pen name. This pen name described my personality and what I grew up admiring—Marilyn Monroe and Charles Manson. Both were icons for different reasons. They both reached opposite extremes. This is something I have always felt in my own character—opposite extremes, dichotomy, diametrically opposed archetypes. I grew up reading Nietzsche, Crowley, LaVey. In such, Satanism seemed right to me. "Marilyn Manson" is Satanic in its mystery.

JN: Do you feel Satanism is incorporated into your music?

MM: Not overtly—subconsciously. I have to thank LaVey for inspiration. I incorporate Satanic philosophy, more times subtly than others. It gets across the philosophy without the name "Satanism." After people get close to me, I let them know of my affiliation with the Church. The band isn't overt with symbolism of Satanism, no upside-down crosses or Baphomets. I have been more outspoken about Satanism the last year or so, and the fans seem to understand the philosophy.



Photo credit: Joseph Culfice

TWIGGY RAMIREZ DAISY BERKOWITZ MADONNA WAYNE GACY MARILYN MANSON GINGER FISH

The music is very eclectic, always taken from everywhere. It's kind of a "Willy Wonka" world: the visual concepts, always creating art—such as body art, always expressing what's on my mind. It's very ritualistic. The concert is Satanic. Just by being in the audience, you are entering my own personal Satanic ritual. However, I'm not a salesman for the Church of Satan.

I get adrenal energy from the crowd, and they get it from me. This energy motivates me, makes me feel completely vital on stage. After the show, I feel drained and have no more emotion, which is the exact prescription for a ritual in *The Satanic Bible*. I've found performing to be the most powerful thing I've tapped in to.

JN: What of this new movie that you and Twiggy are involved in?

MM: Yes, it's the new David Lynch

movie, called "Lost Highway." In this movie, I have a pornographic scene with Patricia Arquette. It's a *ménage à trois*. David Lynch is kind of sketchy. He works completely with people's imagination. It ends up being a "snuff" film for me, because I end up dying in the movie, naked in a puddle of blood. David Lynch was talking about using some of our songs from our new

"Satanic music is music that affects your life."

Marilyn Manson

EP in the movie. It was a great honor to be involved with the project. I've always been a big fan of his. Acting is something I'd like to get more involved in. It stirs something inside; it gives me a new way to express myself.

JN: Are you Marilyn Manson?

MM: Yes and no. It represents different sides of my personality. Marilyn Manson is the more animalistic side of myself, as in lycanthropy. This transformation can happen anywhere, usually on stage. It could happen in bed. Then again, it might not. My fans are Marilyn Manson. They give me power. My motto is "I am you." We are the embodiment of disbelievers, the Anti-Christ, if you will. In the end, it's Marilyn Manson.

JN: How have your experiences been with Dr. LaVey?

MM: Flattering, exciting—an interesting person to meet, inspirational-wise. I've had a lot of great conversations with him. I have listened to him play music at his house. I felt like a part of his family, as if he were a father figure to me. People have often asked me "What Satanic is music? Is it just what Dr. LaVey plays?" Yes it is, and no it isn't. If you grew up listening to the music of the 40's, that music would be evocative to you. In my case, it was the music of the 70's and the 80's. People my age find this music much more powerful. Satanic music is music that affects your life. I had musical influences from *Black Sabbath* and other groups like *Alice Cooper*, *David Bowie*, *The Stooges*, and *Kiss*. It wasn't necessarily the music I liked, but that they stood out as icons.

Nowadays, nobody is taking a stand as an icon. And that's what I'm here to do—fill the void of iconography. Doctor is an icon for his reasons and I'm one for my own. After all, isn't that what iconography is all about—Gods doing different things to affect people in a similar way? I need to see icons myself.

JN: Anything you'd like to add that you haven't had the opportunity to express in the "traditional" media?

MM: I've read discussions on Satanists needing to dispel myths about animal sacrifice, killings, child molestation, etc. At the same time I feel there is a need to keep the myths intact. Satanism draws power from the misconceptions as well as from the conceptions. In a perfect world, Satanism wouldn't be suppressed, but then consider if it was, what would we be? I think that

Satanists all like to be the underdog. That's what makes it work. As much as I'd like to destroy Christianity, I think it needs to exist for us to feel as strong as we do—not to say that we rely on it, but the world wouldn't be as fun if it didn't exist. This is one thing I think Satanists need to realize, that it is OK to fun. I find positive things out of negativity. Marilyn Manson is what I care for deeply and would die for.

JN: What is Anti-Christ Superstar?

MM: We are about to work on a record entitled, "Anti-Christ Superstar." After ten years in a private Christian school, I was inundated and told about things like Armageddon, the Rapture, taking the Mark of the Beast, etc. When I realized it wasn't going to happen, I felt fortunate, but at the same time I felt cheated. For me, the things that had tormented me as a kid, I have become. What I set my mind on was, if Armageddon wasn't going to happen, I was going to bring it upon the world myself. I

"I take the role of the
Anti-Christ... It will scare
America, and rightfully so."

Marilyn Manson

felt the obligation to be exactly what they had me so afraid of. So on this record, I take the role of the Anti-Christ. This record is me asserting myself in that position. It is the tale of how things are going to happen in the future. It will scare America, and rightfully so.

↑ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑

Like what he has to say or not (I do), he's real and he's here to stay. He is affecting change in our world and his own. He's a Satanist to the bone, and lives his lifestyle of choice without stinting. He's shown you a "Portrait of the American Family," he's showing you how the world "Smells Like Children," who may very well follow this new "Anti-Christ Superstar."

In memory of Andrew Kenneth Nagy

"The angel has spread his wings.
The time has come for better things."

from *Anti-Christ Superstar*



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We Are All Individuals (Except for that guy sitting on his own in the corner) - Interview: Gavin Baddley

THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TALK about the political stance of Satanism recently. More specifically the tired old fascism argument. Is Satanism inherently fascist? Nazi even? Certainly anyone picking up much recent Satanic literature could be forgiven for seeing Satanism as little more than offensive window-dressing for white supremacist occultniks.

I don't think that's very helpful. Not because Satanism is fascist or isn't fascist. It's because this swastika-waving, Nietzsche-spouting circus really rather misses the point. Worse than that, it's getting rather old. Allow me to elaborate. Satanism IS political. Anything, or anyone, that interacts with the society surrounding them is political. The idea that you have to buy into left, or right wing models is a smokescreen, a democratic simplification to turn the political arena into something that resembles a football field, so your average idiot feels comfortable with it. Ironically enough, the further beyond the clichés of left or right wing tradition an individual is, the more interactive, and hence political they're likely to be.

Satanism does have dogma that could be regarded as political. Dogma that create a framework around which Satanic political positions can be established (note positions, not position singular). Firstly, Satanism is about rebellion. It's important to remember that rebellion implies resistance to an established order for a reason. Mindless intransigence or contrariness for the sake of it is not Satanic, but self-destructive and infantile. The Satanic current stands as a counterbalance to witless orthodoxies and the more inane or stagnant tendencies within the status quo. Satanism is a catalyst, a perspective that favours inspiration over perspiration, a faith for heretics.

The second relevant Satanic dogma is the worship of variety and quality over quantity. Satanism could be regarded as being a theatrical extreme of the western cult of the individual. The Eurocentric perspective has attained pre-eminence because of attitude, which places the value of the individual as equal (or in the case of the Satanist, superior) to the value of the society en masse. LaVey's "rational self-interest" is a manifestation of this western tradition,

which contrasts starkly with Oriental concepts of conformity and democratic ideas of the greatest good for the greatest number (Similar concepts of conformity and "cog in the machine" mentality are at the core of Judeo-Christianity).

The last element I'd like to draw in here is that of intelligence and wit. If there's one characteristic that a Satanist cannot live without, then it's an active brain. Without a little native wit then all Satanic dictums become worthless or even destructive. Rational self-interest is myopic selfishness in the hands of a fool, the urge that draws a child to eat so much chocolate cake that he'll throw up. Lucifer is an icon for free will. The serpent that tempted Eve offered her the apple of wisdom, and this is the fruit our enemies are most anxious should remain untouched.

These three concepts are enough to illustrate the point I'm endeavouring to get across. Firstly the Satanic position is not automatically fascist just because Nazism is "evil". Society's rejection of something often means it's worth looking at, but should not encourage automatic adoption of whatever the taboo may be. Satanism tests taboos: some may be legitimate, others are redundant or even ripe for destruction. Satanism is interested in taboo or "evil", but an interest does not imply endorsement, only an open and pragmatic mind as to the shifting geography of morality. Anybody who seizes upon objectionable imagery simply because it is objectionable—collecting a hodgepodge of iron crosses, Baphomets or whatever,—is more likely to be displaying adolescent angst than actually exploring the forbidden philosophies behind them. It is to be expected that our enemies should indulge in the common human fallacy that an interest in a "forbidden" area immediately confirms support for it. It is a little depressing when this same misapprehension is adopted within the Church of Satan's own ranks.

It has been said before, but it obviously has to be said again, that those Satanists screaming for a white supremacist state of supermen are yet more turkeys voting for Christmas. The whitebread world they want to join has no place for deviance or originality. Satanism is a philosophy of indulgence, of the carnal, not a hate faith for

scapegoaters. Democracy fosters the repugnant cancer of conformity, but fascism positively demands it. Most people want to be told what to do and fascism could be called a pragmatic acceptance of that. The true Satanist sighs, and accepts this as a sad fact of life, rather than jerking himself off on how "special" this makes him.

Certainly Satanists are smarter than your average drone, or at least they had damn well better be if they want to survive as anything other than a walking Halloween novelty. But do we really need to go on about this with such embarrassing regularity? To use a little barroom psychology, the man who makes the most lurid comments on passing women is usually a virgin, the fellow who gives the bloodiest accounts of his past brawls is probably a wimp. The same idea can be applied to those who seem dedicated to advertising their own "genetic superiority".

Darwinian natural selection is a law which, if it is accurate, works regardless of our actions. "Assisting natural selection" is a little like going around throwing things at the floor in order to promote the law of gravity. Certainly Darwinian concepts help explain the way that species, cultures, or even individuals interact, and they are useful and intriguing because of this. Darwinism is not a tool or active position, merely a way of understanding certain mechanics of the world.

Examination of most radical right wing groups show them to be far from master stock. Rather they are more often individuals looking for excuses for their own inadequacies (Jewish conspiracies, Commies, foreigners stealing their jobs and women, whatever) and spurious claims to superiority to substitute for actual achievement or creativity. The Satanist should not join these weakling scapegoaters. The traditional Satanic role is to adopt the mask of the scapegoat rather than join in his persecution. Proudly take on the markings of what other men seek to deride and destroy, for deep down, it is what the herd fear the most.

I could go on, but I think you can see what I'm talking about. If there is a true Satanic political archetype then it is Machiavelli, not Adolph Hitler. Read Machiavelli's *The Prince* and you'll find it surprisingly vague and morally neutral—it's

not a "why to" so much as a "how to" book. The point being that Satanism is about achieving what you want, rather than what some political idealogue or other thinks you should want (be it workers rights, racial purity, or a chicken in every pot). The only honest politics are those motivated by your own fetish, whim, and aesthetics, thus there are as many political positions as there are thinking individuals (which may not be all that many), and these can shift from month to month.

Standard political stances have much in common with religion (indeed astute political theorists, like Marx and Hitler, made a deliberate attempt to slide politics into the slot in people's psyches usually occupied by religion). At best orthodox politics are hypocritical mock motives for getting what you want (I really want it "for the people" or "to stimulate economic growth"), at worst political theories are artificial systems which go against the grain of human instinct, and twist people into poorly functioning creatures. Like religion, political traditions have utopias and distopias, saints and scapegoats. And like religions, political traditions are for saps.

So if you must air your political laundry in Satanic journals then make it original, exhilarating and informed. Shock, stimulate or provoke. If you're going to be predictable and dull, at least be realistic and practical—coffee bar revolutionaries are more often comical than cutting edge. There is space for the radical right wing in Satanism—indeed the tradition of heresy and the canon of the western cult of the individual are wholly incomplete without Nietzsche. But there are also left wing influences on Satanism (Medieval Satanism actually began as what was, arguably, a proto-socialist protest against the bonds of feudalism).

Satanism is losing many potentially productive and able individuals who dismiss the Church of Satan as a "right wing organisation". Satanism does seem to be becoming too comfortable a refuge for conservatives who want an outlaw badge and weekend fuhrers still anxious to shock grandma. There's a lot more to Satanism than that. Okay, the war against the prevailing masochism of the colonial guilt trip is productive, and Satanists should be at the forefront of the counterattack of the

rationalists against the relativists. The romance of the teutonic spirit fits in well with Satanism's interest in pragmatic romanticism. And of course the interest in political taboo is only natural. Even toying with the methodology of the fascists can yield results. But aligning yourself with Heinrich Himmler (or Nancy Reagan as some seem to) is not innately "Satanic". It's silly.

ALTAR EGOS

A continuing feature of
The Black Flame.

Each issue will spotlight a photograph of a Satanic Altar, showing the diversity of expression amongst contemporary Satanists.

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AW SHUCKS! I'M ONLY JUST AN ANIMAL... • TANI JANTSANG

...LIKE ANY OTHER ANIMAL,
AFTER ALL.

HUH-HUH HUH-HUH WOOF, WOOF. Eeeeeaaa ohAAA eeww. Ooo-ooo, ooo-ooo. I might not be speaking this right, but then they don't speak English, either. But we do "speak the same language" in terms of how we feel, what we feel, and what we do up to the point where they do not have to use artifice to survive (or at least most of them don't have to, but some do). But rarely do they destroy their own environments (though some did and went extinct).

Be this as it may, animals that have sound and/or drawings as their own main avenue of communication, instead of highly developed senses of smell or chemical communication (which is far more direct than any manner of speech can possibly be and whose "words" some have groped to understand), have all managed to come up with their own mytho-poetic renderings of their own beginnings. Yet they who did this said these things of themselves and these ideas sprang from a culture of their very own, grounded and rooted firmly in the earth, as are a tree's roots. That these various and still-surviving cultures will not (or can not) share this with those outside their own culture is no mystery. An example most common in the West could be the Hebrew rendering of their own beginnings, which they tell you again and again can not be taken at face value—can not be read literally. And yet they will not tell others just how to read their self-written history and they really do not owe anyone this, despite the fact that others have tried to take this from them. The Amerindians do the same thing. So do the Polynesians. So do the Freemasons.

Now that this small obstacle of mytho-poetry is out of the way, let me count the ways in which the unrooted, the no-culture, the have-nots—those who despise their own humanity—try to claim for themselves something "more than just an animal," something "better than you," as they do not just need to "feel good" about themselves. They can not even accomplish this unless they first categorize other animals (people included) as somehow "less" than they are. The biggest, most widely-spread, and strongest example of this klipptothic

tendency can be seen in the two versions listed first, though there are many versions of the exact same thing.

I call them, "Variations on a Wail: Woe is Me, I Wannabe."

God (that's going to be the "top") took *Those People* off the Special Tree of Saved and now they can't get to the Special Kingdom where only the *Elect* go. And *We* got put on the Special Tree instead, in their place. But if you are *worthy* (Define this? They never do.) you can hitch a ride on the Special Tree too. All you have to do is join our club and believe in *God's Son*, though there is that little matter of other *chores* you have to do to make your life more miserable. Then as long as you lobotomize yourself, castrate yourself inwardly, destroy all manner of *Eros* you may have in your heart and become as numb as the dead, you can stay on the Special Tree. You only need to obey these rules and perpetuate this on your children and on anyone else you might bump into who still has a smile on their face and joy in their lives. Wipe off their smiles, destroy their joy, and you will have made a convert. As for *Those People* who got taken off the Special Tree and refuse to do this—they are DAMNED. They won't go to our Special Kingdom, they'll go to a place where there is all this fire. Of course, later on if groups of you wish to slaughter some of them, it's okay because, after all, they are damned anyway. So "Onward Soldiers—go to it!"

We have this Manifest Destiny, you see, which gives *Us* the right to destroy other cultures, destroy other traditions, interfere with all manner of natural mechanisms and with Nature Herself, hunt animals for sport, enslave humans of darker colors for gain, and otherwise take all we want from them. After all, *We* only had to destroy any semblance of humanity, destroy every ounce of *Eros*, become hard, cold, and so isolated from any feelings that *We* no longer feel anything at all. That is how *We* are able to do this to those of the same species as us. And yes, there is that matter of their coming to understand how klipptothic *We* are and then rising up in revolutions to slaughter us. And there is also the bothersome matter of having endangered the entire ecosystem. But *We* have that Manifest Destiny and isn't our dust better than their dust?

And yes, one can visibly see this same type, or their descendants today, trying to "get in on" those very cultures they destroyed and wondering why they are now greeted with hostility and hatred. You see, besides having a split now between their thinking and feeling selves, they have selective amnesia and imagine others have it too. They are as trees with no roots in the

ground, or, *un-trees, not-trees*. So when they stop trying to horn-in on what they can clearly see as *The Alive*, they resort to these other "Variations on the Wail." One can almost audibly hear their screaming as they attempt to squirm away from the self-loathing they feel toward their own broken humanity.

We are the Shining Light Race, whose ancestors came to this planet from another planet. Our superior Shining Race arrived in Atlantis, or Heliogoland, or Antarctica, or the Arctic, and we found the primitive (and darker, dark-haired, dark-eyed) human beings on Earth. Our Shining Race taught them all they knew as if we were Divine Angels. But then some of our Shining Angel Race sought to mix with the daughters of these inferior humans and we thereby polluted our race. This is how all the other races of humans came into existence.

And they believe this in the face of truths which do show, especially with recent excavations (and the pushing aside of 200 years of this type of lie preached by ignoring all more ancient and eye-witness accounts), just who and which cultures did create those marvelous civilizations along a wide bend of land stretching from Southern Europe and North Africa to Asia, where palm trees grew and it was quite hot and sunny—a climate the Shining Ones would not have been able to live long in comfortably. Truth in fact is that when these dumb strangers first saw the Naga civilization of India, the Pelasgian civilization of Athens, or the Dynastic civilizations of Egypt, it was *they* that imagined that the creators of it were Gods or Demons and/or semi-divine. It was never the indigenous peoples who made these civilizations that ever had such notions about themselves. It was the dumb strangers who warred with these cultures, took them over, wrote down tales about it—interpreting the mytho-poetry in a literal sense for failure to ever grasp it for real, and who finally caused the extinction of these cultures which are now just a memory.

We are the Secret Undead Rulers who came to Earth from outer space and taught the primitive human beings all they know. We enslaved the humans and made them work for us by giving them religions to believe in where we were the real rulers that hid behind the names of their Gods. And we talk to the Undead Gods right now and we still rule the world with our hidden hand. And you can join us by talking to the Undead Gods yourself, but there are

conditions: you have to take this all seriously and not have fun with silly tales by told by Bram Stoker, or Ann Rice, or Brian Lumley. You have to strive at that work-ethic to improve yourself and prove you are *worthy* (that word again). And keep in mind, only the benighted fools out there, the mere animals, do not believe we exist (just as similar "deceived fools" don't believe in God's Son who has the Special Tree). The proof of this is that advanced human civilization just "appeared" one day; we know this because it's written. (And they read it all the way they read that other book, the one about the god's son.)

Yes, it was written by those who wandered into these civilizations and who sang the praises of them but who had no part in their creation. And what they wrote down was woefully misinterpreted and is being taken literally by Wailing Wannabes who still sing the praises today. The truth, which the most modern excavations reveal, is the fallacy of these wails and also shows just *who* built these civilizations. These civilizations gradually and quite naturally came into being due to pressures in the environment. The only thing that "suddenly appeared" were the dumb strangers who wandered into this and decided to try to write it all down—so they could memorize it? Probably. Well, memorizing didn't do the Dorians any good, nor did it do the Ptolemies any good. And when the same people tried to take credit for the recent American Revolution, which they had no part in, it didn't take knowing ancient history or fathoming ancient or foreign languages to see how drastically the culture set up by the founders of the U.S.A. changed in less than 250 years.

We are not like any other animal. There is something Special about our brains and it was not aliens who are the cause of this because aliens would be unfamiliar with human anatomy. Those who imagine this are deceived. It was an Entity which did this by altering and shaping our brains. And, of course, I was told this directly by this Entity. That is why we feel lonely and separated from the Nature around us. This is why we feel cast out and detached from life. We are like heads separated from our bodies. The people who focus on their bodies are merely into "Natural Religion." We who know better are into the "Religion of the Mind." We seek to explore this separateness we have and find out more about it.

First of all, who says that an alien couldn't pose as an Entity? Who says that an Entity has to be speaking the truth? This flies in the face of the fact that they could find out a lot more about this "separate" condition and find out exactly what is

wrong (not right) with them through modern neurology. They could even volunteer for tests which would explain this clinically and in detail. That they do not go for these hard, cold truths shows that they do not wish to find out anything about why they are this way. They are content to simply have faith that all humans are the same as they are. That flies in the face of other humans who haven't got a clue as to what these people's horrific mind/body dualism might be like, because these normal, merely-animal humans are not broken animals. This flies in the face of neurology which shows that normal humans are exactly like animals and that only some, whose brains are developmentally damaged, are not like animals because the parts of their brains are not wired into the "main computer" portion of the brain.

We are descended from aliens that came here long ago and mated with our ancestors and these aliens are here again and they communicate with the Chosen Few. We know this because we have no Rh factor in our blood. And such aliens have had contact with all the great teachers that humanity ever had.

This flies in the face of the fact that people today, like Einstein, Heisenberg, Feynman, and many others not as famous or not even in the profession, are still able to prove things about the Hidden Reality of Nature without outside help. And some of us are easily able to handle hard-sciences while the Wailing Wannabes can be blatantly seen to be "wannabe able" who just can't quite "make it." They often get into the colleges and memorize the formulae which they then proceed to pontificate like "Sages on their Stages." But they can't *apply* these formulae—a real problem today in schools.

We are the Original Man from the Original Continent and we are the Fathers and Mothers of the other humans who got everything they have from us.

This is the least far-fetched of the Wails out there. Yes: Africa is where we all evolved, but the Australopithecines and various types of *Homo* were not members of any of the races we see here today. And, while everyone can be truthfully said to have gotten their genes from one of these groups of original *Homo* genus in Africa, it does not follow that two million years later Chinese civilization was taught to the

Chinese by Africans. It is also true that many of those great civilizations that dumb strangers stumbled into were North African and made by Africans; but there are many Africans in Africa and it was not the Bantus or the Zulus who made these civilizations, or even lived near them. The faces themselves on the statues of the most marvelous and ancient Egyptian artifacts, when seen in their original excavated form and from all angles, do indeed look like some kind of Negro with a hint of Asian blood—some more, some less. I personally saw and touched the Tut exhibit. He rather resembles Muhammad Ali, the fighter—a dead ringer, in fact.

Now all of this "I'm an alien" religion flies smack in the face of the human genome reality and the very last one about the "Original Man" has been proven to be true by the human genome! Lastly, our genes and the genes of chimpanzees are 99% identical.

Well now, there's us! And *aw shucks*, we aren't aliens and don't want to be. We don't quite know what to make of all that wailing about Heaven and Hell we hear, nor do we know exactly what a god is supposed to be. And we are *alive*, not dead or undead. We feel a dark force in nature flowing through us and know other animals and plants have this too. And we have come to learn that the Wailers have, sometimes, referred to this force as evil, a devil—Satan. We know they don't like us very much, yet we never did anything to deserve their hate. We never wanted to rule them and never tried to. We never enslaved other humans or harmed them and the only time we ever harmed an animal was to eat it; but animals themselves eat other animals so this is quite normal and natural—it's called the Food Chain. Some of us have said, in reaction to these klippoths, "God? I am my own God since that dark force flowing through me is *my deification*."

But we hardly mean this the way *They* think we do. What do they think we mean? That we are genies that can blink reality into existence with a mere thought? Well now, there is no such thing! We know that Reality is like a brick on the head! You either physically and carnally deal with it, or "ha!" it surely will deal with you! We know that the law of the World is eat and be eaten (eventually). We know that the "world" is a hostile place and it is made even more hostile by these klippoths who keep com-

plaining about how hostile it all is. So it rains and you get wet and cold. Hell—put on a damned rain-coat. And we learned to keep warm by artificial means—we used fire, developed steam, etc. We didn't have enough time, in terms of evolution, to finish developing that nice warm subcutaneous body fat (of which we still have some), which not only retains heat in cold climes but insulates against heat in hot climes. We still can acclimatize to a certain degree. And just what kind of animal, mere animal, am I anyway?

Well, I'm sort of like a primate, but I've got no body hair to speak of and I have subcutaneous body fat rather like a seal—but not as much. I can float, too; even my knees are buoyant. I never knew a time I could not swim under water and come up for air like a sea mammal. And I am a mammal, which includes primates. I'm a carnivore too, but not hardly near the top of the predator line as is a lion or tiger, or even a dog! I can shed tears like no other primate can, but there are other mammals who can do this: aquatic mammals. I can also hold my breath like they can and I'm born with the same diving reflex that they have. I feel I am a gentle kind of animal. Perhaps my ancestors were friendly and kind to the canine top predators and that's why dogs like us today and make good friends. We tend to make friends with cats too, though I feel that they more or less tolerate us and remain aloof. Lots of other animals are befriended by us and they befriend us in turn; but this is not unusual if you see a dog befriend a duck, as I've seen. I am a playful sort of being. I can be aggressive and can be angered into violence, but this feels awful and upsets my otherwise inwardly peaceful nature.

Klippoths tend to always be angry; their anger is really directed at themselves and it feels good to them to lash out at any scapegoat they might find to relieve their own inner torment. I tend to stay away from such other humans. I can even almost understand what they mean now, when they talk about Hell. They mean their own lives. They don't mean my life. My life must be what they mean when they talk about Heaven. I have joy in some of the most simple things: a song I hear or write, a delicious food, a cup of coffee, a good movie, a roller-coaster ride, dancing, playing cards, the beach. Simple and merely human enjoyments.

Why would someone call me a Devil for

these things? Is it because of the way I look? Maybe. But I think perhaps it is more so because I am a total animal, a perfect animal as best as evolution has allowed me to evolve, though I had no say in who my ancestors were and what choices they made. I am merely an animal, like any other animal. I would not want to be something else and can't even fathom this because I am me. *I am what I am.* Not so much who, but what.

I'm glad I'm me and not an alien, or outcast in nature, or elected for some kingdom, or undead. Undead? Does this mean "alive"? Well, no. They don't mean that. I see klippoths as being undead, or dead-alive in some way. They surely feel that way themselves and I can hear this no matter what key they sing their Wail of Woe in. They whittle away their wondrous lives with pipe-dreams, imagining they are "other than" animals or "more than" animals. They shun the undefiled truth even when it is right in front of their faces and even in modern laboratories today. The Truth does not set these people free—it condemns them to see: they are their own curse.

There is a definite type of progression that damaged humans tend to take: step-by-step they get duped by the same klippoths who write the same versions of the same anti-animal-nature tune. It is as if it is a strenuous effort for them to keep their feet rooted in the ground of reality and not take note of this lunatic babbling. They seem to be walking on level ground and then they trip or slide down, their heads spin around and something takes over that obviously feels good to them. Then they take "the vacation from themselves"—they find an escape from the reality of themselves. That would mean that *being* who they are is painful; the religion is the drug. People lured by these untruths are damaged, more or less. The ones who think it up and believe it are completely klippothic and, while they are not recognizable to damaged humans, they are blatantly recognizable to normal, whole, undamaged animal-humans.

For example, one can see the word "electricity," in the 19th century pseudo-occult schools of non-thought. They thought it meant a kind of ethereal spirit in the air. Yet "air" to them was empty space; they didn't even realize it was an atmosphere filled with matter—material, not empty. Now one can see the term "bioelectrical" being slowly shifted into something other

than what it is. Bioelectrical refers to electricity in us, as compared to a machine. It is electricity working in conjunction with a certain and specific type of chemistry. Together they make "aliveness." Slowly, this tips into "life-force," then "Lifeforce," and finally "soul." Now they are no longer talking about bioelectricity. They are being religious as if they are not sentient beings able to grasp the nature of this force. Then they parrot the word and imagine that they are, above all, sentient.

Slowly, in terms of a few hundred years, various forms of human societies took shape. Nomadic ones lived in harmony with the earth, created things of their own, but never sang their praises or wrote them down; they lived with very limited farming and relied on animal husbandry and following the herds around. They lived in movable structures that they'd build and take down as they moved. Trader, merchant, guild-craft societies (living on limited fishing and farming, and trading for the rest of what they needed), found this a way to live in warmer climates. They wrote things down in heavily mytho-poetic and coded forms in order to keep their crafts secret. (This still goes on and recently a person who already knows chemistry partially broke this kind of code used by Isaac Newton and others. Yet no one knew chemistry when Newton's peers were doing it; no one could break the code which read like religion!)

Lastly, there were the vast agricultural parasites that not only ruined their land, but parasitized other people with top-heavy forms of government. They are the people who had all of those God-Kings (humans worshipped as gods), who also had human sacrifice and chattel slavery. In order to even do this kind of thing they had to breed out every ounce of compassion, love, *Eros* and empathy from their ranks. They also had to breed for types that would obey mindlessly. These societies also enslaved their own females and treated them as they treated animals. And they sang their own praises, conquered others, and ruined other civilizations in their wake. This is how human martial societies and warfare came into being.

Yet these things did not happen in one man's lifetime. Somehow, this tips into the lie that "it happened all of a sudden." No, it was simply that no one else left written

accounts, or they rarely did, and all of a sudden there were written accounts being bragged about by the people back then to proclaim how great they were. One might venture to say that the automobile happened "all of a sudden." Would someone also venture to say that aliens, or entities, told Ford how to do this? I doubt it. Yet the automobile did not happen all of a sudden—far from it. A lot of different things came together in a time of "no more guild secrets" and this knowledge, tested and failed over and over, finally succeeded and was then improved upon. This only happened because of the "open seminar" approach.

Asia had the secret guild traditions until quite recently. After W.W. II, they started having open seminars. Japan is now almost 100 years ahead of anything the U.S.A. has to offer, but this did not happen "all of a sudden" either. It took about 50 years with a vast network of open seminars and sharing of different disciplines instead of keeping them separate. No one would venture to say that, after W.W. II, Japan was visited by aliens or entities or the undead. Yet somehow, when it involves the "ancient world," these people tend to tip into the realm of religion and believe utter lies. They tip into this area because they *desire* it. In other words, they *desire* to be more than just a mere animal. This is due to the fact that these people know that they not only can't grasp any of this "smart stuff, Wisdom, Gnosis-Knowledge," but they never were the ones that initiated anything creative to begin with: but they *wish they were!* "Woe Is Me, I Wannabe"—there's that song again. Martial, obeyful societies do not breed artists, musicians, and artisans; neither do war-like empires: they parasitize the

knowledge from those who know such things. They ought to beware of what someone who's smart gives them while under duress: like Oppenheimer. (Now *that* was an apple to consider...Mr. Adam!)

I expect to find these variations of the same thing in the Christian world. What are they doing in Satanism? What! Is what Dr. LaVey said *not enough?* "We are like any other animal." *Not enough?* I say it is all I need, it is enough and more: it is true. The best that some can do is argue the fact that "animals can think," but I say now: it is not enough to simply focus on the *brain* of the animal. Look at the *whole* animal. Understand it. Understand its entire nature and understand how you are connected to that animal in a very real ecosystem Web of Life that is a wondrous thing to see and understand. You *are* an animal—what kind? Are you a vampire bat or a leach? No, you're neither; you're nothing like these animals. Are you a wolf? No, nothing like like one; you don't even communicate the way a wolf or dog does. Somehow, identifying with these animals is more of that tipping into the klippothic lure; it's more "I do not wannabe just a mere human animal." Wishful thinking isn't going to change this *error* of knowledge or Disease of Knowledge.

The word "sin" is big with them; yet this word means "to err, to have error within yourself." They are truly "*born in* this error," and this error is not some curse someone put on them. Some claim God put this curse on them; others claimed in the past that my own people cursed them—not true. This error inside them, inside their broken animal nature, is due to choices they made or, perhaps, to choices their ancestors made in terms of evolution. Yet they seem

powerless to just stop this by selecting against the type, or changing their traditions. They seem as if doomed to perpetuate the same Wail of Woe in various forms which we can see are merely brought up into our space age today—up-to-date versions of the same old song: religion. What is religion? I'm an animal that types and talks. I use the word "religion" and talk as if I know what it is—but I really do not know what it is. It seems to me that it's like "something you believe which is never true, but always some kind of lie to make you feel good because you feel *so bad* about yourself that you *need* these lies, like medicine or an opiate." That's religion. I'm sure if dogs and cats and other animals could speak English, they'd say the same thing and come to the same conclusions.

Yes. I'd say "Hail Satan!" here, but I fear someone might imagine I am talking about a God. Well, no. Actually, I'm talking about that dark force in nature we always felt, that the klippoths called "Satan." I'm taking this pretty word, "Satan," for *myself* now. And what did my people who really had a word like this mean by the word or words? Well: SAT—the dark force itself, immutable. And TAN—the way this dark force stretches forth, permeating and motivating all things of Nature and of the Cosmos. And this is, in fact, the most ancient form of these words ever used on Earth. This referred to a real force that is not energy or matter, but which permeates and motivates all energy and matter. Dr. LaVey felt this once while doing one of those merely-human things: parking his car. But AW SHUCKS! He is merely an animal, too.

One might translate "Aw Shucks" as Hail Satan! • • • • •

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A HEATHEN MANIFESTO • ROBERT RUST

MUCH IS MADE OF MAN'S ASCENT to the top of nature's order, but almost nothing is mentioned about how man's true animal nature and attendant behavior have placed him there.

Just as the natural human sex drive was, until fairly recent times, suppressed by the omnipresent purveyors of Judeo-Christianity, man's aggressive instincts are even now vehemently denounced and held in bondage by the self-appointed thought police of our culture.

Aggressive impulses and actions can serve as dark agents of positive change, and they remain dark only because man has forbidden himself from shining light on all the elements of his emotional repertoire and increasing his self-understanding. It is to man's detriment that he refuses to examine and exploit his own intense passions and forceful drives. Hatred is a primary example of this phenomenon and is the most reviled of man's inherent feelings.

Hatred is an integral part of human advancement when used in a controlled manner. Hatred of weakness in ourselves commands us to continually make ourselves stronger. Hatred of despicable characters, backed by a firm resolve not to tolerate them, is what halts rampant proliferation and keeps them from over-running their betters. Hatred of abominable circumstances is what keeps us from sliding headlong into them.

A person who suppresses his hatred to any great degree is a less discerning judge of the nature of things and their relative merit than one who harbors a reserve of hatred to utilize at will. When one encounters an affront to one's sensibilities or a person who acts in a manner contrary to one's health and happiness, hatred is naturally summoned forth, and may be used in helping to get rid of the malignant force. Hatred is a key element in a person's subjective reasoning faculty, as is love, and its presence indicates that a new strategy, whether active opposition or simple avoidance, is needed in dealing with whatever has stirred it.

Ideally, hatred lies dormant until needed. One who vents his hatred outside of the proper context is certainly acting inappropriately and against his own

interests; nevertheless, he is at least acknowledging a feeling possessed by all animals. Those who deny their hatred are denying and intentionally destroying their capacity for judging the relative worth of an object, person, idea, or action. If such a person does not hate someone who senselessly attacks him, is that attacker equal to those who assist him after the attack? Is a snakebite equal to a kiss on the cheek? Is a rare, well-crafted gem equal to a shoddy piece of mass market merchandise?

Both love and hate are meaningless when not balanced by each other. It seems absurd to state such an obvious truth, but without hatred there can be no love, for there is no extreme without an opposite by which to judge it in relation. To love something fiercely is to concurrently hate its opposite just as fiercely. To love an aesthetically pleasing architectural marvel and how it positively transforms its environment necessarily indicates a hatred for dismal looking eyesores and how they degrade an environment. To love and embrace a philosophy that empowers and enhances your life is to hate the philosophy that would constrain, weaken or clash with your soul-oriented values.

Discrimination, guided at its extreme ends by love and hate, is what ultimately facilitates the pursuit of a course that provides the greatest degree of health and happiness. Contemporary morality has inverted this course by decreeing that tolerance be championed at all costs, and that discrimination be buried as an enemy of equality, democracy and the "we are all God's children" religious mythos. Ironically, hatred can erupt spontaneously when tolerance and non-discrimination are forced on a population or an individual.

The more highly developed the senses, the greater the ability to make distinctions as to the worth of something, and thus, to discriminate between that which might be beneficial and that which might be detrimental. The greater the degree of discrimination an individual possesses and exercises, the better he will be able to tailor his world to suit his own needs and tastes.

It can be argued that humans, in relating to an environment with countless factors that work to undermine their well-being, feel hatred more frequently than they

feel love. Love can be a rare and vague emotion in a world where each man is a potential enemy to be competed against; where material wealth must be wrested away from those wishing to retain it; where cunning, guile, and occasionally force must be used in the unending struggle for survival and supremacy. Life is a battle on all fronts at all times; a battle to maintain physical health when work and time debilitate the body, and to maintain mental health in the face of attempted manipulation by the parade of people with which one comes into contact; a battle to resist and rise above conditioning in the face of an endless onslaught of church, state, and commercial interests who sponsor indoctrination through potentially brain warping media machinations.

A wise man once said that "Paranoia is just another form of awareness." In an increasingly resource hungry and overpopulated world, we are all under siege. At any given time there are a host of forces that are "out to get you." This builds a sense of deep-seated belligerence towards the visible and invisible forces that must be contended with, and when endurable limits have been strained past the breaking point, a cataclysm of hatred inevitably erupts, fueling the fire of revolutionary action necessary to produce change. Nothing less than hatred will serve to facilitate this change. Hatred has played an important role in every beneficial social revolution and every war of liberation ever fought.

To hate a foe who seeks to undermine one's life is instinctual behavior that assists in the continuance of life. The more you love and treasure your life, the stronger your hatred towards anything endangering it will be.

Contrary to popular belief, instinct is not merely an internal mechanism governing responses such as hunger, sex, or the fight-or-flight response. Instinctive behavior is any action impelled from within. This covers a gamut of impulses, including hate. Any instinctual impulse that is not identified and exercised in a functional manner will certainly become a source of unease in the person harboring it. All instinct arises from reason. Innate motivation and response constitutes the survival apparatus developed through

evolution to act appropriately in any given situation.

The most well developed of our innate behaviors is predation, and this is another example of a natural instinct long suppressed by pious cultural overlords. No action so vividly illustrates the will to power that animates all things as the hunting down, capturing and devouring of one animal by another. The capturing of prey as a means of survival is the activity which sustains all life. The food chain that the human animal sits atop is maintained entirely by predation.

The modern consumer who buys his meat from a supermarket is still a part of this process. So many steps have been added to divorce him from the direct experience of this predation that he feels utterly alienated from the interconnected web of life. No one is exempt from the hard reality of predation.

Predation does not begin and end with the quest for food. Predation can take on an almost infinite variety of forms, ranging from the petty to the colossal. From vagrants begging change on the street to the manipulation of the economy on a grand scale by the financial elite, predation is indulged at all levels of society. Even the weakest can prey upon a stronger individual simply by clinging to him for the strength he can provide. Every type of character in the spectrum of humanity preys upon the others to provide what it cannot provide itself, or what can be gotten more easily through predation. The desire for food, sex, money, and a myriad of psychological needs compels the human animal to prey upon as many others as is needed to achieve the desired end.

Man has extended the parameters of his existence beyond the simple nutritional, sexual, and territorial drives of his fellow animals primarily through predation, and as man's world has expanded, the range of predatory opportunities has correspondingly grown and expanded.

Predation is the cornerstone of the American religion of salesmanship. Cleverly conceived advertisements that are beamed directly into the homes of the public, prey on the hopes, fears, insecurities, and egos of the docile television viewers with perfectly performed attempts to extract money from the hapless consumer with the least possible effort. The product is being sold not on its merits or quality, but on its ability to dazzle the prospective buyer with the promise of realized dreams, the substance of which are precisely determined by market researchers.

Televangelists take this process to its

logical conclusion by offering not a tangible product, but the realization of a lie-dream called "salvation" to their cash-coughing constituents. Clever predators, indeed. No cold calling, no door-to-door selling, no product demonstrations—just an hour of arm-flailing exhortations each week and the ever expanding mass of low arder humans, mentally incapable of grabbing life by the reins, put Christ and the preacher in the driver's seat by dialing in their dollars.

This is, of course, the pinnacle of predation. But whatever the level of sophistication, every act of predation is fueled by the same animal impulse to strengthen and increase one's being by exploiting a victim. The greater the ability to plunder, the greater the success one will have as a human animal. The greater the cleverness and mental acuity one has developed, the less one will have to rely on mere physical strength as base-level humans do in their attempts at predatory manipulations. Not to develop your predatory instincts, no matter what your station in life, is to risk becoming prey—a decidedly unwelcome power relationship. For the CEO and the ghetto dweller alike, the world is a hunting ground, and only those with the keenest wits and most ravenous natures will survive and prosper.

All animals, plants, microbes, and organic matter of any kind feed on each other, just as a conquering army does its conquered people and their riches. Through this endless process, the feeding organism strengthens itself and moves up the evolutionary ladder.

Evolution is driven by spurring attackers to develop ever more elaborate strategies to neutralize defenses or turn them to their advantage. This is how a living being becomes stronger and more clever. This is how humans have evolved from single-celled organisms into the complex creatures we are now. From the most minute molecules in the atmosphere to planets colliding and combining their mass, the free play of force is the constant factor in the universe, causing the transformation of one form of matter into another.

Whether it's a war to acquire new land, or the violent internal hemorrhage of a land fighting to recapture its soul, war is an organic response by human beings struggling to assert their will and impose new order on the environment with which they interact. From our earliest beginnings as single celled organisms we have fought our way to where we now stand by competing with other

organisms for food and territory—first on individual and tribal levels, and now on national levels as opposing armies do battle.

As primates, human DNA is nearly identical to that of the great apes; and one can see reflections of our basic warlike nature in the others of our order. Primatologist Jane Goodall noted an instance in which a group of chimpanzees she'd been observing, systematically hunted down and killed individuals from a neighboring group, eventually wiping out the entire community. This war of total eradication was waged to extend the territory of the dominant group of chimpanzees so that they would have greater amounts of land to live off and breed, free from the adversaries who once held it.

All of our history corresponds exactly to this scenario. As primates, purposeful vengeance is at the core of our being. All human and animal groups cooperate with those most closely tied to themselves genetically in order to form the strongest, most capable fighting unit possible before mounting an attack to advance the territorial imperative.

Any wildlife environment is a world of vast variation in quickness, cleverness, strength, and ferocity. The wildebeest, being weak and slow, roams the savannah acutely aware that it could, at any particular moment, be attacked and consumed to extend the life of any predator roaming the same territory with the strength and cunning to catch him and bring him down. Those lacking this awareness will fall quickly. So too it is with the human animal. A tribe or group may develop in some remote area of the world and reach a level at which it is content to remain, believing that it has reached the pinnacle of human achievement only to fall prey to those who were not so content. When a civilization rests on its laurels it atrophies while others continue to develop, building new armaments, exploring new territories and seeking richer lands. When these two civilizations meet, the backwards and contented one will become prey to the stronger, predatory civilization as surely as the wildebeest is devoured by the lion.

The Aztecs were shocked to learn that the Spaniards even existed, let alone that they had sufficient military strength to completely subdue their empire. The Spaniards had developed in a different environment, and because of it they had the strength and determination to take away what the Aztecs had built. Throughout

South America, the Spaniards were amazed at the material resources they had acquired by force. There was only one way to efficiently extract and process these resources—slave labor. The indigenous population was harnessed to satisfy the needs of the expanding Spanish empire. This same story has been enacted throughout man's history whenever an empire or tribe, pushing beyond its original boundaries, encounters a group that is capable of subjugating or enslaving. At times, a people will not desire to extend beyond its territories but will still take whatever riches its neighbors possess. This is what the Germanic barbarians did when they sacked and overran Rome—a social system far more complex than their own, but one which had decayed to the point where it was ripe for plunder. These tribes incorporated elements of Roman culture into their own, just as the Roman had incorporated aspects of Greek culture. It is one of the positive aspects of martial conflict that the culture of the victorious nation is expanded by the selective adoption of those elements of the vanquished which the victors deem worthy of assimilation into its own culture.

Cultures and tribes become familiar with one another more so through war and slavery than by any other process. It has taken oceans of blood and rivers of the sweat of slaves to produce the small advances in human history that are taken for granted. White Europeans enslaved each other regularly as they made war on each other—which was constantly. There was a time when the Danes enslaved the English, as ludicrous as that sounds today. The tribes of Europe, among them the Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Picts, Goths, Franks, Huns, Vikings, Celts, and Vandals invaded and enslaved each other, each time settling in areas they had conquered. Tribes with a close racial identification merged into larger tribes. Nations were formed and made war on each other. These wars subsided and larger governmental systems came into being. Trading relationships developed, followed by wars over that trade. Greater expanses of territory were conquered, and the people were enslaved and assimilated. It continues this way until it is no longer logical for the various nations to make war on one another. The nations of Europe, sharing a common heritage, are growing ever more intertwined. This evolution, however, did not occur through peaceful contemplation of ethnic similarities throughout Europe, but through the violent ebb and flow of the victor and

the vanquished.

Sometimes war between ethnic groups is averted when different groups are united under a larger banner or system. But if the ancient hatreds run deep enough, they will assert themselves as soon as the system begins to falter, as is now clearly the case in eastern Europe. Regions convulse in ethnic warfare as soon as serious political instability develops.

The mind reels when it considers the amount of conflict that lies in store for an underdeveloped continent such as Africa, which has been divided into nation states that do not reflect the traditional tribal divisions and has not had the opportunity to evolve in a natural way. Africa is a continent that has not entirely felt itself out through warfare and trade between its hundreds of rival tribes. These animosities have existed from time immemorial and have manifested themselves through continuous cycles of tribal warfare, each tribe selling its neighbors into slavery, first to the Arabs, and then to the Europeans. It was African tribal chiefs and kings who initially proposed selling their African "brothers" to European commercial interests. These chiefs and kings themselves had African slaves. The tribes of Africa are divided in much the same way that the tribes of Europe were divided thousands of years ago, and massive carnage will take place before any higher stage of societal evolution is reached by African people.

Just as antibodies kill off disease-producing bacteria, so warfare and bloodshed can cleanse the body of humanity, pushing it to a higher stage of evolution. Warfare can decrease population pressures on the environment, thus allowing the human population to function in accordance with nature.

In the natural world, with all conquest comes subjugation. Organisms are brought under dominion for the purpose of laboring in the service of those who have conquered them. Photosynthesis, the most important metabolic innovation in the history of this planet, is the result of plant structures taking independent microbes and enslaving them within the plant for the purpose of trapping energy from the sun. All green plants exist as a result of this enslavement.

In the animal kingdom, the leader of a group controls the actions of the lower group members and enjoys the spoils of the hunt, or food gathered separately from the others in the group. For example, after a food gathering the leader of a group of

chimpanzees will drag his portion of the feast away from the crowd. When an Arctic wolf pack downs a kill, the alpha (lead) pair are given the first choice of meat from the carcass even though the whole pack took part in the kill.

The hierarchy of any group of animals is what holds it together as a cohesive whole. Without leaders, groups of animals would lose all sense of social cohesion and become easy prey for any tightly organized group of predators. But they do have leaders, and never do these leaders give in to the whims of the less-capable of their kind.

The alpha female in a wolf pack emits a pheromone that stops ovulation in the other females. The weaker and slower wolves are kept from breeding through physical force, and social pressure. Exclusive breeding rights go to the alpha pair—the strongest, fastest, and most cunning of the pack. This allows the wolves to naturally breed to the highest possible state of evolution.

Worker bees slave continuously under the supervision of the queen bee, who is treated with deference; she is the only one allowed to feed on the finest honey which the bees produce. The queen does not toil and lives many times longer. The worker bees ensure the queen's longevity. The queen is responsible for orchestrating the labor necessary for the hive's survival, and her underlings instinctively recognize this. Here is one of the glories of the animal kingdom—the intuitive understanding of hierarchy and each member's place within it.

In the same way, slave laborers toiled under the god-kings of Egypt and built the pre-eminent structures of the ancient world—the pyramids. Conceived in the minds of the god-kings, they were constructed by the subjugated masses. As ideally occurs in any social organization, the levels of production were stratified for the benefit of the natural elite.

Slavery is defined as "one bound in servitude to a person or household as an instrument of labor," and though the labor varies, almost all humans are slaves to a greater or lesser degree. And insofar as we are bound to the natural laws that govern life, we are all slaves. All slavery has not been of the illogical and inorganic kind as that which brought Africans to the slave blocks of Europe and North America. Indentured servitude, a "softer" form of slavery, was an excellent avenue for commoners to get a foot in the door of the New World and to advance themselves. Slavery can help a group ascend the

evolutionary ladder, if only by making it stronger and more disciplined. Ethnic groups held in bondage by invaders, if possessed by a strong enough instinct for self-preservation, have thereafter strengthened their defenses against possible subjugators, just as a plant will evolve toxins to discourage those who would feed upon it.

Slavery has never ended, even if its more overt forms have been disguised. The modern time-clock punching industrial employee is rightfully referred to as a "wage-slave." He labors in an economy created outside of himself to serve the interests of indifferent controllers. The level of skills he possesses determines his value to the company, and the lower his skill level, the more he must exert and endanger himself for his mere survival, and the greater the number of people who directly control his actions. He is merely a replaceable cog of a machine in which he has not a whit of influence in the operation. The masses of eastern Europe and the old Soviet Union were enslaved by the communist system for much of the twentieth century. In the same way, the masses of the western world, and increasingly the rest of the world, toil in the service of the multinational corporate capitalist economy.

As the human population grows, the market devaluation of those lowest on the economic totem pole accelerates. This is especially so in an age where automation is fast becoming capable of fulfilling most human labor requirements.

This is hardly a new circumstance. Machine inventors have always striven to become more adept at creating machines that replicate and replace human movements in the completion of labor, and when they have been successful a surplus labor pool was created. This invariably results in tremendous social upheaval. With the invention of the cotton gin, countless farm laborers were rendered obsolete and forced to contemplate their expendability in the grand scheme of things. The unskilled rural farm dwellers then flooded the cities, and this process was accelerated during World War Two and the post-war production boom, when urban areas were homes to heavy industry of all types.

Now the factories and foundries are closed and the lowest level proletariat is aimless once more. The robotics revolution is making increasing demands on human adaptability, and the rise of artificial intelligence will increase these demands exponentially.

As industrial robots demonstrate their utter superiority at the tasks that workers now occupy (the performance of which has, to date, been their greatest social merit), one can see the pool of surplus labor building up quickly. Only this time, to further complicate matters at the time in human history of their greatest displacement at the hands of technology, the population of the unskilled is also increasing at its fastest rate ever. The current social apparatus can in no way contain the problems that will ensue from this development.

The productive members of modern society, in combination with the money and resources extracted from them and allocated by government agencies, are all that sustains the parasitic body of non-contributing members of society. This artificial life-support system retards the process of attrition that would naturally befall the indolent and inept.

The absurdity of a system that rewards those least necessary to the proper functioning of society should be obvious to any individual with a cognizant mind. But the mind of man has long been indoctrinated by the decree that man is his brother's keeper, and that all men are brothers in Christ. This unsound notion has been woven through all of our public institutions, and even those individuals who perceive it as irrational are forced by law to finance it.

This oppressive situation has wrought a nightmarish surge in the reproduction rate of humanity's least desirable elements: those who are incapable or unwilling to add to the quality of life on Earth. As these subtractive elements breed out of control, we can expect apocalyptic levels of crime, violence, and societal decay and ruin.

The intelligent and advanced have been bound to the very segment of the population who, left to their own devices, would sink without a trace. As it is, they threaten to pull all that is worthwhile down with them. Sheer massive numbers are quite capable of overrunning anything they wish—as the old maxim goes, "Quantity has a quality all its own."

The suicidal course of the modern world will only be reversed when we allow those who survive by feeding off of the productive, to meet their own ends without the assistance of their current hosts. This will ultimately lead to the creation of a sustainable society.

When man allows himself to break from the delusory insistence that all men

are created equal, a natural hierarchy will form and he will no longer be tethered to the mass culture in which the lowest common denominator is sought. The human world, just like the rest of the natural world, is composed of unequal parts: individuals with widely differing strengths, weaknesses, and awarenesses. There are those who are capable only of ingesting what is created outside themselves. There are those who lack all imagination and higher intelligence, and those who set new standards and create ideals for others to follow. The mass of humanity has always been pulled unknowingly along by the most brilliant in the human intelligence pool.

Throughout the forceful struggle of man's evolution, from his first use of a shin-bone as a club to the exploration and colonization of space, it has been the inventive capacity and culture bearing capabilities of superior individuals that have pulled man from stagnation to the next level of development. And throughout man's history, the role of the rank-and-file has been to follow the leaders.

Today, the leading influence is the media, and the degree to which one is conditioned by its persuasions determines the level of enslavement to the ideas, opinions and images of others. Those most susceptible to outside influences and least capable of independent thought and action are those most shaped by media and societal conditioning. Those of the lowest cognitive and creative ability will always swim in the wake of those who have the will and creative ability to assemble their perceptions and ideas into an inspired vision.

A natural hierarchy has always existed in the human world, but in his instinctive ability to discern and evaluate the differences in his peers, man has been greatly impaired by the hazy mysticism and illogical doctrines of Judeo-Christianity. Following the biblical exhortation to "love your enemy" requires abandonment, not just of critical reasoning, but of the survival instinct itself.

Judeo-Christianity has attempted to psychologically castrate man and deny him all the primal powers that have ensured his vigorous existence by insisting that instinctual impulses are wrong and that the emotional energy associated with innate biological drives must be suppressed. The internalization of this message has consigned man to a neurotic condition, unsure of and at odds with his basic self.

In his "unregenerate" state, aware of his

total nature and capable of using all the elements that make him whole, man is physical energy, free to pursue the course his vitality dictates. He who would ride the lightning of his own inner storm need only free his mind from archaic taboo and learn to utilize all of his natural and aggressive instincts and actions.

Regardless of the level of an individual's intelligence and self-control, it is true of all humans that the raw animal drive wills us forward to conquer new realms.

Both the physical establishment of territory and the loftiest quests for scientific discovery are driven by our primordial will to power. By recognizing and revelling in our animal nature, we are harnessing the forces of our own higher evolution.

All who embrace this reality would do well to absorb the predatory credo so powerfully expressed in Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*: "By what he calls the better part of his nature, man has been betrayed, that is all. At the extreme limits of his spiritual being man finds himself naked as a savage. When he finds God, as it were, he has been picked clean; he is a skeleton. One must burrow into life to put on flesh. The word must become flesh, the soul thirsts. On whatever crumb my eye fastens, I will pounce and devour. If to live is the paramount thing then I will live, even if I must become a cannibal...Physically I am alive. Morally I am free. The world which I have departed is a menagerie. The dawn is breaking on a new world, a jungle world in which the lean spirits roam with sharp claws. If I am a hyena I am a lean and hungry one: I go forth to fatten myself.

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The Black Pun-kin

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Photo credit: Jen Becker

The Electric Hellfire Club.

From bottom: Thomas Thorn, Go-Go Partridge, Richard Frost, Ricktor.

Shane M. Lassen

**Long shall you live in the hearts of those you inspire.
The Dark Muse flowed through you, Friar of Medmenham,
and within you the Black Flame rose to a veritable Inferno.**

**We mourn the loss of a friend and brother—
without you our worlds are lessened indeed.**

**You lived life to the fullest—
flamed and tossed the fires about you,
igniting in those fortunate enough to be near
a part of your passion for the pleasures of this world.**

**As your body is bourne out upon the Ebon river
into Darkness Eternal, you will continue to touch us
with your music, the ever-living monument to your brilliance.
Our rage at your great potential, silenced too soon,
spurs us on to our own achievements.**

**We salute you, Shane, comrade of the Left-Hand Path,
one who is truly numbered among Hell's chosen,
who moved with grace and fury within the Devil's fane.**

SHEMHAMFORASHI HAIL SATAN!

HAIL SHANE!

**—Magister Peter H. Gilmore—
CHURCH OF SATAN**

SATAN'S LITTLE HELPER • JOSHUA BUCKLEY

AN INTERVIEW WITH
THOMAS THORN OF THE
ELECTRIC HELLFIRE CLUB

FROM MICK JAGGER AND JIMMY PAGE to *Black Sabbath* and *Mercyful Fate*, Satan has always had a niche in the annals of Rock'n'Roll. Peel back the aesthetic trappings which surround most ostensibly "Satanic" bands, however, and chances are you'll be utterly disappointed. For beneath the veneer of demonically-inspired visuals, schlocky gorefest lyrics, and stale B-movie posturing, their would-be Satanic allegiances turn out to be just as empty as their heads. Lucky for you, those in search of *real* Satanic Rock need look no further—the *Electric Hellfire Club* delivers on all counts.

Formed in 1991 by Thomas Thorn, a former member of perky disco fetishists *My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult*, the EHC's first four offerings of netherworldly noise contain some of the finest Satanic bluster this side of Nelson Riddle's *Witchcraft*. Invoking the same deft infusion of sample-dense techno that characterized early *Thrill Kill* discs—albeit with an edge more reminiscent of Thorn's Heavy Metal counterparts—the group's thoroughly infectious music is a high perfect mix of unbridled electronic fury and taut danceability, misanthropic hatecore and cleverly sardonic humor. Toss in the Club's psychedelic sensibility, which owes more to the Process Church than Tim Leary or Barbara Ram-Das, and you get some idea of the Hellfire experience.

But while fans will continue to see in the EHC simply a continuation of Thorn's explorations as a Thrill Killer, in many ways the band harks back to another, lesser-known entity, aptly christened *Slave State*. Utilizing an arsenal of totalitarian imagery and stark, heavy-handed electronics, the handful of bootlegged cassettes produced under that grim banner might more readily be described as *Throbbing Gristle* meets *Skrewdriver*. And, much to the consternation of bedwetting critics who'd consign the Hellfire Club's violent exhortations to mere tongue-in-cheek shenanigans, nowhere is the EHC/*Slave State* connection more evident than on *Kiss The Goat*, the group's latest LP on Goth giant

Cleopatra. In fact, even "card-carrying" Satanists might find Thorn's gleeful enthusiasm for Satanic terrorism, church burning, and serial murder a tad hard to swallow. No matter. Because, whether or not you agree with everything the EHC has to say (and it stands to reason that many of you *won't*), it must be stated unequivocally: while trite nitpickers will ramble on endlessly about what does or doesn't constitute "real" Satanism, how to dispense with unpalatable Christian stigmas (as if we should care what *They* think), and what color underwear Dr. LaVey wears, Thorn and Co. are out in the real world, putting their convictions to *work*. How many of you can say the same?

Condensed from a somewhat broader conversation, the interview that follows was conducted by phone from the Hellfire Club's secret Wisconsin headquarters, a rambling two-story affair which houses the band's impressive collection of Pee Wee Herman action figures. Sadly, keyboardist Shane Lassen (aka the Rev. Dr. Luv) had been killed in a violent car accident only days before. In remarkably good spirits considering the circumstances, the ever personable Mr. Thorn whipped up a heapin' helpin' of venomous invective. Enjoy!

What do you find so compelling about someone like Ricky Kasso or Sean Sellers? Most Satanists would probably write them off as psychotic mental midgets.

We glorify them in the same way that the Nazis did Horst Wessel. If the propaganda's to be believed, he was little more than a two-bit pimp whose death made good fodder for songs and who served as an ideal martyr for the cause. One of the problems I have with Satanism as a purely philosophical path is this: we're fighting a war against Christianity, and if you take everything they fear out of it—the Devil-worshipping imagery and such—then it's no longer something they're afraid of, it's no longer a threat. So why glorify someone like Kasso? Because if you take all the Christian scare books, the *Is Your Child a Devil Worshipper?* books, you'll find these people constantly held up as examples of the worst things that could possibly happen. That's what fucking scares 'em—that Sean Sellers is taking drugs and doing rituals from the

Necronomicon, thinks he's possessed by the Devil, and blows his parents away with a .44. Likewise Ricky Kasso, which is basically the same story. The thing is, they view these people as the ultimate symbol of what Satanism can do, so I put them up on a pedestal as a *threat*. The fucked-up stoner kids who haven't really formed a philosophy around their spiritual rebellion, they're the front-line warriors at this point. In Norway, the whole Inner Circle of the Black Metal Mafia are in jail, but the church burnings continue. Ask them who's doing it—it's the thirteen and fourteen year-old Black Metal fans from out in the middle of nowhere. They've picked up the torch.

Another area in which we differ greatly with the by-laws of the Church of Satan is that we don't condemn the use of mind-altering drugs. Drugs are very much a part of our creative and ritual process, and I think that the combination of black magic and hallucinogenic drugs, particularly at a very early age, is a very volatile one. So we're definitely not against it. There are lots of people out there whose station in life is such that the most they'll ever aspire to is landing in prison. Better they end up there for making statements against Christianity than for killing their girlfriend over some stupid argument.

Even so, isn't intelligence a fundamental part of Satanism?

In most instances, yes. One of the things I've said about the EHC is that we're definitely elitists and there's no question that we consider ourselves superior to the masses. We borrowed the name of the Hellfire Club from a group of aristocratic gentlemen who believed it was basically their birthright to do whatever they wanted. There's some truth to that with us. If you look at Satanism as a philosophy, intelligence and the ability to reason are some of the most important characteristics a human being could have. At the same time, if you look at Satanism as a spiritual belief, a cultural phenomenon, or for that matter, a political movement, it's impossible to tell people they're not smart enough to be involved. I'll probably catch a lot of flak for this, but the vast majority of people that come up to us and flash Church of Satan membership cards are some of the biggest dolts. That's not to say that that's

what the Church is made up of, just that any screening process you establish will ultimately be ineffective. The fact of the matter is that if you're presented with a bunch of idiots—take their money and put them to work.

On "Satan's Little Helpers," you dedicated *Night of the Bucknives* to James Mason. It could be argued that Mason's fascist philosophy is anti-individual, and thusly anti-Satanic.

Actually, I only thanked Mason for the title. I think he's an interesting individual and *Siege* is a very worthwhile book which contains a wealth of valuable ideas. Specifically, I was enamored of that particular section and the fact that Mason recognizes Charles Manson as a revolutionary figure. That's a very real and very important idea, particularly as far as our band is concerned. As for Mason's fascism, it probably is anti-individual, and that's why no one in the EHC is especially interested in joining any sort of political movement. Political movements in general are anti-individual. The whole thing comes down to this: the more rules you set up, the easier it is to break them, and the harder it is to live up to the standards that you've set. We're all very human and very fallible in our own way. Those kind of alignments aren't really compatible with where we're at now, or where we're going.

But there is a certain convergence of fascist and Satanic currents.

Oh sure, no question. When people talk to LaVey about the optimum government, he talks about a benign police-state. We also recognize that 99% of the people in this world are sheep and cattle, who want to be told what to do. It gets back to the whole question, "isn't some sort of intelligence implicit in any Satanic philosophy?" If what you're talking about is a new Satanic World Order, then you'll have to acknowledge that half the people who'll have to accept it won't even understand it. That's what it comes down to. There are these endless arguments that take place in *The Black Flame* and on the internet about how Satanism and fascism are totally incompatible because Satanism is the ultimate form of individualism and libertinage. I think that's a bunch of crap. If you live in the real world, you have to acknowledge that there needs to be certain kinds of control. It's a matter of putting the right people in power.

There's also the question of aesthetics. Slave State in particular was always rife with fascist imagery.

Yeah, sure. I mean I was looking back at some of the older stuff, and despite all the political effrontery, *Slave State* was a very Satanic band. We utilized the symbolism and even incorporated magic and ritual. We did a Halloween show one year where we recited Crowley's *Rights of Man*, and when we got to the part where it says "Man has the right to kill those who interfere with these Rites," we played our version of *Whitehouse's Right To Kill*. The thing is that it all works hand in hand—one hand washes the other, as they say. Satanism and fascism are basically inseparable elements, and *Slave State* was definitely interested in presenting it that way. But times change. I've gone through a lot of changes, and been involved with some very bizarre things—most significantly during the three years I spent with *My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult*. There were things I became less interested in, things that became clichéd, and things that became more inspiring in the process. Conceptually, *Slave State* and the EHC are very much the same, they just deal with the issues in different ways. With *Slave State*, most people just thought it was the most offensive thing they'd ever encountered, because they were dealing with master/slave relationships on every level: political, sexual, spiritual. It had something to offend everyone, which was one of the great things about it. Anybody who has any of the old *Slave State* demos can see that I've cannibalized a lot of the lyrical content—the refrain "This is the new way, This is the New Age," for instance, comes from an old *Slave State* song. It's all there, and it's all intrinsically connected.

Does your audience understand these things?

Our audience encompasses everyone, from acid-dropping Raver kids to neo-Nazi skinheads, and what they take home from it really isn't my concern. What we're doing is creating a forum for our creative urges and our belief system, and it would be foolish to think that everyone is going to understand everything that we put into it. I feel differently every day, and every day the different songs mean different things to me.

I went to art school, where everyone is always saying "You have to justify this," or "You have to make a statement, because you can't just go around throwing imagery in people's faces," which I was notorious for. I'd create a lot of paradoxical juxtapositions where you'd have a pornographic image

along with an image from Nazi Germany. They're like "What are you trying to say?" I'm saying whatever you're getting from it. That's my whole deal. There was a guy in my class who painted a picture of a nude man with a nude little girl on his lap. Some people would say it reminded them of a sensitive moment between a father and a daughter, and somebody else would be horrified because it reminded them of being molested by their Uncle Frank. Images are completely subjective. Your reaction is programmed by whatever emotional baggage you bring to them. There are some people who say our whole Satan thing is just some big gimmick, that it's real funny and cute, like H. R. Puffinstuff meets the Church of Satan. Then there are guys who are like "Man, you guys are the most brutal, awesome band. We dropped acid, listened to your record, and went out and spray-painted *Hail Hellfire* in pink all over a church." We actually saw that on CNN—it happened somewhere in Georgia. It really brings a smile to my face to think that we're inspiring that kind of activity. As for the people who think that this is all some big joke, I'm not going to try and convince them that our path is the right one. We know the way the world is going. It's coming down fast.

Most people aren't worth arguing with.

Well exactly, that's the whole thing, isn't it? Most people are just so incredibly stupid that I don't even waste my time arguing with them.

I'm sure your shows have drawn some pretty strange characters out of the woodwork.

Kaleb Fairly comes to mind, he's the real celebrity. He came to see us after murdering a woman and her daughter where he worked, and later explained to the police that the scratches on his face were from moshing at our show. He came up to us after it was over, and very sincerely explained that he needed help establishing a more personal relationship with Satan. He'd tried everything—"I've read *The Satanic Bible*, I've done the Satanic rituals, I've read the *Necronomicon*." Of course he omitted the fact that he'd just killed a woman and her child, then raped their corpses after they were dead.

How concerned are you with ritual at this point? Is Satanism a primarily secular lifestyle?

No, I don't see it as a secular lifestyle. Again, my spiritual beliefs are probably somewhat different than certain people in the Church, basically because I genuinely accept and acknowledge the presence of demonic and spiritual entities. There are several things that have happened since the death of our keyboard player which leave me with no other choice than to believe that there is a spiritual dimension, and that we've been communicated with. Most people in the Church of Satan would probably equate these things with some working of the inner mind. I don't care what you call them. There are strengths, powers, and diets of all different levels which exist throughout this world and which have consciousness and characteristics that are unique and personal unto themselves. They're not some abstract, amorphous energy current. The energies exist as entities, and through ritual we're interested in connecting with, evoking and, to a certain extent, making pacts with these entities.

Does it all get channeled into the music?

I would hope so. I've said this a million times in the past week when people have asked about Shane's death, you know—"Where is he now?" Shane has moved on. It's basic physics that life is composed of matter and energy. Matter can be destroyed, and energy can't. Energy is what animates the spirit, so we're trying to channel spiritual energy through electronic equipment. There have been certain times when it's been remarkably effective. That's why we chose the name the *Electric Hellfire Club*—because we're interested in electricity as a path down which spiritual energy can travel.

What other musicians, films, etc. have successfully harnessed these energies?

Hmmm. I'm always at a loss when people say "List your ten favorite movies," or "List your ten favorite books," because I gain *moments* from everything. I don't know of that many people who are consciously working to incorporate these things, although *Blood Axis* certainly comes to mind. One of their initial songs was actually entitled *Electricity*. For me, electronic music has always been the most powerful music. Even early on, I was inspired by groups like Devo and *Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark*, because they were using sounds that were so otherworldly. There's a strength, a beauty, and a grace you can pull from synthesizers

that simply can't be found in any other instrumentation. Even the greatest symphony doesn't compare to the sounds generated through electronic synthesis.

Are you a misogynist?

(*Laughing*) Yeah, I would probably fit into that category. I'm a misogynist in the same way that I'm a misanthrope—I really don't have much use for mankind in general, and I really despise any kind of weakness or submission. At the same time, it's an integral part of what I would consider my sexual or fetishistic preferences, so it's really a vicious circle. But yeah, it's nothing I'm ashamed of.

I know that it's the nature of human communication to classify, so all this terminology is ultimately necessary. But the fact of the matter is that for me, it's completely and totally irrelevant—it doesn't mean anything. Are you a fascist? Are you a racist? Are you a sexist? Are you a misogynist? They're irrelevant terms, which are all a part of the victim culture that I despise. I don't buy into it. It all comes down to this: I'm not a part of your victim culture, but if you want to put your head on the chopping block, go ahead and call me names. As long as I'm the one wielding the axe...

All the "Politically Correct" business is really just a sublimation of Judeo-Christian values. Which brings us back to Satanism as a political phenomenon.

I think so. It's all *One*, like Manson said—"The Truth is One." It doesn't matter what you call it, you can call it politics, you can call it religion, but it's all the same fucking thing. It all stems from the same source, and it all ends with the same result.

As for these people that run around with pretensions that they're going to change things, the fact of the matter is that mankind has worked for hundreds of years to interfere with the natural order, to stop the natural order—to keep mutants and miscreants alive. You can hold nature in check but you can't bring it to a screeching halt, and I think that that's basically what we're looking at now. Nature is pushing against the fence that technology has used to pen it in, and the fence is going to come down very shortly. There's going to be a return to a more natural order.

Will something nobler rise from the ashes?

I would hope so—that's natural order. Lightning strikes, burns the forest down, and the forest grows again. It may take a

hundred years, but the forest grows again. I definitely believe that that's nature's way, and right now I definitely see a lot of shit around me which will at some point have to be eliminated. I can only hope that something nobler will rise up from it. I don't want to sound like I'm subscribing to some apocalyptic philosophy, but just look around! One can only hope that we're living in the final days, that we're watching the decline of the Roman Empire all over again, because we live in a world of shit and decadence. Which is not to say that I'm not contributing to all of this, because I am. I'm a libertine to the nth degree, and that makes me as guilty as the rest. At the same time, I take full responsibility for my actions.

Back when I was managing a record store, I would come in contact with these kids who had just incredibly smart mouths. When I was a kid that age, I would have been terrified of someone who looks like me—I damn sure wouldn't have tried shoplifting around him. These kids felt safe though, because they have no concept of responsibility or consequences. The socio-political infrastructure has removed the very idea of consequences. There are kids out there shooting each other for gym shoes. It can't last long. There are too many pissed-off people out there.

Retribution is inevitable.

Exactly. Sure it is.

If some higher power were to grant you a mandate for genocide, where would you get started?

(*Laughs*) Oh man, I don't think I should answer that.

That's probably answer enough.

Yeah, I think we'll leave it at that.

Does Satan have a sense of humor?

I would think so. LaVey has constantly said that in order to be a Satanist you've got to have a great sense of humor. If you personify these powers, God is like the grumpy old man—if you look through the Bible, God's the one sitting up on his throne turning people into pillars of salt. Then on the other hand it's like, who did Satan ever kill? It's like God doesn't get the joke, whereas Satan is Lord of this Earth. In order to be the governor of *this* state, you've got to have a pretty solid sense of humor. Because when you look around and see all the rubbish that's masquerading as humanity, you've got to just sit back and laugh. ♦♦♦♦

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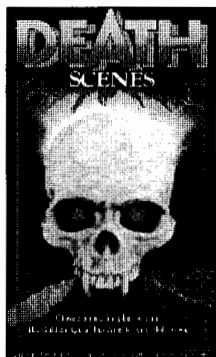
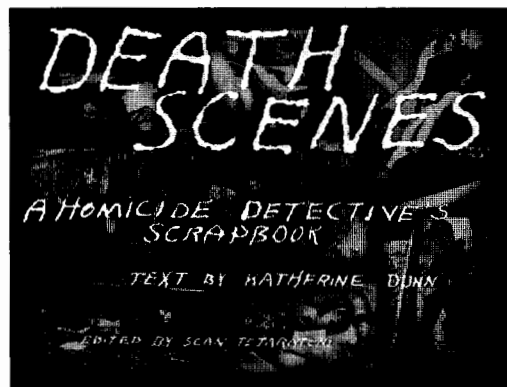
Text by Katherine Dunn

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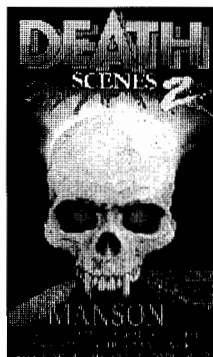


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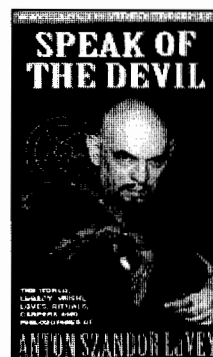
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BOOK REVIEWS

by Peggy Nadramia

•**DEATH SCENES: A Homicide Detective's Scrapbook**, text by Katherine Dunn, edited by Sean Tejaratchi; Feral House, Portland, OR, 1996; ISBN 0-922915-29-6; \$19.95. Available in most bookstores or by adding \$2.00 and ordering it directly from Feral House, P.O. Box 3466, Portland, OR, 97208. <http://www.buzzcut.com/central/feralhouse>.

It seems that Jack Huddleston, an officer with the Los Angeles Police Department during the golden age of noir, 1925-1945, kept an extensive album of crime scene photos. Thanks to the unerring collectors instincts of Nick Bougas, this flaking testament was brought to light several years ago in the video documentary by the same name. Now you can hold your own copy of Huddleston's photo journal. His sometimes-typed, more often hand-scribbled captions and commentary advise us that "crime doesn't pay," but what becomes eminently clear is that while Jack may have told himself that his purpose was to teach the citizenry a lesson, he was simply hooked on gore. There are roughly 150 pages of black-and-white photos from those old-timey days, computer-enhanced where the years had taken their toll on paper and chemicals, but otherwise unretouched. Dunn's introduction is brilliant, her observations keen; she tells us that Jack's collection is "an historical and cultural artifact, a time capsule that reveals seldom seen sub-stratas of American life and death. One of the scrapbook's immediate effects is to deflate rosy nostalgia with the proof that there were no 'good old days.'" It is startling to realize that these crimes were committed in a time we tend to consider innocent—before television, before the special effects violence of modern movies, most of them even before the mass horrors of WW II. Our capacity for savagery and eccentricity hasn't changed in the last fifty years." Highly recommended.

•**COLD-BLOODED: The Saga of Charles Schmid, the Notorious Pied-Piper of Tucson**, by John Gilmore; Feral House, Portland, OR, 1996; ISBN 0-922915-31-8; \$12.95. Available in most bookstores or by adding \$2.00 and ordering it directly from Feral House, P.O. Box 3466, Portland, OR, 97208. <http://www.buzzcut.com/central/feralhouse>.

The first in a new true-crime series from Feral House, this details the life of convicted triple murderer Charles "Smitty" Schmid, a popular high school BMOC in Tucson in the Sixties. Smitty was a flaked-out Lothario who couldn't decide if he was Elvis or Nietzsche. He took his girlfriend out to the desert and bonked her on the head with a rock when she became a pain in the ass. The cops tried for years to find out who did it—and by then the murder had become a joke among the local teenagers. Gilmore's writing is strong. Recommended for true-crime fans.

•**ROLLER DERBY: The Book**, by Lisa Crystal Carver; Feral House, Portland, OR, 1996; ISBN 0-922915-38-5; \$14.95. Oversized trade paperback. Available in most bookstores or by adding \$2.00 and ordering it directly from Feral House, P.O. Box 3466, Portland, OR, 97208. <http://www.buzzcut.com/central/feralhouse>.

This is the first volume in Feral Houses new

Popcult Series, and comprises Issues 1-16 of the personalzine by the former Lisa Suckdog; it sports a full-color cover photo. There are a couple of effective photos of Lisa's favorite model, Cindy Dall, and Boyd Rice contributes a true experience article on his sexual coming-of-age. An anticipated high point was Lisa's discovery of a bag of love letters left behind by a former neighbor, but the letters themselves are hard to read and Lisa adds too many of her own comments. On the whole, it was way too girly and scatterbrained for me.

•**THE BOMB: The Classic Novel of Anarchist Violence**, by Frank Harris; Feral House, Portland, OR, 1996; ISBN 0-922915-37-7; \$12.95. Trade paperback. Available in most bookstores or by adding \$2.00 and ordering it directly from Feral House, P.O. Box 3466, Portland, OR, 97208. <http://www.buzzcut.com/central/feralhouse>.

Aleister Crowley called this book a masterpiece and referred to it as his favorite novel. It concerns the real life Haymarket affair, an occurrence of political disobedience that predates the Unabomber and Oklahoma City by about a hundred years. The story is told from the point of view of the man who threw the bomb, the man who escaped justice while five labor protesters went to their deaths after being railroaded in an unjust trial. Harris' narrative is gripping and this is a wonderful read. This edition also contains line drawings of the story's chief participants that date from the turn of the century.

•**THE OCTOPUS: Secret Government and the Death of Danny Casolaro**, by Kenn Thomas and Jim Keith; Feral House, Portland, OR, 1997; ISBN 0-922915-39-3; \$19.95. Hardcover. Available in most bookstores or by adding \$2.00 and ordering it directly from Feral House, P.O. Box 3466, Portland, OR, 97208. <http://www.buzzcut.com/central/feralhouse>.

Casolaro was a freelance investigator who died in a hotel room while investigating various connections among the Iran-Contra deal, the Savings and Loan affair, and much more. Authorities deemed his death a suicide, but those close to him knew he'd been threatened numerous times as he dredged up hidden information about various government conspiracies. The authors worked from Casolaro's original notes and interviewed his key informants to bring us a clearer picture of the possible reasons behind the investigator's death. Recommended for those who know they're all out to get us.

•**ZINES: Volume One**, edited by V. Vale; V/Search, San Francisco, CA, 1996; ISBN 0-9650469-0-7; \$18.99. Oversized trade paperback. Available in most bookstores, or add \$2.00 and order it from V/Search, 20 Romolo St., #B, San Francisco, CA 94133.

An attractive compendium of interviews with 'zine editors and clips from some of the more interesting 'zines out there in 'zine land. My favorite was *Mystery Date*, published by a lady who collects all those teen girl books, mags and accessories from the Fifties and Sixties. There's also a brief history of 'zines and a long contact list in tiny print. And please take it from me: it's pronounced "ZEEN." A friend who put in several years working in an underground bookstore bemoans the frequent mispronunciation of customers looking for... "ZEINS."

•**TOTAL ABUSE: Collected Writings, 1984-1995**, by Peter Sotos; Goad To Hell Ents., Portland, OR, 1996; \$10.00. Available in some bookstores (I saw it in the Virgin MegaStore in Times Square) or by adding \$2.00 and ordering it from Goad To Hell Enterprises, P.O. Box 31009, Portland, OR, 97231.

This volume is hard to take and definitely not everyone's cup of hemlock. Peter Sotos was the first 'zine editor jailed just for writing about violence. The three issues of his magazine, *Pura*, have been collected here with *Too!*, a collection of his narrative "re-creations" of a series of child murders, and *Parasite*, the twenty issues of Sotos' newsletter about pornography. Also included here is an introduction by *ANSWER Me's* Jim Goad (who has looked down the litigation barrel because of his own publication) as well as Jim's exclusive interview with Sotos. Jim tells us that Sotos is "the world's foremost practitioner of verbal brutality;" in fact, his writing is radiant with obsession. His ability to identify with the killers he writes of is nothing short of preternatural, putting any fictional "profiler" to shame. But if you can't take hearing about children being hurt, you can't take Sotos—he'll shove it down your throat. Highly recommended, with the above caveat.

•**THE MAGIC OF S.I.N.**, by Szatanna Sekhmet; San Antonio, TX, 1995; available for \$20 from P.O. Box 352, San Antonio, TX 78292.

Full-sized, about 200 pages with plastic spiral binding and card stock covers; attractive desktop typesetting with some pen-and-ink illustrations. Szatanna contacted every member of the Satanic Interest Network and some responded; she solicited photos, mini-biographies and any formal rituals or invocations they had written and put everything together in what amounts to the "group grimoire" of a certain percentage of the S.I.N. membership. Chapter One details her campaign to become the first Satanic den mother to her devilish pen pals. Szatanna makes a valiant effort at glamorizing these Satanists, taking their own words and working them into gushy, Hedda Hopper-esque portraits that give maybe a little more credit than is due. She includes their own rituals, one of which is closely adapted from another published by the Temple of the Vampire, and uncredited. In one of her own "fiats," Szatanna refers to a film starring Boris "Karlov." But if you're not put off by such quibbles or by a tad too much "occultnik-ism," then you might enjoy sharing the ideas and words of these other Satanists.

•**DUE NORTH**, by Mitchell Smith, (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1992; ISBN 0-671-73877-1. Hardcover).

Peggy Nadramia, reviewer.

I've been a fan of Mitchell Smith's since I read *Stone City*, his prison novel. This one escaped my notice until recently, and it may actually be in paperback now. There is more Satanic philosophy and controversy in this novel than in a shelf full of esoteric grimoires. It's the story of a white woman who makes her home in the mountains of Alaska, three days from any human habitation. Using her dog team to cover 140 miles of trap line, she lives by herself after her husband is slain and eaten by a grizzly bear, right before her eyes. She must return to the lower states to help in some family matters, but brings the natural laws and attitudes of the "animal kingdom" with her, with startling results. Some

Satanists will recognize themselves in Sara, and will find the way others react to her... familiar. Highly recommended.

PERIODICAL REVIEWS

by Peggy Nadramia

•**THE CLOVEN HOOFF**, The Official Bulletin and Tribunal of the Church of Satan, The Original Voice of Contemporary Satanism. Single issues available for \$5.00, \$7.00 foreign; four-issue subscriptions are \$35.00, \$40.00 foreign from P.O. Box 210666, San Francisco, CA 94121.

Issue #126 explains that the *Hooft* has been on a seven-year hiatus, and that it being the year 30, it is time to once again publish a Satanic tribunal to unify a movement that is reaching critical mass. Indeed, during the hiatus, some 40 Satanic magazines and newsletters sprang up to fill the void left by the *Hooft*. This issue features Blanche Barton's lengthy and detailed examination of Wicca as the neo-Christianity it really is. There is a reprint of Dr. LaVey's essay, "The Homs of a Dilemma," and it is hoped that the editors will continue to reprint essays that those new to Satanism may have missed. There are several new departments established with this "Renaissance" issue of the *Hooft*. "By Any Other Name," a watchdog column mentioning works that spin-off Satanism without taking the Devil's name; "I Am (Urban) Legend," covering funny and silly media rumors about Dr. LaVey and the Church of Satan; and "Gramarye," in which LaVey discusses the diabolical arts. The back cover reprints an elderly ad for Wate-On, true heresy in the face of today's obsession with underfed women. Need some true Satanic wisdom? "Don't let them call you Skinny!"

Issue #127 features a two-color cover by the artist Coop; this sexy witch's red chemise is about to be taken by the wind but she has those garters and stockings to keep her warm. Among the offerings in this issue are some more suggestions from Dr. LaVey on total environments and musical choices, as well as "The World's Most Powerful Religion." Here LaVey states that "since Satanism is essentially a religion of the self, the individual and his personal needs come first. If that means playing with trains or spike-heeled shoes or singing in the bathtub, those are its sacraments and devotions. Taking inventory of old comic books is counting beads on a rosary, each book being a station of the cross." Hear, heart Don't feel you're being "unproductive" the next time you forego an evening answering mail for the guilty pleasures of taking out all your *Star Trek* toys and carefully dusting them off, reattaching parts and regluing disobedient decals. You're actually performing demonic ablutions, a pleasurable and necessary part of your Satanic development. Also in this issue is a Satanic Profile of Edward G. Robinson, one that will have you eyeballing those video shelves in search of his most infernal performances. "The Great Dragon's Tale" by Nemo might be nice to share with some younger Satanists. "Wicca: Exposed (And Exorcised)" by Blanche Barton reveals the fakery involved in these "sacred traditions" and includes a devastating excerpt from a letter in Dr. LaVey's files, wherein it is revealed that the very word Wiccan was introduced by English occultists to Gerald Gardner as a joke—one he fell for like a ton of bricks. Barton also includes a ritual to get those phony "witches" out of your psychological hair for good. There's also an interesting exchange program going here with the *Plotzville Times*; don't miss the account of the hair-pulling match between Mrs. Uppit and Mrs. Stanky when one criticizes the other's meatloaf recipe. Hoo ha!

Issue #128 catches your attention with a head

shot of a goggle-eyed Christian-type lady against the most amazing shade of pea green; I've heard Dr. LaVey refer to this color as "tee ess green" but I'm not sure what that means. Blanche Barton offers some perspective on what Satanists might expect to see in their own children as they come of age; her editorial, "Generation 666" and her article "Thirteen Eugenic and Environmental Departures Toward a New Satanic Ethnic" both offer ideas on nurturing the Satanic flame that may indeed pop up in our own progeny. Numero Uno is of course, "No T.V." Also encouraged are homeschooling and allowing children lots of time alone to build up their own interests and initiative. There are more departments in this issue, including several pages of Satanic newsbits, reviews and interesting letters. Anton LaVey discusses fetishes and "The Witch's Shoe as Weaponry," giving some very nuts-and-bolts advice for what you can do with that stiletto heel should you ever encounter someone unwise enough to occasion your ire. Obviously, no Satanist should be without a subscription to the *Hooft*; what are you waiting for?

•**THE RAVEN: The Magazine of Satanic Good Living**, available for \$4.00 single, \$15.00 for a four-issue subscription from the Grotto ODM, P.O. Box 163, Stratford, CT, 06497-0163.

Okay, I'll be honest: this is my next-most-favorite Satanic magazine. *The Raven's* wit is razor-sharp and its sense of justice is right on the money. I have six issues sitting here since the last "Odditorium" (which only shows you how devotedly I've been worshipping the Goddess Peggy). When you open up an issue of *The Raven*, it would enhance your experience to have their theme song, "Are You Having Any Fun?" performed by Tony Bennett with the Count Basie Orchestra, playing in the background.

Issue #16, Walpurgis, XXX: The cover sports a rather biting editorial cartoon by Michele Frost on the Oklahoma City bombing. Favorite items: the back-to-back reviews of two metal bands, Acheron and Delcide, comparing the truly Satanic nature of one to the mere fashion statement of the other. Least favorite item: the piece about St. Paul. The cooking column, "Hell's Kitchen," is always a pleasure.

Issue #17, Summer Solstice, XXX: Another of Michele Frost's cartoons adorns the cover, this one a commentary on the editor of a now-deceased "Satanic" publication. This issue marks the premiere of *The Raven's* own logo, designed by Timothy Patrick Butler. Favorite items: Neil Smith's poem, "If You Were the Only Dog in the World" (choke), and the pictures of all the old computers. Least favorite item: Tarot word search (I hate to squint). Learn proper grilling methods in this issue's "Hell's Kitchen!"

Issue #18, Autumn Equinox, XXX: No cover, just a generic batch label! It's a concept. Favorite items: all the stuff about the Warrens (hey, if Ed can face Lorraine in the morning, what's a hideous demon from the bowels of Hell?) and those one-liners from drivers explaining why they just crashed their cars: "An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my car and vanished!" Least favorite item: yet another manifesto from the Fierce Advocates of Toast. When will the Staunch Defenders of Gravy get their say? Sheesh! The demonology word search revealed the name "Furfur." I'm sure that's the demon inhabiting my oriental rug. Loki didn't cook anything for this issue but he does answer some intriguing questions, including: "Do you know Martha Stewart?" to which he replies, "She is a cunt."

Issue #19, Winter XXX-XXXI: *The Raven's* covers continue their minimalist trend with a xeroxed label from a bottle of Mezcal. Statement? Favorite

items: Loki's "Things That Annoy the Piss Out of Me" (example: "The Frugal Gourmet, Jeff Smith, that old, faggoty queer!") and Neil Smith's bit about his exchange with the publisher of another 'zine. Imagine quoting Hamlet and Ron Mershon in the same article? The mind reels! Least favorite item: None.

Issue #20, Walpurgis, XXXI: A classic still of Bela Lugosi as Dracula graces this cover. Favorite item: hands down, it has to be Loki's description of the Grotto ODM's trip to Mister C's Restaurant in Omaha. The incredible details of this actual shrine to bad taste are too numerous to list, but what stands out is the miniature Sicilian village, complete in every aspect including a tiny little Pope counseling a tiny little prostitute on the error of her ways! (Or maybe he was getting her rate schedule; *nu?*) Also noteworthy was "The Ballad of the Bobbitt Hillbillies" by Paul Henderson: "Penis, that is. Clean cut. Missed the nuts." Least favorite item: Cambra's article on Sodom and Gomorrah was a tad pedantic. Loki was obviously too busy recovering from his meal at Mister C's to cook anything (sniff!).

Issue #21, Summer, XXXI: Michele Frost is back with a full color cartoon on the Valuejet crash, with two alligators eating (ahem!) "airline food." Favorite items: P. Scott Hollander has contributed two noteworthy pieces of fiction, and Michael Rose tells us "Why Fools Should Not be Permitted to Write." This issue is chock-full of good stuff as *The Raven's* editors have been bringing in more writers from the Satanic sphere. Least favorite item: more stuff about the Pharaohs. Herbert Paulis is a guest in "Hell's Kitchen," contributing some spicy paprika recipes that would go over big at your next Dracula party. Be sure to include Silvovitz with coffee afterward.

Issue #22, Autumn/Halloween XXXI: A Christmas-themed cover illustration by Michele Frost advises us that every living tree is worth a thousand Christs. There are some thoughts on the commercialization of Halloween and George Sprague and Shawna Kennedy contribute a couple of humorous articles, including "The Air Bag of Turin." The stand-out piece of the issue, however, is a selection from an old book on cocktails, *The Hour*, published in 1948. It is incredibly misanthropic, blasting the average American's trivialization of liquor consumption by mercilessly lampooning that avatar of tackiness, the home bar: "they have not got the imagination or the companionableness nor the human sensitiveness that good drinking nurtures to a glow." Words to live by...

•**FROM THE PIT**, edited/published by Magister Michael Rose, P.O. Box 1413, Decatur, AL 35602-1413.

This will be our last review of *From The Pit* because Magister Rose has decided to suspend publication. He is doing so for the best of reasons: it has stopped being fun. To quote from his priceless "goodbye speech" in the very last issue: "Perhaps it is because I have said all I had to say. Perhaps I'm just tired of dealing with the many assholes who delude themselves into thinking they are Satanists just because nobody else likes them. Well, I don't like them either." Michael Rose's writing will continue and you'll undoubtedly see more of it in the pages of *TBF* as well as in some of the other Satanic magazines mentioned here.

Volume 5, Issues 1-4: this compilation of the last four issues of *From The Pit* is available in softcover for \$12.00 US, \$15.00 foreign—or you can order the black, hardbound edition for \$25.00 US, \$30.00 foreign. I recommend the latter, as it makes a wonderful addition to your bookshelves.

Issue #1: every issue of *FTP* includes a thoughtful editorial, a review section, "Lucifer's Library,"

and Noteworthy Quotes. This one also has an interview with Satanic artist Timothy Patrick Butler, along with numerous examples of his art (I particularly liked "The Majesty of Dung"). Michael Rose offers his thoughts on animal sacrifice, Satanic victims and "Satanic brotherhood." Poetry by Sean Currie.

Issue #2: An interesting three-way discussion of the S.I.N. (Satanic Interest Network). It is herein established that a) S.I.N. IS a Satanic pen-pal club, b) participation in S.I.N. is not a requirement for Satanists, and c) one need not partake of something to criticize it. Rose offers his thoughts on legitimizing Lovecraft, art, alternatives to pharmaceutical animal testing, how to be a Satanic breeder, and his advocating of slavery. Also included is a touching memorial to Ida Lupino and a lovely picture of her.

Issue #3: Joshua Colvin relates some amusing conversations about Satanism he's had with strangers. Professional magician Rev. George Sprague writes about magic. Magister Rose contemplates "the fascist question" as it relates to the Church of Satan: "the error of the entrenched advocates of fascism and libertarianism is that they mistake means for ends." And "Killing Time" once again looks at "dealing with Christians and other kindred vermin."

Issue #4: Rose takes a look back at the individuals who helped make publishing *FTP* an interesting venture (heh heh) and then questions whether the Christians are coming, after all. George Sprague contributes "I Am Cursed," and Robert Lang witnesses a channeled message from Vlad the Just (formerly known as Vlad the Impaler). There are selections from the works of William G. Sumner, and Rose discusses the question of whether any Satanist is "evil enough." (Apparently, this is a cause of concern among younger Satanists, no doubt akin to that of the thirteen-year-old girl who looks in the mirror and asks rhetorically, "Am I pretty enough?") There is a "Ritual to Secure Cooperation," and "Confessions of a LaVey Lackey" will no doubt raise a few eyebrows. Of LaVey's detractors, Rose states: "they chose to worship a 'god' who declined to reward them in what they thought was an adequate manner. Good riddance." As in every issue of *FTP*, the artwork of Timothy Patrick Butler abounds in all its splendor, as well as that of other artists, and there is poetry and ads for other Satanic publications. Highly recommended.

Volume 4, Issues 1-4: reviewed in the last issue of *TBF* and now also available in the desirable hardcover format for the same prices listed above for Volume 5.

•**MANFRED**, Lord Byron, P.O. Box 1413, Decatur, AL 35602-1413 (\$6.00; \$8.00 outside of U.S.).

Michael Rose has reprinted and presents his forward to Byron's dramatic poem, and also includes the "Stanzas to Augusta" which are relevant. An inspiring piece which deserves to be read.

•**DIABOLICA**, available for \$5.00 US, \$6.00 foreign, from P.O. Box 53, Allen Park, MI 48101-0053.

Volume II, Issue #1 includes "Thirteen Questions With Dr. Anton Szandor LaVey," and the cover photo of the High Priest is a truly memorable one. The interview is short but very pertinent, and concludes with the statement by LaVey that "the time for Satanism has come. With it must come a refresher in Freudian and Darwinian awareness... All I did was pull the switch..." I was also pleased with articles by Michael Rose and George Sprague. Quotable quotes, internet issues and a discussion of male-bashing on TV talk shows rounds out a fine issue.

Volume II, Issue #2: This is the Satanic Witch

issue, and all contents are by Satanic women, including the art by Kali and Michelle Frost. In an interview with Magistra Peggy Nadramia, she warns the readership: "Don't let the Satanic Witch fool you; she is often the Church's fiercest defender and most diligent networker, despite her skillful use of her power to cloud men's minds." Also contributing are Lynne Crowley, Deborah Ryder, Lydia Gage, Tani Jantsang, Diana DeMagis and of course, Blanche Barton. In "Satan Is Not a Woman," Barton describes the Satanic yin-yang perfectly: "My Male self taunts me, whips me, challenges and rewards me. The feminists have cheapened this internal/external interaction until both men AND women now feel tainted with new feminist-imposed insecurities and expectations." There's even an excerpt from *Atlas Shrugged* by Ayn Rand: I can just see her, being drug kicking and screaming into the pages of a Satanic 'zine! I had some doubts about this project when the editors announced it, but I think they did a fine job with their "chick ghetto." Give it a shot—pink cover, and all.

•**NOT LIKE MOST**, A Publication of Satanism in Action, available for \$2.00 US, \$3.00 foreign, from Purging Talon Publishing, P.O. Box 8131, Burlington, VT 05402.

Issue #1: A great little Satanic magazine is born, free of pretensions and full of imaginative, energetic graphics and ideas. Editor Matt Paradise bundles together a handful of articles in his digest, including his own opinion pieces on war and depopulation as well as a look at Xtian news and black metal music. Favorite item: "Martyrs Are a Dime a Dozen, Or Why I Don't Scrawl Pentagrams Everywhere!"

Issue #2: More of a good thing, the second issue features a Satanic Media Watch column and some reviews of other Satanic publications. The articles seem to center around the inherent problems with Xtianity: "the rhetoric behind modern Xtianity lies in its rotted and disgusting roots."

Issue #3: *Not Like Most* really hits its stride with the third issue, leaving reaction to the Xtian plague behind and forging ahead with Satanic concerns. There's a good overview of most of the Satanic websites which internet newbies will find useful as they venture forth. Herbert Paulis looks at Satanism in Austria, and editor Paradise gives solid answers to a slew of the "Frequently Asked Questions" Satanists must deal with regularly. Also included is a discussion of noise pollution, a pet peeve of many Satanists. Loved the cover graphic and the page design in general.

Issue #4: Starts off with the editor's discussion of Satanism and the "goth" aesthetic; definitely worth reading. For those who collect rituals, there is an "Initiation for Evangelicals" by Michael Rose. "Here There Be Liars" explores the toddler tactics of those pseudo-Satanists out to save us all from that evil LaVey guy, and a Satanic Media Watch column along with a Satanic news column, "On the Infernal Front," are useful and timely. Mr. Paradise conducts an intriguing interview with an incarcerated Satanist, and a discussion of necrophilia follows. Extensive reviews, attractive and witty use of graphics and layout; a welcome addition to the field of Satanic magazines. Highly recommended.

•**SATANIC PARENTING**, Sharing Ideas for the Infernal Empire, available for \$2.00 for a single issue or \$6.00 for four issues from IZM Enterprises, P.O. Box 353, Maple Park, IL 60151. Edited by Lydia Gage.

Issue #1: "Why Wait?" asks the headline on the first page—why, indeed, except that tacking this

area of Satanic interest took major guts. Can you imagine the hay Bob Larson could make with the title alone? But as Lydia reminds her readership, "within a group of people such as ourselves, a separate race if you will, we should be sharing our ideas and joys regarding our children." This little newsletter is not out to explain away myths about Satanism or to promote tolerance of our religion; in fact, this magazine takes little notice of non-Satanists as all. It is the first of what I think will represent the next wave in Satanic publishing: material by Satanists, for Satanists ALONE. Priestess Gage happily makes this a homespun little number, including artwork by her children and funny anecdotes. Also included: "Why I Hate Barney" and a piece about homeschooling, an idea that every Satanic parent must consider in lieu of subjecting their sensitive, intelligent child to the mass brainwashing machine that is public "education."

Issue #2: Detailed article on creating a learning environment for your children, plus a piece on talking to children about "Magic." While Satanists usually take a non-involvement stance with their children ("We don't indoctrinate at an early age—that's for Christians...") it can be impossible to quash an intelligent child's curiosity about what Mom and Dad do with those candles and bells and swords late at night. Children know magic is real! So Lydia came up with a little magical working that she could share with her six-year-old daughter. There are also some reviews of videos for kids, and opinion pieces on marriage and celebrating herd holidays with the non-Satanist branches of your family.

Issue #3: More discussion of the social aspects of homeschooling, and Lydia includes a bibliography. It is interesting to note that homeschooling is the one area where Satanists are cheek and jowl with right-wing Christians—they don't want their kids educated by the liberal humanists, either. Also included are some brain games for children and some little fables. This publication is essential for Satanic parents and also recommended for non-parents who are interested in hearing of the trials and triumphs of raising progeny in "the Satanic condition."

•**DEVILCOSM**: Satanic, Iconoclastic and Occult Music, available for \$3.00 US, \$4.00 foreign for a single issue, \$12.00 US, \$16.00 foreign for a four-issue subscription, from DWR, P.O. Box 173, Madison, IN 47250.

Issue #1: What a great idea for a Satanic magazine! The editor of *Devilcosm* declares that its purpose is to "herald and illuminate the power of the musical artform in evoking and emerging a new Satanic age... to inspire a collective vision of the Satanic empire." Editor Eric W. Thompson views music as one of the highest forms of sorcery, and even attempts to explore the Satanic aesthetic in music. There are extensive music reviews, and a rather myopic article about Ragnar Redbeard that didn't belong here at all. The layout is interesting graphically, but the publisher should have stuck with one or two fonts throughout—photocopying isn't kind to gimmicky typefaces.

Issue #2: Somewhere between the first and second issues of *Devilcosm*, the editor fell for Northern European paganism in a big way. The focus of the magazine is still on beauty in music and art and how Satanic aesthetics are therein expressed. This is admirable. But now there's a lot of "neo-fascist" huffing and puffing, with a thought-provoking article by K.R. Bolton and the usual from Fraternitas Loki ("Satan is Dead," or haven't you heard?). I was hoping the editor would keep his vistas a tad wider. He's running a valuable music distribution service for

those in areas where recordings of bands like Non and Death in June are hard to come by.

•**SCAPEGOAT MAGAZINE**, available for \$5.00 US, \$6.00 foreign, or subscribe to three issues for \$15.00 US, \$18.00 foreign, Goat's Head Press, P.O. Box 36121, Los Angeles, CA 90036-0121.

Volume 2, Issue #2: Crisp type and color photos put *Scapegoat* one leg up on many other Satanic magazines, and the change from digest-size to full-size is for the better, I think. This issue features interviews with Grand Belial's Key, Michael Moynihan of Blood Axis and Timothy Patrick Butler. There is an extensive review section with print and music reviews, and articles and poetry by Walter C. Cambra and John Crawford. Editor John Kamieniecki contributes his own editorial, "Issues of Detestation."

Volume 2, Issue #3: The elusive Rex Diabolos Church of the Asylum of Satan is interviewed in this issue, and full-page color photos of him and his art are included. Also interviewed are David Vincent and George Eric Hawthorne. More writing by Cambra, John Crawford and K.R. Bolton ("Bolshevism in the Roman Empire" and "The Political and Racial Views of H.P. Lovecraft").

Issue #8: Kamieniecki includes a travelogue of sorts on his trip to the Mojave, and wistfully details the isolation and quiet it affords. K.R. Bolton and Walter Cambra again contribute thoughtful analyses of other religious systems, and there's an interview with Michael Rose. A piece on tattoo artists Dave Zero and Janet Allington includes full-color photos, and Spahn Ranch is also interviewed. The review section is bountiful.

Issue #9: Thought-provoking interviews with Boyd Rice, The Electric Hellfire Club, Type O Negative and Blanche Barton. Great full-page photos of Boyd with unclothed damsels. Articles include "Jung and the Volkisch Movement" by K.R. Bolton, and "A Working Class Vs. An Elite Class" by editor Kamieniecki. The graphics are attractive. This mag improves with every issue and is recommended. Note: subscribers receive an additional supplement, *Black*, between issues of *Scapegoat*.

•**THE RAGING SEA: The Voice of Reason**, c/o The Leviathan Grotto, P.O. Box 5297, Santa Cruz, CA 95063-5297. The first three issues, described below, are \$2.95 each. The upcoming issues, we are told, will be larger and will cost \$3.95.

Issue #1: Rev. Michael Charles Boe welcomes us to his first issue, and offers a final solution to the real problem in beautiful Santa Cruz—not earthquake damage and beach erosion, but indigent street people. Among other things, Boe gives an enlightening discussion of the "political prisoner," Mumia Abu-Jamal, a convicted cop-killer now lionized by liberals everywhere. An auspicious beginning.

Issue #2: Upgraded to saddle-stitch binding and with more pages, this Satanic forum discusses eugenics and the population bomb, and gives a reading list for further study in these areas. A short but well-wrought ritual to rid oneself of frustrations and obligations is offered, as well as more suggestions for creating a total environment. The centerfold is an entertaining collage of newsclips, including this headline: "Fourth grader accused of waving pickle." The editor reviews the Loompanics edition of "Might is Right," and Michael Thule contributes a piece on Satanic parenting. "The Real Witch" answers a question about a woman's scent problem, and there is a letters column and a new "Weird Facts" column. Continued improvement!

Issue #3: Discussed in this issue: new inventions to monitor and control the activities of

private citizens; disease and its role in Nature; how to become invisible; the real Holocaust (animal testing); C.M. Kornbluth's classic short story, "The Marching Morons," and lot, lots more, including an interview with the Electric Hellfire Club's Thomas Thom. *The Raging Sea* is a welcome addition to the field of Satanic magazines and you should definitely be on their list!

•**CONQUER NOW!** - Proudly Upholding the Standard of the Strong, available for \$5.00 from The War Grotto, c/o K.S. Anthony, 3288 21st St., #67, San Francisco, CA 94110.

Issue #4/5: The editor uses a typewriter, but keeps his layout simple and his reproduction top-notch so that it's never a chore to read this Satanic magazine. Composed in the main of diatribes and essays by Anthony, this issue deals with those who'd like to redefine Satanism away from the tenets and principles put forth by *The Satanic Bible*, and that includes child-molesters. The editor gets a tad more personal than those of other Satanic 'zines, and talks about his favorite possessions, people and the things they've taught him. There's an interview with Michael Moynihan and some reviews. I particularly like Anthony's tendency to fill his pages with little pieces like "Songs You Didn't Know Were Satanic."

Issue #6: Anthony continues a discussion of race begun in the previous issue, and talks about his new program to work out, pump up and make his body a fitting vessel for the Satanic mind seething within it. He interviews Michael Rose and publishes what is probably the first photo (however bleary) ever seen of this elusive gentleman. More of the editor's Kiplingesque poetry is included.

•**THE BLACK PUN-KIN**, Canada's Satanic Forum, available for \$7.00 US, \$10.00 foreign from P.O. Box 32017, 1386 Richmond Rd., Ottawa, Ontario, K2B 1A1, Canada.

Volume 2, Issue #1: "Baroque" is the only way to describe the page design in the Pun-kin; clip-art, line art, fancy borders, standing heads and illustrations cram every page. Add to this the fact that each page is also printed on various colors of paper, and you've got a magazine that appears almost to be tattooed, rather than printed. But that's what I like about looking at all these Satanic magazines—each Satanist's vision of what he wants in his 'zine is so different. Diana DeMagis, Robert Lang and Rev. Doug Richards are the chief contributors to this issue, bringing both polemic ("It's Time To Clean House") and practical concerns (DeMagis offers recipes for aromatherapy and tasty concoctions). Also contributing are Michael Rose, Dan King, Hans Schüren, Shadow, Satanna, Vincent Crowley and others. Jack O'Lantern and Ima Witch offer advice. Wow! This is chock-full.

Volume 2, Issue #2: The cover is adorned with Robert Lang's illustration, "Justice," wherein a Thor-like figure (with a face that looks very familiar...) drives a chariot pulled by two fierce goat creatures, their eyes flashing along with the lightning that fills the background. The page design is cleaner and looks more pulled-together, although still filled with the profuse illustrations that make the *Pun-kin* unique. Articles include "Akhenaton the Heretic" by Lang and "The Curse of Tutankhamun" by Curtis LeBlanc. There's poetry by Dan King, S.T. Campbell, Piety Lloyd, and Diana DeMagis contributes a short piece of fiction. And much more!

Volume 3, #1: This issue we have Dr. LaVey's visage on the cover in yet another of Robert Lang's tributes; I think the Doc makes an excellent Pharaoh, don't you? Inside, the Egyptian theme continues with

Lang's Satanic ritual, "Spring Equinox Along the Nile." Ritual collectors: take note, as this issue also contains Michael Rose's "Initiation for Evangelicals." The Nile ritual would be an excellent addition to any upcoming Walpurgis celebration. The usual departments are back in this "Fun With Scanner" issue, as well as a new and lengthy review section. Witch Marguerite talks about aging into a Satanic senior, and reminds us about the qualities of women and fine wine. Order the Pun-kin now and you'll also receive what must be the first Satanic paper airplane. Float this one across the office and see who pops out of his cubicle! Definitely a singular flavor in the Satanic mix and highly recommended.

•**THE DEVIL'S TAVERN**, the International Forum of the Infernal Garrison, available for \$6.00 from Douglas Richards, P.O. Box 16474, Pensacola, FL 32507-6474.

Volume 1, Issue #1: This Satanic magazine is published by Church of Satan Priest Doug Richards and his mate Darlane Richards. The look is reminiscent of the above-mentioned *Pun-kin*, but that's because so much of Doug's diabolical artwork is featured in both publications. This premiere issue of the *Tavern* features a diatribe on the subject of Satanic bonds, as well as instruction from Robert Lang for using Satanism as a vehicle to indulge in all your fantasies. Darlane Richards talks about "Satanism as The Smoking Gun," and there's even a Satanic prayer. Another interview with Magistra Peggy Nadramia, a "Satanic Chain Letter" and a thought-provoking piece on liberty and law by Ken Gage round out this issue.

Volume 1, Issue #2: Editor Doug Richards discusses a Sign of the Times, and an article on Magister Peter H. Gilmore's visit to lecture at Mt. St. Vincent College is reprinted. Darlane Richards warns us of "The Asshole Syndrome"—as we all know, the Center for Disease Control hasn't made a dent in this epidemic. "To Lust or Not to Lust" takes a stab at some advice for the Satanic Warlock, and there are several poetry selections from Darlane. These two issues comprise an auspicious beginning; why not belly up to the bar at *The Devil's Tavern*?

•**THE NAMMTAR JOURNAL**, a publication from the Church of Tiamat Grotto, is available for \$5.00 from Suite #51, 60 Newtown Rd., Danbury, CT 06810.

Issue #3: Thoughtful diatribes on various topics by Editor Curtis M. LeBlanc, including the "Elite in the Ghetto," taxation of churches, Charlie Manson, and the old gods (including Kutulu). Michelle Frost and Richard de Lago each contribute a cartoon, and there's a sprightly review section.

Issue #4: New computer equipment and software have spiffed up this publication, although it was rather neat and readable already. LeBlanc writes well; his arguments are well-rendered and his syntax good. This time he takes on stratification, stabilizing the Satanic age, the neglected side of Gothic, art and spirituality, and much, much more. I particularly enjoyed his instructions on contacting a Satanic organization, entitled "Pipe-Dreams Do Not Count." Michael Rose contributes an article, "The Lion and the Child."

Issue #5: Wherein a set of commandments are laid out by LeBlanc, and he discusses winning the battle with the Christians, probing the Bible for useful tidbits, discipline as it applies to those with a Satanic nature, and my very favorite: the various ways members of different religions approach weight loss. Wiccan: How about a tub of Rocky Road, before I leave to meet with the other sisters of my coven? And lots more! You get your money's worth with this

magazine.

In Issue #5, the editor announced a name change to *The Godhead Dispatch*. I've also seen announcements of the magazine's name being changed to *The Old Gooseberry Dispatch*. I haven't seen either of these, but LeBlanc's work is consistently intelligent and worth your time.

•**LIFEFORCE**, The International Vampire Forum, published by the Temple of the Vampire, P.O. Box 3582, Lacey, WA 98509.

The Temple of the Vampire is the public experiment being conducted by a few members of the ancient Hekel Tiamat, the Temple of the Dragon. Adherents believe they are predatory vampires feeding on the energies of other humans; they feel they are members of a lost Family and seek each other out to develop their abilities to gain energy and commune with the Ancient Vampires. Their newsletter is only available to members. Membership is gained for a one-time fee of \$100, and subscriptions to the monthly *LifeForce* may be purchased for \$50 annually. Also available is *The Vampire Connection*, for contacting other members of the Family. Membership in the TOV can involve ascending levels of initiation and recognition, higher studies and periodic evaluations. The Temple recognizes both a Dayside and a Nightside to the Vampire's nature, the Dayside being a philosophy consistent with that of the Church of Satan.

Most recently received in this office is *The Vampire Adept Bible*, consisting of a discussion, "What is Truth?" and then instruction in the Four Dimensions of Experience, the Nine Gates and Angles, and the Doctrine of Dreams. This Bible is available for \$25.00 donation; this may be for members only, so it would behoove you to inquire. Also available are further advanced studies Bibles: *The Vampire Predator Bible*, *The Vampire Priesthood Bible*, and *The Vampire Sorcery Bible*. Their cost is the same (\$25 minimum donation) and these books explore the sophisticated philosophy and ritual techniques of the Temple of the Vampire.

•**THE LADY O SOCIETY NEWSLETTER**, available from BCM/3406, London WC1N 3XX, UK. This newsletter appears quarterly and a subscription includes membership in the Lady O Society, a correspondence society for submissive ladies. Ladies: \$10 per annum; Associate members (single gentlemen or couples): \$20.00. Back issues are available for \$5.00. This society/newsletter is presided over by erotic author Deborah Ryder.

The publication is presented in a very sparse, computer-typeset, double column format, but each issue is crammed with discussion of sub/dom issues and experiences, as well as contact ads for all the members and listings of publications, products and events of interest to those in the sub/dom lifestyle. Today it's politically incorrect for a woman to openly relinquish her will to a man, and hence these ladies are very heretical and Satanic. To quote a letter from a Master: "A submissive... can only aspire to serve, to seek to perfect her submission to the man she has chosen as her Master... If she allows the submissive side of her nature to take over, recognition of a truly dominant man becomes much easier." These tales of delicious submission are terribly romantic. The latest issue is #12, which appeared in September, and another issue is due in December 1996. To repeat: you can meet others with these interests through this newsletter.

•**ENDEMONIADA**, available for \$3.00 cash only or M.O. made out to Elena Leon, from Lucifera, 611 W.

152 St., #1-D, New York, NY 10031.

Issue #6: This is a black metal music 'zine for Satanic females. It's full of poor to fair artwork dealing with the usual themes of bondage and vampirism, interviews with metal bands and ads for same. The name of the magazine is difficult to say and easy to forget. The typewriter graphics are sloppy, and interspersed with hand-printed heads and inserts where the editors were too lazy to go back to the typewriter or computer. No page numbers, but this is a pretty hefty 'zine for a tiny price. Interviewed in this issue are Deathrune, Buried Beneath, Enslaved, Deceased, Hellbound, Danza Macabra, Accursed, Mastema, Enchantment, and Thrust.

Last Poetry and Art Issue, (no number given). Lots of poetry by many different authors. The graphics have not improved, still no page numbers and too many handwritten titles and fillers. However, there is one standout: the artwork by Lainan, which is consistently fine. The poetry is fraught with the usual problem encountered by amateur poets: lack of a single controlling image. Nebulous feelings abound; for example: "I'm slowly &/ painfully losing/ my mind/ My world is cold &/ dark/ I cling to nothing for/ there is/ nothing there/ to embrace/ I'm so lonely/ I'm trapped inside/ on [sic] emotionless state/ Hoping someday will/ open the/ door of darkness/ & shine/ light on my/ morbate [sic] soul..."

•**THE AMBASSADOR** is available from the Embassy of Lucifer, PO Box 1229, Terrace, B.C. V8G 5P7, Canada; single issue \$4.00 (Canadian funds). Although this purports to be a weekly publication, we have only one issue here.

Volume 1, Issue #2: Nine pages, printed on only one side, stapled in one corner, entirely comprised of Crowley's *The Book of the Law* and a little piece of Egyptoid clip art. If you think this is worth four bucks, go for it.

•**BATTLE OF BEWITCHMENT** is available from Robert Hoog, P.O. Box 5069, 451 05 Uddevalla, Sweden; a single issue is \$6.00 US.

Issue #3: Beautifully designed and executed with professional graphics and typesetting, this issue is a bargain. The glossy cover wraps around a wealth of articles by authors like Michael Rose, Timothy P. Butler (also an interview with this Satanic artist), and Peter H. Gilmore. There are more interviews with the bands Bay Laurel, Disgrace, Isten, Sacramentum, Internal Bleeding and Immolation. So if music and Satanic thought are among your interests, you'll find much to sample here. Highly recommended.

•**THE PUBLIC SATANIST**, A Publication of Satan's Playground Grotto, is available from P.O. Box 201835, Bloomington, MN 55420; make \$5.00 check or money order payable to Brett Randall for a single issue.

Volume 1, Issue #1: A strong beginning for another Satanic journal that has its roots in the Internet. Mr. Randall took his first step into public Satanism by creating an attractive and informative website, then pulled together his contacts and design abilities into this publication. The layout is attractive; there is a great deal of Satanic poetry and an interview with herself, Magistra Peggy Nadramia. Recommended.

•**DARK RISING**, Official Forum of the Black Order of the Shaitan Warrior, available for \$3.00 from P.O. Box 8392, Tampa, FL 33674. Cash or money orders made out to Brad W. Reinert (no checks).

Volume 1, Issue #1: "One nation, under

Satan!" shouts the cover of this new Satanic magazine. Among the topics discussed are Welfare and the Homeless, Peace and Jesus Freaks. Lots of clippings to fill the pages, some of them rather interesting, such as some relatively rare pictures from the Church of Satan's early days. The editor also includes a number of poems which I believe are also song lyrics. The Order of the Shaitan Warrior puts forth 14 laws which are generally consistent with Satanism's established Rules of the Earth. There is a Wall of Fools reserved for future issues, and readers are invited to submit the names of any "idiots who have been kicked out of Satanhood." It will be intriguing to see where this publication goes in the future.

Volume 1, Issue #2: Hey, where's the Wall of Fools? I was looking forward to that. Well, we must settle for an amusing collection of Satanic comic strips, a suitable-for-framing centerfold of a pentagram with goat's head, and reprints lengthy interviews with Vincent Crowley and Peter H. Gilmore. This magazine could go places if the editor finds more original material to publish. Keep your eye on *Dark Rising*.

•**THE ABYSS**, available for \$4.00 US, \$6.00 elsewhere, from the Black Order of Pan-Europa, P.O. Box 774, Clarkston, MO 63837.

Issue #1: Includes work by Kerry Bolton, David Myatt and several others, including the editor, Max Frith. Among the subjects discussed are "Paganism: A National Socialist View," "Long Live Death," "The Black Order Motorcycle Club," and "Aryans From Outer Space." The editorial speaks of our movement, points out where this movement has failed and where it could be improved. It speaks of European man and his sides, both light and dark, and purports to bring about action and change only by changing the way the members of this movement may think and process the information they receive. But I can't seem to find a single instance where the editor tells us what the movement is. I assume its a white, European thing, and I was intrigued to see the editor speak of his "brethren" fighting for freedom in Northern Ireland, as this issue has been largely ignored in the other Euro-pagan publications. I think it would be just as easy for someone of European descent to look upon the successful conquerors, the English, as his "brethren."

•**RAVENS' CHATS**, available for \$5.00 from J.P. Tabone, B.P. 236, 31004 Toulouse Cedex, France.

"The Graphic Issue, Number One," contains interviews with Timothy Patrick Butler and Michael Moynihan. When asked about his debates with the more "libertarian" factions within Satanism, Moynihan states that "these 'anti-fascist,' so-called Satanists are not even worth discussing. They're a bunch of fools." Butler addresses the same issue: "There have been a few extremely vocal anti-fascist writers that would like to make a bigger issue of fascism than is warranted. These armchair philosophers have nothing better to do all day than scream from their little soapboxes. Personally, I have drawings to make." Also included are several pages of music and print reviews and some discussion of other Satanic magazines.

•**PROGRESS REPORT**, The Church of Epiphany, 4533 MacArthur Boulevard, Suite 339, Newport Beach, CA 92660. No prices listed, but the issues are small affairs; send \$5.00 and see what they'll send you.

The Church of Epiphany is named after Lisa Bonet's character in the film "Angel Heart" (based on the fine novel *Falling Angel* by William Hjortsberg).

Their beliefs are based on those of the Yezidi religion, and this group is led by an "Archimandrite" who answers questions and issues edicts in each Report. While the CoE refers to its godhead as the Peacock Angel, they nonetheless propose inter-communication with other Satanic groups. Their symbol is a serpent and they have an abiding interest in the works of H.P. Lovecraft. They are very anti-Christian and quote frequently from the Bible to support their arguments.

•**ONSLAUGHT**, available for \$6.00 US, \$7.00 foreign, from the Church of Luciferian Light, P.O. Box 7207, Tampa, FL 33673.

Volume 5, Issue #1, Autumn, XXX A.S.: News and updates on the Satanic scene, as well as some discussion of ritual elements, including a ritual applying sexual acts to meet various goals. A good portion of this 'zine is taken up by the basic membership information and instructions for joining the Church of Luciferian Light. Extensive reviews, and a touching memorial page noting the passage of Draegon Undomiel's canine companion, Axzel Zuel, or Mr. Puppy. Neat daisy-wheel or typewriter output that is unfortunately in all caps.

•**REALIST PUBLICATIONS**, P.O. Box 1627, Paraparaumu Beach, New Zealand, is a busy little concern that makes possible the following magazines and monographs. Their products are always produced neatly but humbly, in stapled digest-size with typewriter typesetting and no extra cover materials. However, you will always find them to be well-researched and chock-full of information and ideas you won't find elsewhere. The writing and publishing efforts of K.R. Bolton and his colleagues were, and continue to be, extremely influential in the upsurge of pan-European paganism and interest in classical European culture. You can examine Bolton's influence in many other Satanic and neo-fascist zines, or you can get it right from the source by sampling what Realist Publications has to offer.

THE FLAMING SWORD, Issue #6, \$5.00 surface, \$7.00 air: Under discussion we find Jotunns, an American motorcycle club that functions as an Odinist religious order, as well as character analysis of the Loki, Shiva and Heres myth-figures. There is an extensive interview with David Myatt, author of *The Enlightenment Of National Socialism*, and a discussion of the Holocaust. Reviews of books and periodicals are also included.

THE HERETIC, Issue #12, \$5.00 surface, \$7.00 air: Included in this issue is possibly the most extensive and thoughtful interview yet conducted with Magister Peter H. Gilmore of the Church of Satan. Robert N. Taylor is also interviewed. While interviews are common in Satanic 'zines, Bolton always conducts his at a high intellectual level and gives his subjects ample space for thoughtful replies. Print and audio reviews comprise the rest of the issue.

THE NEXUS (now comprising both *The Flaming Sword* and *The Heretic*), \$5.00 surface, \$20.00 for four issues, \$7.00/\$25.00 for air.

Issue #1: Journal of the Kulturkampf/Realpolitik/Esotericism is how *The Nexus* describes itself. This issue explores the life of D'Annunzio, warrior bard, and concludes the interview with Robert N. Taylor. There is the usual review section, and some responses to statements and ideas in the previous issue. One of the strong points of Bolton's editorial policy is his ability to get quibblers to turn what might be a whiny letters column into actual essays of response. This is what makes a magazine into a real forum, and more publishers should try it.

Issue #2: An interview with Kadmon, the

person behind the magazine *Aorta* and the musical project Allerseeelen, and a brief examination of Satanic activity in Poland. Also a salute to James Hartung Madole, the "father of Post-War Occult Fascism." Reviews, poetry and more.

Issue #3: This time the interview is with George Eric Hawthorne of the band Rahowa; he's also the publisher of *Resistance* magazine. Some historical background is given on "the Sword of Victory: the legend of Surt's flaming sword." Also included among the reviews and poetry is "The Cosmological Magick of National-Socialism" and "In the Shadow of the Talmud."

Issue #4: "A Tale of Two Books" leads this issue, discussing two new volumes about the Third Reich, *Goebbels: The Mastermind of the Third Reich* by David Irving and *Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust* by Daniel Goldhagen. There is also a discussion of the alliance of Germany and Tibet during WWII, more about Madole's stormtroopers, some background about white Muslims (greenshirts), a memorial to Raf Van Hulse, and much more.

Issue #5: "Marinetti and Futurism" are discussed, as well as "Nationalism: Nature's Decree," "Altruism as a Survival Mechanism" and "Celine the Impossible." There is also a tribute to "the astral Fascist," William Dudley Pelley.

Issue #6: An interview with Christian Bouchet of the Nouvelle Resistance and *Thelema*; "Schütz-staffel and the Runes"; an interview with Sarote Industries, an American company producing recordings and publications which reconcile "the apparent diametric opposition of the totalitarian and the avant-garde." The usual extensive reviews, and more!

•MONOGRAPHS from Realist Publications:

LOVECRAFT'S FASCISM: the Political and Racial Views of H.P. Lovecraft, by W. Grimwald, \$5.00 US. The author makes a case for a Lovecraft who is a true Aryan pagan at heart. Lovecraft referred to Hitler as "profoundly sincere and patriotic," and his views of man-as-animal are revealed in the statement: "Twenty centuries of flabby Christian fakery have not succeeded in changing our natures one jot."

DIETRICH ECKHART: Hitler's Occult Mentor, by W. Grimwald, \$15.00 US. Heavily footnoted and with several photographs, this volume attempts to clear away the myths about Eckhart who was a key figure during the Third Reich.

FASCISM AND THE FUTURIST AESTHETIC, by K.R. Bolton with articles by Filippo Marinetti, \$10.00 US. This volume includes Bolton's article "Marinetti and Futurism" from a recent issue of his magazine *The Nexus*, along with reprinted articles by the poet Marinetti himself.

ALEISTER CROWLEY AND THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION: Social and Political Thoughts of the Great Beast, by Frater Scorpio, \$10.00 US. The author tells us that "Thelema was not announced by Crowley as merely another occultic system for bourgeois dabblers. It is a martial, fighting creed. And Crowley said it precisely... 'Let every man bear arms, swift to resent oppression... generous and ardent to draw sword in any cause, if justice or freedom summon him.'"

•**FILOSOFEM**, available for \$7.50 US from Blood-Axis, 5 Rue Gabriel Perme, 57000 Metz, France.

Volume 1, Issues #1 and #2: Neat little digest, three slender columns of daisy-wheel output that is clear and readable. The Nordland Forlag, who publish *Filosofem*, consider themselves Heathen Teutonic Wodenists, and most of the material herein

reflects this point of view. There is writing by Varg Vikernes Larusson a/k/a "Count Grishnacht," who was given twenty-one years in prison for "killing a Communist" and burning churches. Michael Moynihan, K.R. Bolton and David Myatt all contribute interesting pieces, and there are two rousing poems by George Zaharopoulos. The other contributors, however, would obviously be more comfortable writing in their native language and perhaps should be encouraged to do so; their essays are murky.

Volume 1, Issues #3 and #4: More of the same, with the addition of Steven Bernard Cox. The highlights include Bolton's "Eugenics and Dysgenics," Moynihan's "Dionysos-Dithyramben" and "Overcome and Conquer (Part One)" by Vidar Von Herske.

Volume 2, Issues #1 and #2: The sole contributors this time 'round are Von Herske, Myatt, Bolton and R. N. Taylor. Taylor has two poems, one long, one short, but both are memorable and evocative. The editor allows both Bolton and Myatt ample space for lengthier articles, something one sees too little of in most magazines of this type.

Volume 2, Issues #3 and #4: Moynihan explores the myriad levels of meaning behind the Wolfs Angle rune, and Zaharopoulos and Von Herske team up to discuss Greek mythology. Another lengthy article by Myatt, "The Resurgence of the West," rounds out this issue.

Volume 3, Issues #1 and #2: A diverse and jam-packed issue, with the return of most of the contributors as well as the welcome addition of Robert Ward, late of *The Fifth Path*. Bolton discusses H.P. Lovecraft, and Taylor considers T.S. Eliot, as well as contributing "Faust - a Gothic Epic in Four Movements."

•**AORTA**, available for \$5.00 US, International M.O. or cash only, from G. Petak, P.O. Box 778, A-1011, Vienna, Austria.

Issue #1: Digest-sized journal, stapled with clean typewriter typesetting and a card stock cover. Ken Anger's "Lucifer Rising" is the subject of this issue, with an article in German followed by the English translation.

Issue #17: Same German/English format. "Fidus: Images of Light" is this issue's article, and it concerns the artist Fidus who was born over a hundred years ago in Germany and whose work depicts joyful, innocently nude Aryan folk against triumphant and light-filled backgrounds.

Issue #19: Michael Moynihan and Blood Axis are the subjects of this issue, and there is yet another interview with Moynihan as well as a short essay by K.R. Bolton, along with several interesting photos.

•**BAELDER**, the Pan-European Fraternity of Knowledge, available for \$8.00 US from 60 Elmhurst Road, Reading, Berkshire RG1-5HY, England.

Issue #68/69: This is a chock-full issue, with articles on "Mysterious Cemennos," "Dreams and Their Significance," "St. August Caesar," "Swastika: Lost Sign of Freemasonry," and much, much more.

•**THE WARCOM GAZETTE**, available from Warcom Media, P.O. Box 1175, San Jose, CA 95108. Price unknown; \$5.00 should get you a couple of issues.

Issues April 1995 through October 1996: This is an actual newsletter, often only two or four pages long, with professional-looking design, graphics and typesetting. Discussed: NAFTA and the dollar vs. the peso; the objects of Warcom's Fearless Leader, Beau Lippincott's, personal wrath; James Mason; Jim and Debbie Goad; Robert N. Taylor; stuff Beau Lippincott likes; random thoughts about

motorcycles, cars, the Olympics, Dennis Rodman, Marge Schott and golf. Recommended.

•**THE RATIONAL RACIST**, available for \$4.50 from The Gidney Mission, P.O. Box 7657, Port St. Lucie, FL 34985-7657.

Volume 1, Issue #1: Twelve pages of neat desktop graphics and typesetting; this is the first project from Mousing Star Media, a division of the Gidney Mission. You might remember editor/publisher William Gidney from his days in the First Occultic Church and his editorship of *Taste From the Cauldron*. The first article in this issue is an exhortation to the white European and European-American to follow the writer on his road to promoting the racial identity of whites. He tells us, "Think globally; act locally." The goals here are very ambitious and include plans for a Universal Collegiate of Cultural Loyalists, an organization comprised of the *creme-de-la-creme* of racially-conscious White intelligentsia. They in turn will create a United White College Fund and recruit on the college campuses of America. This type of program was also in the works by the Objectivists back in the Seventies and Eighties, by the way. Also included here is a piece pointing out the successful techniques employed by black racists. The author, "Laura Palmer," also brings up the significant point that the more intellectual among white racists keep quiet about their views for the simple reason that they do not wish to be identified with the tobacco-chewing lowbrows who usually "represent" Whites on talk shows, etc. Palmer observes that black activists don't allow "the least among them" to get in front of a camera. This is a thought-provoking first issue.

•**OHM CLOCK**, available for \$4.00 US, \$6.00 foreign, from P.O. Box 8590, Reno, NV 89507.

Issue #3: Full-sized, with professional graphics and layout, this issue interviews James Mason, Kadmon of Allerseele and *Aorta*, the band Kill Switch Klick, and another band called EyeHateGod. Editor Aaron Garland takes a look at the art, music and poetry of R.N. Taylor in "Visions of a Modern Day Viking," and there's an extensive section of sound reviews.

Issue #4: This issue marks an upgrade to classy, slick cover stock. Interviews with George Eric Hawthorne of *Rahowa*, artist Trevor Brown, Vincent Crowley of *Acheron*, articles on Gnosticism and the Indo-European Worldview, and much, much more. Many reviews. Recommended.

•**RESISTANCE**, available for \$4.95 US, \$5.50 Canada, from Resistance Records, P.O. Box 24700, Detroit, MI 48224. They offer a complete line of recordings, tee shirts, videos and back issues, all available by credit card by faxing them at 810-684-7958, or by contacting their website at www.resistance.com.

Issue #7: BOING! Who said white racists were all drooling Neanderthals? They'd better not say it to the guys at *Resistance*. This is a full-color, slick newsstand magazine that would fit right in beside the latest issue of *Sassy*. There are eight pages of news and views from around the racist community, and a short piece responding to the many myths of the Pro-White movement. Most interesting was a lengthy article about a real Waffen SS soldier, along with numerous pictures from his personal scrapbook. Music is definitely another focus here, with articles about several Pro-White bands, as well as interesting excerpts from the editor's mailbox. Resistance Records lists their products in the back with an order form. Even if you don't agree with their

beliefs, you should get a copy for your collection; you simply have to see *Resistance* to believe how professional a racist magazine can be.

•**THE HOOVER HOG**, available for \$2.50 from Richard (Chip) Smith, 621 Kings Row, Charleston, WV 25314.

"A Review of Dangerous Ideas" is how the premier issue bills itself, and the editor jumps right in by giving us his seven page analysis of all four issues of *ANSWER Me!*, "the only magazine worth hating." Actually, Chip loves this history-making magazine written and published by Jim and Debbie Goad, and his reasons and reactions are quite entertaining. He goes on to discuss Adam Parfrey's *Cult Rapture* anthology, Big Macs, and more. Upcoming issues include a libertarian-atheist's arguments against abortion, a discussion of holocaust revisionism, laws regarding kiddie porn, and many more "tools for dangerous thinking." Chip is smart and his magazine, I'm sure, will get even better.

•**POO POO MAGAZINE**, available for \$3.00 for one issue, \$5.00 for two, or \$10.00 for a four-issue subscription from Purging Talon Publishing, P.O. Box 8131, Burlington, VT 05402.

Issue #10: Its a fat digest (7" X 8.5") with lively, if a tad busy, graphics, chock-full of funny fillers and innovative design features. *Poo Poo* looks at pop culture, the music scene and life in general with a witty irreverence and a total disdain for religion. Articles in this issue include "You're All Fascists... And No, I Won't Suck Your Dick," "I Wanna Fuck You, Tipper Gore!" and "Go To Hell? I Work There!"

Issue #11: This time around editor M.C. Caucasian Pimp treats us to "Butchering The Human Carcass For Human Consumption," "Catholicism: Cross-Waving Orgy of the Damned," and "An Open Letter To Those Collection Agency Assholes." The contents page has a quote from Goebbels: "When I hear the word culture, I reach for my gun."

Issue #12: This is the female-bashing issue. Offerings include "The Natural Beauty of Violence," "Fuck You and Your Feminine Side," and "It's a Misogynist's Life." I particularly enjoyed "I Hate the Fucking Telephone" by staff writer Vanilla Christ.

Issue #13: The standout in this issue is Vanilla Christ's commentary on the "goth" scene, "I Wear Black On The Outside Because I'm Black On The Inside... Here, Eat This Black Rose While I Sift My Wrist in D-Minor." Christ makes this observation about the originality of goth bands: "If I had a dime for every goddamned black and white photo I've been shown of a bunch of goth punks in a cemetery, striking some dramatic pose next to a marble monument or a wrought-iron gate, I'd be Donald Fucking Trump!" Christ's overview of fast food chains is also well worth the read, and should probably be reprinted in *The Raven* (although they are a tad more genteel). Of the late night Denny's experience, Christ observes, "I can't say much for the decor, but I do recall the waitresses as being evil warty demons from Polident Creme hell." Recommended.

FLAMES FROM THE INTERNET, Issue #1, available for \$2.00 from the address above. M.C. Caucasian Pimp's and Vanilla Christ's adventures with Christians in the online chat rooms of the Internet. If you've never been in an online chat or are just wondering what this Internet thing is all about, this might give you an idea of how much time you're saving every day!

•**PRIMAL CHAOS**, available for \$5.00 per issue or \$10.00 for a two-issue subscription from Wendy Van Dusen, 1072 Folsom St., #388, San Francisco, CA

94103.

Issue #12: Music, art and underground culture are the focus here, and the mag boasts a slick color cover with artwork by T.P. Butler. Interviewed in this issue: The Electric Hellfire Club, Type O Negative, author Dennis Cooper, Blag Dahlia, Trial of the Bow, and Anal Cunt. Interesting page designs and a large review section.

Issue #13: A sexy young devil girl sucks a popsicle on the cover by artist Coop, who is interviewed (by another artist, Timothy Patrick Butler) in this issue along with Barkmarket, Whitehouse, Charles Gatewood, Urge Overkill, and Noothgrush. Coop's work is largely centered on bodacious babes and beautiful cars. Says Coop: "I've always had kind of a fascination with mechanical objects... As far as women are concerned, I have no fucking idea how they work." Recommended.

•**KILL 'EM ALL ZINE**, available for \$3.00 from Nemo Unlimited, Ltd., P.O. Box 466, Wickliffe, OH 44092-0466.

Issue #1: Serial Murders and Other Violence is the theme announced here. This 'zine is neatly produced with a clean page style with few graphics or photos, saddle stitched with a white card stock cover. Articles include "Violence—the Sour Cherry in America's Pie" and "Serial Murders & The Satanic/Ritualistic Crimes Myth."

•**WORM GEAR**, available for \$5.00 from P.O. Box 426, Mayfield, MI 49666.

Issue #2: A full-sized 'zine that gives you your money's worth of articles and interviews with various metal and underground bands. This issue has an interview with Magistra Peggy Nadramia, and while I haven't seen any other issues, I understand that the editor has taken to interviewing other Satanists regularly. Unlike some other music 'zines, this one has an attractive and readable page design.

•**BEN IS DEAD**, available for \$5.00 from P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Issue #25: Contains Part Two of Darby and Kerin's visit with Anton LaVey. The trendy *chiquitas* are mostly interested in the surprisingly distinct male/female roles Dr. LaVey and his companion Blanche Barton have assumed—so different from the relationships they see around them in scenerio Hell, no doubt. The Doc shoots straight from the hip, as usual: "Whether women want to admit it or not, many women's fantasy is to meet a man who can change their lives..." Miss Barton busts out a few quotable quotes herself: "It's better to be used than useless..." Altogether an enlightening interview that no doubt threw a few monkey wrenches the way of the clove-cigarette-and-patchouli crowd.

•**YOUR FLESH**, available for \$5.00 from P.O. Box 583264, Minneapolis, MN 55458-3264.

Issue #29: This is the Ten Year Anniversary issue. While there are several interesting articles, essays and interviews here, the main focus is on dozens and dozens of reviews, listing magazines, books, recordings, videos and even television shows from the past year or so. As such, it is quite a volume and well worth the tiny price, if only for Debbie Goad's examination of the Riot Grrrls: "Rrreally Boring." You can imagine what effort it took for Debbie to intentionally misspell something, and ignore what looked like a typo!

•**FLASHBACK**, available for \$6.00 from Box 676, 114-79 Stockholm, Sweden.

Issue #3: If I could read Swedish, then I could

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read what look like lengthy articles on Devo, Charles Manson and Anton LaVey, among lots of other material. As it is, I can only enjoy the many photos and jazzy layout in this slick, shiny magazine. The full page photo of Dr. LaVey is suitable for framing.

•**ESOTERRA**, The Journal of Extreme Culture, available for \$6.25 from Chad Hensley, 630 S. Carrollton Ave., #110, New Orleans, LA 70118.

Issue #5: The Super Sized Satanic Music Special! Interviews with Marilyn Manson, Blood Axis, Whitehouse and The Electric Hellfire Club, all accompanied by many photos. There's a sermon by Robert DeGrimston, "After the Deluge," and an exploration of the chaos concept by Stephen Sennitt. Charles Nemo contributes an article on the Satanic Crimes myth, and Lailah Wendell offers "Love Among the Tombs." Also among the contributors are Karen K. Taylor, Robert Ward, Wilum G. Pugmire, Genesis P-Orridge and Frater Koth, who takes a look at the work of H.P. Lovecraft. The editor is a poet and includes a section of poetry along with the articles and essays. The magazine is attractive with a slick cover. A contender to fill the gap left by Wards *The Fifth Path*. Recommended.

•**METAL FEST MAGAZINE**, available for \$4.00 from Michael Hunt Publishing, 360-23 W. Schick Rd., Bloomingdale, IL 60108.

Issue #1: The focus is on metal music, obviously, with that Satanic twist we all live for. Included in this issue is an essay by George Eric Hawthorne, "Debunking the Great Lie," which will appear as an afterword in a new edition of *Might Is Right* by Ragnar Redbeard.

•**DELIRIUM**, available for \$5.00 from Sophie Diamantis, 779 Riverside Dr. #A-11, New York, NY 10032.

Issue #3: The slick cover is a disconcerting solid green, but sports a rather attractive woodcut-style drawing of Vlad Tepes Dracula, known among Satanists as Vlad the Just. This is a magazine about vampires and related cultural artifacts. Unlike many other vampire mags, it is not scruffy, but beautifully laid out and very professional-looking. Its also well worth the tiny price, chock-full of information and reviews. Among the subjects discussed are Type O Negative, Marilyn Manson and the Vampyr Theatre. Michael Moynihan contributes a review.

•**WICKED MYSTIC**, available for \$5.95 US, \$7.95 foreign, from Andre Sheluchin, 532 LaGuardia Place, #371, New York, NY 10012.

Issue #25: Takes a look at over 300 websites worth visiting for the horror freak, and includes ten horror stories and even more poetry and artwork. Slick two-color cover by R.H. Phister.

•**THE ENEMY**, available for \$4.00 from P.O. Box 5661, Richmond, VA 23221. Make check/M.O. payable to Mike Lujan.

Issue #1: Social Darwinist essays and poems worked into interesting photo-collages, with some rubber stamping and hand-coloring; digest-sized. This issue concludes with the statement that "Every woman adores a Fascist."

Issue #2: Now on full-sized, unbound "parchment" sheets, each page carries a separate essay by John Battema, in a different attractive font. There are also several illustrations by Mike Lujan. *The Enemy* now defines itself as "the voice of the Eleventh Hour Angel of Tragedy, the Angel of Destiny with a down-turned Sword. She makes War for Loves sake."

•**CONCUSSION**, available for \$7.00 from 115 Timbercove Dr., Campbell, CA 95008.

Issue #2: A metal 'zine with nice production values and lots to read and see. Interviewed in this issue are The Electric Hellfire Club, David Vincent of Morbid Angel, Bathory, Delcide, and lots more, plus reviews and ads.

•**OPEN FORUM**, available for \$10.00 cash from Lianos, P.O. Box 8343, Athens (Omonia), GR-10010, Greece.

Issue #9: A compact little digest discussing sexual issues and governmental edicts controlling sexual freedom; includes erotica and personal ads. Tastefully done; you could read this on the subway. They stand for "freedom for all sexual/sensual interactions between consenting individuals without any interference from the theofascist zealots & government automatons..."

•**STRANGE FIRE**, available for \$3.00 from P.O. Box 1219, Allston, MA 02134.

Issue #3: A traditional small press digest, with thoughtful essays on witchcraft, gnosticism and "Pandemonaeon." Also includes several strange stories, poems and some artwork by "E. Zann" of Massachusetts. Reviews of a few occult books.

•**DESCENT**, available for \$6.00 worldwide from P.O. Box 95931, Seattle, WA 98145.

Winter/Spring 1995: A well-designed music mag with a devilish/goth flavor; the usual interviews with bands like Satyricon, Mystifier, Typhon, Unpure, etc., plus articles, reviews and a section of artwork by Tania Steine.

•**THE PROJECT from A-ALBIONIC RESEARCH**, available for \$5.00 from P.O. Box 20273, Ferndale, MI 48220; fax (313) 885-1181; e-mail info@a-albionic.com.

I'll admit most of this goes way over my head, but if worldwide conspiracies and imminent collapse are your thing, these are the people to contact.

SOURCES

•**DARK'S ART PARLOUR**, 5249 Lankersheim Blvd., North Hollywood, CA 91601, (818) 752-6080.

A "Darkside" art gallery with regularly featured group exhibitions, plus a mail order catalog of prints, posters, books, sculpture and tee shirts. They included the art of Timothy Patrick Butler and Steve Johnson Leyba in a February 1997 exhibition.

•**THE MAGIC SHOP**, 1501 Pike Place, #427, Seattle, WA 98101; www.speakeasy.org/magic.

A source for the stage magician, or the part-time dabbler who likes to impress his friends with flash paper during group rituals. Yes, they do mail order. Classic books too!

•**MICHAEL HUNT PUBLICATIONS**, 360-23 W. Schick Rd., Bloomingdale, IL 60108.

In addition to their upcoming new edition of *Might Is Right*, this publisher puts out a plethora of other products, including the "forbidden" comics of Mike Diana, "Cards of Carnage," *Strange Sex Stories* from Ace Backwards, and much more. They regularly sponsor Metalfest.

•**DARK DELICACIES**, 3725 W. Magnolia Blvd., Burbank, CA 91505; (818) 556-6660.

Besides being a totally cool and complete store for the horror aficionado, these people put out a little newsletter updating their customers on their events, which include regular book signings by authors like

William Peter Blatty, S.P. Somtow and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro. They also produce an annual Horror Writers and Vampire Calendar (\$18.96 includes postage). If you live within 100 miles of Burbank, you should pay them a visit. They also retail wonderful life masks of the Hollywood greats, including Karloff and Lugosi.

•**KINO VIDEO**, 333 W. 39 St., Suite 503, New York, NY 10018; (800) 562-3330, fax (212) 714-1871.

If you can't find it anywhere else, ask Kino.

Their last promotion was "Treasures From the Weimar Republic." They produce and sell excellent releases of silent films.

•**ATOMIC BOOKS**, 229 West Read Street, Baltimore, MD 21201 USA, Phone: 410-728-5490, Fax: 410-669-4179, BBS: 410-889-3543
http://www.atomicbooks.com/atomicbk/

Here's an exemplary source for printed material billing itself as "Literary finds for mutated minds."

•**MEGACOOPERATION**, Versand c/o H. Schüren, Lindenweg 3, 59192 Bergkamen, Germany. Phone: 0172/236 22 03, Fax: 02307/29 96 99.

This looks to be the continent's finest import specialist for English and American books with new age, occult, and esoteric subjects. Also carries essential oils, candles, audio-hypnosis programs, medallions and much more! Get their catalog for 5 DM, 10 DM outside of Europe.

•**ABYSS DISTRIBUTION**, 48 Chester Road, Chester, MA 01011-9735. Phone: 413-623-2155, Fax: 413-623-2156. E-mail: Abyss Dist@aol.com.

Still the best source for occult and new age literature, music, and paraphernalia. They include the Left-Hand Path, so give them your business!

•**MUSEUM REPLICAS**, 2143 Gees Mill Road, Box 840, Conyers, GA 30207, Phone: 1-800-883-8838.

Still the best source for medieval and fantasy weapons, made for battle and at reasonable prices. Send \$2.00 for a catalog (write for details outside of U.S.A.).

•**ST. MICHAEL'S EMPORIUM**, Gothic Renaissance Attire for the New Dark Age, Catalog #6, (\$4.00). 156 East 2nd Street, Suite 1, New York, NY 10009. Phone: 212-995-8359, E-mail: stmichemp@aol.com.

Fantasy leather armor and masks, jewelry, swords and cloaks—they've got quite an array of merchandise to delight and excite.

•**NECRONOMICON PRESS**, Catalog 1996 (\$1.00), P.O. Box 1304, West Warwick, RI 02893. Phone: 401-828-7161. Fax: 401-826-1151.

Here is THE source for Lovecraftiana, from obscure works by the Old Gent to rare editions of his fiction and works by others in his circle, as well as scholarly studies of this literature. If you are fascinated by such, you must order their catalog!

•**THE DEVIL'S BOOKSHELF**, P.O. Box 666, Daytona Beach, FL 32115-0666 (\$5.00 for a catalog). Phone: 904-255-4346.

Here is a fine source for rare and out-of-print Satanic, occult, horror, true crime, and erotica titles. They also sell human skulls and skeletons! A wealth of material for discerning bibliophiles.

•**NIGHT OF PAN BOOKS**, 347 Lisbon Ave., Buffalo, NY 14215 (\$1.00 for catalog). Phone: 716-833-5336.

Another fine source of rare, out-of-print occult,

magickal and Thelemic titles.

•**ANTI-**, P.O. Box 1765, Burbank, CA 91507. Phone: 800-599-ANTI, Fax: 213-644-7077.

Catalog number two features varied music (Punk, Garage, Surf, Rockabilly, Psychedelia, etc.) as well as posters, T-shirts, and lighters (some with images by Coop). Great devil on the cover!

•**RANSOM NOTE GRAPHICS**, P.O. Box 13314, Oakland, CA 95611. Phone: 510-530-7996.

A source of truly iconoclastic T-shirts (from exploitation TV & film to serial killers and freaks). Also includes a catalog of Blackest Heart Videos.

•**ADVENTURES UNLIMITED**, Winter/Spring 1997 Catalog (\$4.00), One Adventure Place, P.O. Box 74, Kempton, IL 60946.

Lists books and videos on fringe beliefs, UFO's, conspiracies, Nazis, and mysteries of all sorts. Also includes an ad for their World Explorers Club which has a guide for unusual and exotic trips.

•**INFERNACULA**, Diabolical Arts & Craft Works, P.O. Box 792 666, San Antonio, TX 78279-2666. Fax: 210-348-8666.

This is Issue V of a catalog/zine which includes an interview with Magister Vincent Crowley (with quite an illustration!) as well as fiction and poetry. The main feature is the merchandise offered by *Infernacula*. Uniquely designed items include posters, banners, altar cloths, medallions, candle holders, statues and more. We have one of the 10 inch He Goat Demon statues and he is a powerful Satanic figure. His goat head surmounts a muscular torso. He has goat-like legs and tail, as well as a sizeable human endowment and stands proudly on a trapezoidal base. The catalog is filled with sexual imagery (women cavorting with creatures similar to this figure), so an age of consent form is needed to receive this publication. \$3.50 (\$4.50 outside the U.S.) will get you a copy.

•**SIGIL OF BAPHOMET MEDALLIONS**, AZAZEL, P.O. Box 53, Allen Park, MI 48101-0053.

From the folks who bring you *Diabolica*, you can now purchase these fine pewter medallions. The sigil is one inch in diameter and is finely detailed and raised from a roughly-textured background. A 24 inch chain is included for the price of \$15.00, post-paid (add \$3.00 for shipment outside the U.S. Checks and money orders should be made out to Azazel). These are well-wrought sigils that should stand up to frequent use, and they're just the proper size to make a tastefully discreet statement about your affiliation when you're out and about.

GUEST PRINT REVIEWS

•**I WAS A 1950's PIN-UP MODEL** from the collection of Mark Rotenberg. \$14.45 ppd, Shake Books, 449 12th St., Brooklyn, NY 11215, (718) 499-6941 ISBN: 0-9626833-7-X

George Sprague, reviewer.

If a picture is worth a thousand words, then this book is worth two hundred thousand and then some! This is a pictorial guide into the world of pin-up photography of the 1950's. In her introduction, assistant editor Laura Mirsky beckons us to remember the day we found Dad's secret shoebox filled with black-and-white pictures of beautiful girls, all in various stages of undress. Miss Mirsky takes us on a brief excursion of the social climate of the day, the photographers, some famous name models and little bits and pieces that paint the picture of those saucy

times. "The 1940's and '50's were a time when sex was NAUGHTY, when there was something left to the imagination." Hear, hear! She bemoans the passing of this style of photography (don't we all?) and concludes her introduction with an invitation to "Join us and recreate those innocent days—when sex was naughty but thrilling, when the girl next-door still looked like one, when the forbidden world beckoned softly yet irresistibly." What more can be said?

These tantalizing pictures are, of course, in black-and-white. They are arranged by style in chapters sporting such tasty titles as "Skirts Ahoy!", "Thighs and Whippersnappers," "Venus in Furs," "G-I-R-O-W-L" and of course "Celebrity Cuties." All red-blooded wolves and she-devils should add this one to their collection!

•**DARK NATURE: A Natural History of Evil**, by Lyall Watson (HarperCollins, New York, NY 1995; 318 plus xvi pages, ISBN 0-06-017688-1, \$25.00, hardcover)

Kevin Shelton, reviewer.

Biologist and naturalist Lyall Watson's *Dark Nature* begins promisingly. Watson provides empirically sound support for the proposition that so-called "good" and "evil" are not simple dichotomies, but instead are inextricably linked to each other within nature. "Good" and "evil," to the extent they exist at all, are interdependent by-products of physical, not metaphysical, forces.

Regrettably, however, Watson falters when he strays from his field of expertise into the murkier waters of human behavior. His forays into moral philosophy terminate in what can only be described as a colossal failure of nerve. Instead of a sustained attempt to apply the insights of Darwinism and sociobiology to the specific peculiarities of the human species, Watson grants us a dispensation. For Watson, human morality alone somehow transcends the iron dictates of Darwinism. Watson quotes with approval the character of the missionary (!) in the film *The African Queen*: "Nature...is what we are in this world to rise above." Hmm, tell me: where do I seem to have heard *that* before?

It gets even worse. Whereas Robert Wright's recent work on evolutionary psychology, *The Moral Animal*, absurdly invokes Mill's long-dead philosophy of Utilitarianism as a bulwark against the inner beast, Watson keeps Fennis at bay by retreating into the tepid waters of Aristotle's "golden mean": "Aristotelian ethics is the ethics of 'just enough.' ... If 'good' can be defined as that which encourages the integrity of the whole, then 'evil' becomes anything which disturbs or disrupts such completeness. [It is] [a]nything unruly or over the top. Anything, in short, that is bad for the ecology. ... It [natural law] looks a lot less like 'survival of the fittest' and far more like 'the fitting of as many as possible to survive.'" Yes—the sound you just heard was that of de Sade, Nietzsche, and Redbeard turning over in their graves. Oddly enough, none of these gentlemen's names appears in Watson's bibliography or index, which leads one ultimately to wonder about the survival value of selective perception.

•**SECRETS OF MAKING AND BREAKING CODES**, by Hamilton Nickels (Citidel Press, New York, NY, 1994; 136 pages, ISBN 0-8065-1563-5, \$6.95, paperback).

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

Let's say you and I are trapped behind enemy lines and we need some concealed method to get information back and forth between each other. One method described by author Hamilton Nickels would be to choose a book that we both have in our

possession. For the sake of this scenario, let's use the one book that all Citizens of the Infernal Empire should have on the shelf (that's right!). In this simple method we'll use sets of numbers, the first one to indicate the page number of where the word is to be found and the second number to indicate the actual word as it appears in the word count of the selected page. Thus; 119/2, 205/2, 123/4, 225/17, 135/4, would be decoded as "ritual-nine-o'clock-bring-robos." Another encoded message might be sent as; 44/1, 204/79, 100/8, 60/38, 98/31, 43/21, 100/93, and would be decoded as... You can figure this one out yourself.

Priced and packaged as a practical field manual, Nickels presents an array of code systems ranging from simple book codes (as I just demonstrated) to more advanced systems using computer programs and "code machines." Nickels doesn't just gloss over terms or dazzle you with impractical examples. Each code system discussed is presented in layman's terms and worked out mechanically, with the help of easy to understand diagrams and tables, to ensure obtainable results. And as the title implies, systems for breaking codes are also covered with the same step by step simplicity. So if you have a real need for this type of skill or you just want to have some fun then this book is for you!

•**THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE**, by Lionel Tiger, (Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1992; 330 pages, ISBN 0-316-84543-4, \$22.95, hard cover).

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

Did you ever wonder why sugar is sweet or why sex is such a big deal, or more precisely, why we are drawn to characteristics of certain persons, places, and things? Proposed here are scientific answers to why "everyone wants to feel more important than someone else." It's pleasure of course; the "what" in "what's in it for who?" and the root of all indulgences. It seems that it's not for nothing that we should be in such serious pursuit of what makes us feel good, as the pleasure is not and end in itself but has its rewards, and its need is therefore stamped on to our genetic codes. Also covered are such issues as political and religious attempts to regulate and control pleasure and what we may have to look forward to in the future (more pleasure pills?). Although it was probably not Dr. Tiger's intention, studies like this one help to substantiate the work of Dr. LaVey and add credibility to Satanism as a religion.

•**REMEMBERING SATAN**, by Lawrence Wright (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1994, 205 pages, ISBN 0-679-43155-1, hardcover).

Phantom, reviewer.

I should have heeded Magister Gilmore's advice in *TBF* Vol. 5, #1 & 2 and stayed away from the "poisoned writings" of this author. In Mr. Wright's latest attempt to make money by the use of the word "Satan," he tries to write a 90's version of *Michelle Remembers* by chronicling the plight of the ill-fated Ingram family. According to Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ingram were pillars in their small community, heavily involved in their local sheriff's department and church activities. One day, the Ingram's two daughters suddenly "recalled" that at a very young age they were forced to take part in "Satanic" blood orgies where they were sexually tortured, branded, forced to witness the slaughter of animals and babies, etc., *ad nauseum*. Wright early on tries to entice the reader by proclaiming that this could be the first "true" case which can expose the horrors of the "underground network" of Satanists. He spends the majority of the book detailing the daughters' "revelations" of physical

and sexual abuse at the hands of a "satanic cult" which consisted of their parents and two other prominent figures in their town. Surprisingly, the zombie-like father confessed to the police about the "satanic sex rituals" while the two other accused adamantly proclaimed their innocence (no charges were ever brought against Mrs. Ingram). At every opportunity Wright feeds the Gerald-style hysteria by alluding to such nonsense as Satanists who carry around portable crematoria to destroy the evidence of slaughtered infants.

However, as I prepared to discard this book in disgust, Wright revealed something both profound and shocking: *the truth*. As the book draws to a close, Wright somewhat reluctantly describes how an independent psychiatrist discovered Mr. Ingram's extreme suggestibility and fragile mental state, which had resulted in his confession. Before the psychiatrist was called in, Mr. Ingram had simply agreed with every allegation his daughters came up with, despite the glaring inconsistencies in their stories. This doctor tested Mr. Ingram's mental capacity by telling him a made-up account of sexual abuse that he claimed the daughters had described. Given a few hours to himself, Mr. Ingram proceeded to write out a detailed confession and even elaborated on the purely fictional tale! Wright, albeit reluctantly, then explains how the charges against the other two defendants are dropped because of the inconsistencies and complete lack of evidence relating to "Satanic Ritual Abuse." Mr. Ingram, in an obviously disoriented state of mind, plead guilty to a lesser charge of sexual abuse, but currently denies any wrongdoing ever occurred, arguing that his faulty memories were a result of suggestion only.

Despite the Satan-bashing, there are some fun moments. For instance, there is the comedic account of when the defense attorneys tried to get the daughters to submit to a thorough physical exam in order to test their repeated allegations of being ritually branded, scarred, and cut-open by Satanists. However, when it came time for the daughters to be examined, they screamed crazily and refused to disrobe. Subsequently, they were examined, and to no Satanist's surprise, absolutely *no* scars, cuts, or brandings were found! If only daytime talk shows were so thorough!

Although Mr. Wright appears disappointed that he has not yet found baby-torturing Satanists, he does at least lend some support to the argument that the phenomena of "False Memory Syndrome" must be scrutinized and that authorities should not blindly believe "recalled memories" as they did in the Ingram case. As Wright puts it: "At no time did the detectives ever consider the possibility that the source of the memories was the investigation itself—there was no other reality. In the end, all that was salvageable was Ingram's experimental attempt to find memories in his mind by confessing to them" (p. 195). If nothing else, this book is an amusing story of talk-show-dysfunctionality at its finest, with Satan being absolved of all wrongdoing.

•**THE AMERICAN HERETIC'S DICTIONARY**, by Chaz Bufe, (See Sharp Press, P.O. Box 1731, Tucson, AZ 85702, 1992; 85 pages, \$7.95).

Joel Bjorling, reviewer.

Attention: heretics, scoffers, cynics, social critics, and utopian dreamers—*The American Heretic's Dictionary* is sacred writ of brash non-conformity. It is entertaining, humorous, crass, and at times crude. From A-Z, it tackles (or should I say "bushwacks") definitions concerning religion, politics, sexuality, business, racism, and national pride.

For example, "Americanism" is defined as "the

ability to simultaneously kiss ass, follow your boss' orders, swallow a pay cut, piss in a bottle, cower in fear of job loss, and brag about your freedom."

"Marriage" is "a tenderly romantic, socially important ceremony conducted under state and church auspices in which two individuals receive a license to have sex."

"God" is "an unsavory character found in many popular works of fiction, both ancient and modern," and "an explanation which means 'I have no explanation.'"

The American Heretic's Dictionary was inspired by Ambrose Bierce's *The Devil's Dictionary*. At times, its frankness makes the reader wince. It challenges the gray matter, but it relentlessly bucks traditional morals and mores. It holds nothing sacred.

Warning: this book is not for the thin-skinned.

MUSIC REVIEWS

by Peter H. Gilmore

•**SATAN TAKES A HOLIDAY**, Anton Szandor LaVey, CD, Amarillo Records, P.O. Box 24433, San Francisco, CA 94124.

The recording you've all been waiting for is here! Anton LaVey, who has given private concerts to fortunate individuals, has here preserved on disc a taste of what everyone else has been missing. This collection of evocative songs will transport you into realms of mystery and romance. Co-conspirators Blanche Barton and Nick Bougas lend their vocal finesse in crystallizing the varied moods—from the passion of "Chloe" to the gleeful "Satan Takes A Holiday" (in both orchestral and vocal arrangements!), the pathos of "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land" to the exoticism of "The Whirling Dervish," you'll find musical magic to enflame your vital humors. Don't miss the jaunty "Yankee Rose" as well as the gothic dirge from *Satanis*, composed by Anton LaVey. You can't live without this CD!

•**DEATH'S GLADSOME WEDDING**, Hymns and Marches from Transylvania's Notorious Legionari Movement, CD, Hierarchy H3303 CD, World Serpent Distribution, Unit 717 Seager Buildings, Brookmill Road, London SE8 4HL, UK.

Boyd Rice presents vintage recordings which preserve tunes meant to stir the blood—and that they surely do. These marches and hymns are well orchestrated and sung with gusto—great theme music for your personal victories!

•**THE GOSPEL OF INHUMANITY**, Blood Axis, CD, Storm Records, P.O. Box 3527, Portland, OR, 97208 (also available from Cthulhu Records in Europe).

Michael Moynihan, with Robert Ferbrache, has here created an audio experience that evokes the Dark tides of historical necessity. Touch points of Western culture (musical: Bach, Prokofiev; literary: Nietzsche, Pound) are kernels of inspiration from which these visions are wrought. Here you will find an operatic, apocalyptic series of soundscapes, linking contemporary musical sensibilities ("Eternal Soul" in particular) with the greater currents of Western tradition. The packaging is also quite elegant, with many relevant images to further stimulate. Power and poetry are here—get it!

•**KISS THE GOAT**, The Electric Hellfire Club, CD, Cleopatra Records, 8726 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Ste. D-82, Los Angeles, CA 90045.

An impressive follow-up album to the debut *Bum Baby, Bum!* The sound is darker, "heavier," more like live performances. Thorn & Co. have explored a very broad range of Satanic topics here,

from ritually evocative pieces to socially militant anthems, transcending traditional imagery to get to the truth of Satanism—quite a scope for one album! The lyrics to "Slaughter of Elysium" are particularly inspiring, a great turn about to Goethe's *An die Freude*, and the strong setting fulfills these lyrics. The signature ever-present techno-drum beats reveal themselves to be nothing less than the pulse of monstrous machines of annihilation—the mask is off and the Xian scum can't find a place to hide. A very powerful working is contained on this CD, and you will want this for your collection.

•**CALLING DR. LUV**, The Electric Hellfire Club, Cleopatra Records, 8726 S. Sepulveda Blvd., Ste. D-82, Los Angeles, CA 90045.

Their new powerhouse release comes after the death of Shane Lassen (the Rev. Dr. Luv) co-founder of the band, and serves as a tribute to their fallen noble comrade. The music of KISS was a formative influence, hence the cover of the eponymous song. Here you will still find their driving techno-beats, sassy samples and celebration of Satanic existence—proper as a funerary tribute for Satanists don't whine about afterlives, but cherish the achievements of the departed. Shane lives here in the hearts and minds of his brothers, and it is a listening experience you won't want to miss.

•**CULT OF THE HOLY WAR**, RAHOWA, CD, Resistance Records, P.O. Box 24700, Detroit, MI 48224.

This album came as a delightful surprise. Having been impressed with the publishing skills demonstrated by Mr. Hawthorne's *Resistance* magazine, I can say that there are ample musical talents displayed here as well. Unlike much "racialist" music, these songs acknowledge and draw inspiration from the wealthy legacy of European classical music, blended with contemporary idioms. The lyrics are poignant, evoking a twilight sensibility that sees deepening darkness before the new dawn—within which these warriors will remain steadfast until the battle is over. There is plenty of sentiment that is truly Satanic, particularly "Might Is Right" and "God Is Dead," clearly inspired by the march from Kilar's score for *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. From lyricism to metal savagery, self-glorification and pride are thematic, and vigilance is championed. Whether you are a racist or not, you will find much fine music here, and I look forward to future projects by this band.

•**OCTOBER RUST**, Type O Negative, CD, Roadrunner Records, 536 Broadway, New York, NY 10012.

Pagan eroticism is the main theme here, as Mr. Steele's deep, resonant voice is supported by the slick strains of his talented cohorts. Occasional dissonant outbursts mark climaxes to the general air of sensuality. This album is an oasis for ladies seeking a masculine musical presence in the generally androgynous desert of contemporary rock music (the testosterone-overdosed metal genre excepted). The accompanying booklet is set in a spiffy runic font designed by Mr. Steele. Program out tracks 1, 2 & 15 (a "joke" and spoken intro & outro), as they are just distractions.

•**I HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW TO LOVE YOU**, David E. Williams, Cthulhu Records, c/o W. Stasch, Postfach 200465, 47424 Moers, Germany.

Mr. Williams continues to intrigue with his exquisitely crafted surreal lyrics, given voice in pithy, tuneful songs. The textures here are miniature tone poems; driving, cajoling, stirring and hypnotic. He

wastes no time, plunging into a given mood and bringing it to full bloom, then swiftly finishing to move on to another song. The packaging is elegant with beautiful stained glass images by Judith Schaechter as well as a portrait photo of the troubador. Williams' art continues to explore the human condition—a journey both harrowing and enlightening, and you are fortunate to be invited along. May there be many more such excursions.

•**FIRE OF ICE**, Changes, CD, Storm, P.O. Box 3527, Portland, OR 97208-3527.

Folk music to follow the apocalypse—these tracks were recorded in the late 60s and recently remastered, resurrecting the spirit of the original Process Church of the Final Judgement. R.N. Taylor's lyrics are pithy and poetic and perfectly set by the melodious strains of Nicholas Tesluk's guitar. This package is beautifully designed and filled with relevant notes by Taylor. Truly a gate into the past.

Don't miss the limited edition single featuring the title track from the CD as well as the unreleased "Icarus"—on gold vinyl. Hear the audio archetypes of which the "flower power" ditties were mere shadows.

•**FREEDOM THROUGH ABILITY**, Republic, 7", Storm, P.O. Box 3527, Portland OR 97208-3527.

More vintage music from Storm. Harold Arthur McNeill crafted these two visionary calls to strength and order in 1982 in Seattle, and they certainly proved to be ahead of their time. (On white vinyl)

•**SONGS OF THE CELTIC NIGHT**, Trio Nocturna, CD, Trio Nocturna Music, P.O. Box 52580, Atlanta, GA 30355. <http://www.acmeatlanta.com/music/trio-nocturna>

Here's a truly musical ensemble which performs traditional celtic music, as well as original compositions, that evoke pre-Christian Europe. The ensemble includes celtic harp, violin, keyboards, uilleann pipes, and the crystal vocals of Angela Howell. Haunting as silver moonlight ensorcelling the moors.

•**VIRTUE OF SELFISHNESS**, No Festival of Light, Cassette, Slaughter Productions, c/o M. Corbelli, Via Tartini, 8-41049, Sassuolo (MO) Italy.

Fredrik Bergström's latest release falls into the category of electronic soundscape—very brooding and mysterious. These pieces generally would do well as evocative background for infernal meditation, though some of the timbres are assaultive.

•**UNHOLINESS RISING**, Insatinity, Cassette, Mark Rhochar, 1104 Morris Street, Philadelphia, PA 19148. 215-467-1657.

Black Metal, straight-up. Heavy and fast with Satanic lyrics growled basso profundo. Satanic allegiance is clear, technical skills are solid—now it is time to stretch those leathern wings and fly into unexplored territories—I'm certain they're up for it.

•**REFLECTIONS OF A TROUBLED TIME**, Whisper To A Scream, Cassette, Black Mosaic Ent., 101 Bog Rd., Rockland, ME 04841. E-Mail: eeejr@midcoast.com

S.A. Blacart's angry and passionate lyrics are propelled by well wrought rock music composed by he and E. Ecker. They deftly use the idiom to hold up a mirror which reflects images that might disturb some.

•**VAMPIRA**, CD, Cassette, Dustin Hardman Entertainment, P.O. Box 151077, Tampa, FL 33684-1077.

Vampire-themed Black Metal demo, fast and furious with some gothic sound effects. Definitely not prissy, Anne Rice-type vampirism!

•**BLOOD OF KINGU**, Mastema, Cassette, Motus Musik, Daniel Heletheos, 37-89th Street, #1N, Jackson Heights, NY 11372 (\$5, \$6 overseas).

Murky metal with ultra-deep voices growling forth lyrics that abjure Christianity and pay homage to Sumerian demons. There are some evocative infernal soundscapes, interspersed, which point the way for future development.

•**WARCOM PRESENTS BLOOD CEMENT**, Blood Cement, Cassette, Warcom Media, P.O. Box 1175, San Jose, CA 95108.

Aggressive tone sculptures that pulse with malignant intent. Some grant respite (even the balm of a human voice)—islands of mere tension in a universe at total war.

•**SENNACHERIB**, Warcom, Cassette, Warcom Media, P.O. Box 1175, San Jose, CA 95108.

Sennacherib I is created from the sound of Ayrton Senna's final crash in the Formula 1 Grand Prix on 1 May, 1994. *Sennacherib II* includes additional sounds from this fatal race. Both are fine examples of a kind of *musique concrète*, and show a mastery of technique and aesthetic judgement.

•**COSMIC WAR**, Youth of Steel, Cassette, Helltrax, P.O. Box 40717, Cincinnati, OH 45240 (\$6.00 ppd).

Interesting ideas but crudely recorded. Boyd Rice speaking with Bob Larson is used as the starting point for some dark background sounds in the first cut. There follows a series of soundscapes that are ominous and apocalyptic, as well as simpler vocals plus accompaniment. Experience and access to better recording equipment should cultivate the potential exhibited here.

•**FUNERARY CALL**, Harlow MacFarlane, Cassette, O.G.D. Productions, P.O. Box 8458, Victoria, BC, V8W 3S1, Canada.

We received an interesting cassette of well orchestrated tone paintings—the advanced tracks meant for a 7" that was intended for release by the Swiss label Infernal Holocaust Productions. You might contact O.G.D. to see what they are up to, as there is talent in MacFarlane's music and probably a refined taste in what his company is currently producing.

•**SECOND CUMMING**, Unholy Erection, Cassette, U.E.H.Q., P.O. Box 896, Johnstown, PA 15907.

Quirky, crude, sex-obsessed tunes that often come off as rap music parody. Perfect for an X-rated Dr. Demento show. They have a free newsletter, *Beefcake*, which has ordering information.

•**MONSTROUS MOVIE MUSIC & MORE**

MONSTROUS MOVIE MUSIC, CD, various composers, Masatoshi Mitsumoto conducting the RSO of Cracow, MMM, Dept. 1, P.O. Box 7088, Burbank, CA 91510-7088.

These two CD's are truly exciting releases in the genre of horror/science fiction soundtrack preservation. Each album presents thorough suites of music from classic films, newly recorded. The first album covers *Them!*, *It Came From Beneath The Sea*, *It Came From Outer Space*, and *The Mole People*. Album two includes *The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms*, *Tarantula*, *Gorgo*, and *The Monolith Monsters*. Each is accompanied by a booklet with extensive program notes, examples of the scores, and reproductions of film posters. In short, these are two of the best soundtrack anthology recordings I've ever heard. There's a great deal of truly exciting music here (time travel back to the 50's anyone?).

•**ELATION—ELEGANCE—EXALTATION**, Idee Des Nordens, Gymnastic Records, Dianastrasse 1, 80538 München.

A fascinating collection of songs, incessantly shifting moods and styles with the innocent impulses of a child following what is of interest at the moment. There is a cold and shimmering quality, but there are dark depths beneath the frozen surface. Motoric rhythms often begin in pop-like innocence only to develop a sinister quality as the kaleidoscopic textures shift and reveal new perspectives. The sounds here are more sculptural than composed—a unique and seductive synthesis.

•**PLECID**, Plecid, CD, Ajna/Tyler Davis, P.O. Box 11741, Olympia, WA 98502.

Apparently derived from the mystical Plecid Foundation, this album features 7 Gothic pieces, active rhythmically and softly-contoured melodically to produce that hypnotic state that invites waking dreams. It is a confident debut album that shows promise for deeper future explorations. The album itself is starkly designed, metallic purple on black with no liner notes, simply the titled printed on the booklet—nothing more, the song titles are listed on the CD itself.

•**SAINTS & SORCERERS**, various artists, CD, St. Thomas Records, P.O. Box 7427, Orange, CA 92613.

This is a compilation album featuring Michael St. Thomas' choices of the best neo-Gothic bands and their diverse approaches to fulfilling the evocation of the Dark Side. Stand outs: New York Room's evocative "Minion Of The Gypsies," Morphine Angel's catchy "Breakfast With Cthulhu" (who could resist that title?), and Cruciform's cumulatively effective "Dies Irae." If neo-Gothic music is of interest, or if you just want a survey of the genre, then this album will be what you seek.

•**DISILLUSIONED**, Praise Of Folly, CD, St. Thomas Records, P.O. Box 7427, Orange, CA 92613.

Well produced "gothic" tunes, which have dark-toned vocals over fairly upbeat (mostly) music—would probably be played in *Forever Knight's* club, The Raven, to comfort the mortals.

•**FILOSOFEM**, Burzum, CD, Feral House Audio, P.O. Box 3466, Portland, OR 97208. www.buzzcut.com/central/feralhouse.

Feral House's first official release on its brand new audio label is meant to capitalize on the notoriety of Kristian "Varg—Count Grishnackd" Vikernes, who recorded this prior to his incarceration for killing another "Black Metal" performer as well as burning churches. Musically it is typical of this genre: murky, "heavy," with little variation between tracks. It seems that murder and vandalism have finally generated the desired attention for Vikernes (it should sell like hotcakes). His music on this album certainly doesn't command it.

•**FROM THE HEART OF DARKNESS**, Evil God Revival, CD, Black Vatican Productions, Rofocale Records, 1800 S. 8th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19148.

Jerry Blase and crew are back with solid, aggressive metal. Vocals include the requisite roars, but the leading lines are sung and comprehensible! The lyrics are appropriately apocalyptic (though typos abound in the booklet). Fans of the genre will definitely enjoy this album (this band's last release).

•**LUCIFER**, Lucifer, CD, Scorpion Records, P.O. Box 1835, New York, NY 10025 (\$10 in US, \$11 elsewhere).

Here's a no-nonsense metal band with straightforward Satanic allegiance (just what Mom and

Dad think Junior is listening to as he's painting his nails black and scrawling pentagrams on his notebook). The overriding aesthetic is "heavy," but there are lyrical moments (acoustic guitar, harpsichord). The lyrics eschew obtuseness for candor—there's no mistaking what they mean. The vocals range from basso profundo growls to counter-tenor shrieks. There's a solid command of the material, which is almost beginning to sound like nostalgia in the wake of the ever-shifting metal scene.

•**THE WAY OF THE WOLF**, Charles Manson, CD, Pale Horse, Inc., P.O. Box 5701, High Point, NC 27262. Phone/Fax: (910) 889-6643.

Another entry into the growing discography of Charles Manson, and once again this contains tunes that would surprise most. Manson plays acoustic guitar and sings in his world-weary voice with music that wouldn't be unexpected from Leon Redbone, but with lyrics that crystallize his unique take on our time—and they are full of poetic and surreal metaphor. He is indeed a survivor, and hasn't let incarceration silence him, presenting here background music for the Coffeehouse of the damned.

•**TRIARCHY OF THE LOST LOVERS**, Rotting Christ, CD, Century Media Records, 1996. 1453-A 14th Street #324, Santa Monica, Ca. 90404.

Melodious metal from the Greek underground band. Strong cover image by Steven Kastner.

•**PASSAGE**, Samael, CD, Century Media Records, 1996. 1453-A 14th Street #324, Santa Monica, Ca. 90404.

Metal that is heavily textured with electronic percussion and orchestral sounding keyboards. There is quite a variety to the arrangements, making for a fresh approach that stands out from the pack.

•**IRRELIGIOUS**, Moonspell, CD, Century Media Records, 1996. 1453-A 14th Street #324, Santa Monica, Ca. 90404.

Gothic-hued metal with creative arrangements and varied vocal styles (from goth drones to metal growls). Some cuts have that low-budget horror film soundtrack atmosphere—spooky fun!

•**MIKE HUNT MUSIC: MUSIC TO RAISE THE DEVIL, MUSIC TO CONTROL THE WEAK**, various artists, 3 CDs, Mike Hunt Publishing, P.O. Box 226, Bensenville, IL 60106 (Send \$2.00 for a catalog).

Here's a three CD set documenting Milwaukee's Metal Music Mania X fest, with music from approximately 50 bands. There's an amazing range here from main stream to underground. If this genre is to your liking, here's a fine survey of the current state-of-the-art.

•**QUEST OF THE MOON BREED**, Legion of Sleep, 7", Ice Records, P.O. Box 422965, San Francisco, CA 94142-2965.

Metal music which has layers to give added depth and texture (gregorian chants, spoken texts, various samples)—a sort of audio collage.

EXOTICA EXTRAVAGANZA!

The CD has brought with it a tidal wave of releases of music which we've previously had to seek on vinyl at yard sales and in basements and attics—those musical evocations of far away places (including outer space!) which were designed as background for adult enjoyment of cocktails in an appropriate total environment. Lounge music is bringing back lounge culture, and with it an

appreciation of music that is emotionally potent, full of memorable tunes and scintillating orchestrations. There's a sense of playfulness in the wild experimentation with the new technique of "stereo," that hasn't been equalled since. This is music made for indulgence, and is thus truly Satanic in its affirmation of the joy of living.

The Martin Denny revival (helped along in great measure by Boyd Rice) brought forth others, like Esquivel, in a form of musical archaeology—recognizing these musicians as the wizards that they are. Here are some CD's that we've found to be particularly fun and would make a worthy addition to every Satanist's collection (and all of them come with beautiful, nostalgically designed booklets).

•**COCKTAIL MIX: Bachelor's Guide To The Galaxy**, various artists, CD, Rhino Records, ISBN 1-56826-587-5.

Here's a marvelous collection, compiled by Irwin Chusid, that will sweep you away. Includes: David Carroll's "Hell's Bells"—a delightful bit of Mephistophelianism, "War Dance of the Wooden Indians," "Accidental Slip on an Oriental Rug," and the mechanistic "Powerhouse" (fans of Warner Bros. cartoons will remember this relentless portrait of activity). Excellent liner notes complete the package.

•**ULTRA LOUNGE: Space Capades**, various artists, CD, Capitol Records.

Brad Benedict compiled this *tour de force* which includes such lush exotica as Les Baxter's "Calcutta," & "Sabre Dance" (faster than Khachaturian's original), Joe "Fingers" Carr's "Istanbul (Not Constantinople)," another version of "Powerhouse," and to top it off, Jack Malmsten doing "Satan Takes a Holiday!" Can you live without it?

•**VOODOO! The Exotic Sounds of Robert Drasnin**, Robert Drasnin, CD, Dionysus Records, Bacchus Archives, PO Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507.

If you love Martin Denny, then you'll be glad to pick up this amazing album—perfect for your next luau! Drasnin's jazzy conjurations of Polynesia will sweep you away. Extraordinary arrangements!

•**THE TIKI TONES: Idol Pleasures**, The Tiki Tones, CD, Mai Tai DD0120, Doctor Dream Records, Inc., 841 W. Collins, Orange, CA 92667.

More music by which to feast on "long pig." These are bouncy tunes (basically guitar and organ) to enliven your bikini beach party. Particularly piquant is a rendition of "Gomez," the signature theme for the character from the T.V. version of *The Addams Family*.

•**THE BEST OF EARTHA KITT**, Eartha Kitt, CD, MCA Records, MCLD 19120.

Here's the album to introduce you to the vocal witchcraft of the seductive, feline, Eartha. She sings here of pleasure, and true feminine power—an exemplar for Satanic Witches everywhere! Included are Satanic classics "I Want To Be Evil," and "I'd Rather Be Burnt As A Witch." Don't miss this one!

DARK WAVE

This is a fine company that distributes, as well as releases under their *Projekt* and *Relic* labels, music that evokes an ambient darkness—all the shades of gray and black that exist in the ever-broadening underworld known generically as "Gothic." They've even been touring several of their bands recently for live performances of what is usually studio-generated sound. Here's a brief survey of some of their

releases and titles (contact info follows this survey):

—PROJEKT—

•**AMPLEXIS, Collected Works from the 1995 LTD Series**, Vidna Obmana, Thom Brennan, Steve Roach, CD, Projekt-PRO72.

This is a re-issue of works that were originally on the Amplexis Limited Edition Series from 1995. They make a fine grouping here. Obmana's piece combines shimmering washes of background sound with active percussion tracks in the foreground, though they fade out to leave more of a "night music" with cricket-like sounds. Bell and gong tones bring a later, gentle climax that vanishes in the distance. Brennan's piece is more ominous, with deep bass drones crowned with pulsing percussion. Roach presents dark tones which constantly slide in pitch, giving a drifting foundation, punctuated by deep drum blasts and forlorn flute cries. Later, inexorable tribal rhythms arise, and a subsequent brightening of the timbre, finally to descend into darkness.

•**CAVERN OF SIRENS**, Steve Roach, Vidna Obmana, CD, Projekt 73.

A collaboration album, demonstrating a haunting blend of the styles found in *Amplexis*. Ever evolving soundscapes, oceanic in their tides of metamorphosis, allow you to ride the stylistic currents that are energized by tribal percussion and vocals over the darker, deeply undulating sonic textures.

•**ARCANTA**, Arcanta, CD.

One is immediately struck by the haunting quality of Thomas Carlyle Ayres' fine voice, arcing in middle-Eastern flavored melody. Canonic chanting and subtle drones fill out the texture in "A Fool's Cry," and "Desert Prayer," while more active, celtic sounds (strummed guitar) and lyrics in English live in "Maya." "Via Dolorosa" ends with Ayres' voice rising above a dark texture, to finish with lightly vibratoed tones.

•**REMNANTS OF A DEEPER PURITY**, Black Tape For A Blue Girl, CD, PRO-68

Sam Rosenthal crafts romantic, synthesized backgrounds for sensuous vocals. The texture is filled out with cello, violin, and guitar to make for a rich tapestry for these melancholy songs. Some are oceanic soundscapes while others present their material more directly (less ambience).

•**VANE**, Bleak, CD.

Fifteen songs here feature a more grinding, repetitive mood, with heavy, abrasive textures—dirges for a blasted post-industrial landscape. Jolting and disturbing, they are assaultive sonic geographies.

•**EVER, Love Spirals Downward**, CD.

Suzanne Perry and Ryan Lum present lyrical, whistful songs (dominated by acoustic guitar and vocals), interspersed with more ambient Synth-toned offerings. The general mood here is far lighter than other recordings on this label.

•**COLD**, Lycia, CD, PRO67.

In their sixth album, *Lycia* continue their *noir* aural journeys. Mournful and gelid, the rich arrangements provide appropriate tone-painting for the icy lyrics.

—RELIC—

•**TWILIGHT OF PERCEPTION**, Vidna Obmana, CD.

This is a collection of single pieces which previously appeared on compilation CD's as well as

previously unreleased tracks. If you enjoy Obmana's evocations, which often have a soundtrack ambience in that they are visually as well as emotionally laden, then you won't want to miss this collection.

•GHOST STORIES, Slap, The Happiness Boys, Belt, CD.

Stephen Nester's three musical incarnations (from 1982-1994) are represented here. The music is electronic, with repeating cell structures, sometimes evocative of other styles (from cartoon kitsch to Stravinsky-esque rhythmic propulsion)—fairly relentless in pillaged evolution. There are some contemplative islands, but rest assured that they will be assaulted. The polystylistic melange is ultimately intriguing and repays close listening.

—COLD MEAT INDUSTRY (from Sweden)—

•HEXEREI IM ZWIELIGHT DER FINSTERNIS, Agast, CD.

Here is a series of grimly ritualistic invocations. Whispered vocals waft like a cool breeze from a frozen cairn on a forbidden mountain's summit. This could definitely provide a background for a midnight, necromantic ritual.

•REAPING THE FALLEN...THE FIRST HARVEST, Ordo Equilibrio, CD.

Shadowed soundscapes and umbral songs make for a tapestry of rich timbres. This would serve well to invoke the dieties of darkness as they attend an S & M sabbath.

•IN NOMINE DEI NOSTRI SATANAS LUCIFERI EXCELSI, MZ.412, CD.

This album begins with typical subterranean sounds and an uncredited lift (slowed down) of Dr. LaVey pronouncing the eponymous invocation. It continues with murky tracks that break no new ground—there are collaged sounds and sound-bytes (Bob Larson!), but they are not clear enough to work. Lots of black sound but not much musical substance.

•REISER AV EN DIMENSION UTJENT, Mortils, CD.

Poetic journey through a dimension that is not unknown to those who travel it's dim byways. Folk-like melodic fragments build to portentous, almost barbaric statements, like a soundtrack for an interior film on mythological archetypes.

•WITHIN THE DEPTHS OF SILENCE AND PHORMATIONS, Raison D'être, CD.

Well realised soundscapes that seem to evoke a suspension of time. Very ambient, these textures make for background depth, quite good for meditative musings and exploration of your labyrinthine interior.

•...AND EVEN WOLVES HID THEIR TEETH, various artists, CD.

Here's an anthology album to introduce listeners to the artists signed to Cold Meat Industry. From the orchestra-like sounds of *Ildtrost* to the minimal organ tones of *Kamnik*, there's quite a range here, of talent as well as style, all of it in a darker vein. There's lyricism and savagery, and you are sure to find something to your taste amongst these 14 cuts, then you can pursue your favorites' complete albums.

•LET US LEAD, Puissance, CD.

Here's an apocalyptic album that sounds like it's from a soundtrack for one of those films about a child Hellspawn just waiting to bring about the end of

the world. They use orchestra-like and choral textures for a grandiose intro as well as for other passages, and this makes for an imaginative and vivid experience. The bombast is very well handled.

—OTHER LABELS—

•CONTINUUM, A Spider Records Collection, various artists, CD.

An introduction to the artists on Canada's Spider Records label. *Rhea's Obsession* is well produced and sung but not overly dark or ambient. *Alchemy* brings us back into familiar waters, with a couple of quiet, moody tunes. *Thrive* presents heavy gothic with silky female vocals. *H* finishes the album with four quirky tunes, dominated by drum machine and sampled sound bytes.

•L'ÂME ÉLECTRIQUE, Die Form, CD.

From Germany's *Hyperium* label comes this fine, "très gothique" entry which ranges from quiet reveries to heavier, propulsive songs. There is often a dance beat present, to lend life to the sepulchral proceedings. The arrangements sparkle with surprises and Eliane P. sings with crystalline clarity.

So if any of these above albums are of interest, please contact Darkwave at P. O. Box 166155, Chicago, IL 60616. Be sure to check out their site for complete listings, band tour information, and complete ordering instructions at:

<http://www.projekt.com>

What are you waiting for?

GUEST MUSIC REVIEWS

•WHITE SOLIDARITY—Various Artists, CD, Svea Music, available domestically from Resistance Records, PO Box 24700, Detroit, MI 48224.

Joshua Buckley, reviewer.

Here's your passport to the world of White Power Rock'n'Roll, whether you can stand the journey or not. As you might expect, much of the music on this seven band compilation is thug rock, pure and simple. Nevertheless, the complete and utter lack of subtlety—most skinhead music is about as subtle as a Doc Marten to the face—is half of what makes the Resistance stuff so damn entertaining. While at worst, a lot of this tends to lapse into a dreary caricature of eighties Heavy Metal, bands like Fortress (Australia) and Freikorps (Germany) manage to pump out some genuinely enjoyable old-style Punk, the saving grace of a genre that often comes off as embarrassingly pretentious.

Yet while this is a problem with *any* overtly political music, be it Billy Bragg or Skrewdriver, one has to wonder if anything this inflammatory can be considered political at all—at least in the conventional sense. One thing's for certain: in contrast to most "violent" musicians, whose incendiary aesthetic is often scantily more than a cynical marketing ploy, these guys are for *real*. This in itself warrants mention, if not admiration. And, whether you agree with their unabashedly racist convictions or not, they're certainly preferable to the "alternative" set's self-deprecating whine.

Of particular interest here are two cuts by Swedish powerhouse Vlt Aggression, whose patently distinctive sound clearly demonstrates the degree to which Black Metal groups like Burzum and Emperor have infiltrated the Scandinavian skinhead scene—a trait even more discomfiting in fellow Swedes Division S. Nor will you want to miss Finland's Mistreat, whose broken English "Vatch out Nae-gar" must be heard to be believed. If

Rock'n'Roll's primary function is to challenge social norms and couch potato complacency (which is *exactly* what liberal critics will tell you), then White Solidarity is the genuine article.

•HATESVILLE, The Boyd Rice Experience, CD, World Serpent.

Joshua Buckley, reviewer.

The latest in Satanist Boyd Rice's series of amusing concept albums, the Experience includes many of the same folks responsible for the cop-rock juggernaut SWAT. In many regards superior to recent NON offerings, which with the Ragnarok Rune EP seem to have taken a somewhat retrogressive turn, Hatesville resurrects much of the smirky iconoclasm that made *Music*, *Martinis*, and *Misanthropy* such a classic. As with that seminal slab, what you'll find here is a diverse assemblage of "spoken word" brow beatings and other murderous musings, dastardly ditties and hate-mongering harmonies—in other words, real neat stuff only the black-hearted could love. And since this last description undoubtedly applies to you, Hatesville's a place you'll visit time and time again. While there, you'll encounter Adam Parfrey's *Race Riot* ("There were just so many damn yellow people..."), Shaun Partridge's *Piss Ant*, and the indomitable Herr Rice's *Daydream*, a vindictive volley at Re/Search's V. Vale that's bound to raise a few hackles. The most volatile cut by far is Jim Goad's *Let's Hear It For Violence Towards Women*, a nearly seven minute tirade some will remember from *ANSWER* Me's much maligned *Rape* issue. As for the rest, it's more of the same. Hatesville, you might say, is the kind of spot where the stupid, ugly, and just plain annoying are meted out exactly the treatment they so richly deserve—which, under optimum conditions, would probably involve being skewered alive like so many human shishkebabs. With all this misanthropy increasingly entering the mainstream, albeit as some kind of hip diversion, the time to siphon out our *real* enemies can't be far off...

•DER GROSSE RAUSCH/WIEDER KEHR, Waldeufel, 7", Volkways, PO Box 72525, New Orleans, LA 70172-2525.

Joshua Buckley, reviewer.

One of the more exciting things to land in my mailbox in the past few months (save maybe for Anna Nicole Smith's April *Penthouse* spread), Waldeufel is a side project of Markus Wolff, a name generally linked with atavistic percussion terrorists Crash Worship. As with that august institution, the atmosphere here is fraught with ritual intensity and a truly heathen orientation. The difference, however, is that while Crash Worship's chaotic invocations have remained fairly ambiguous over the years, Waldeufel's cavernous conjurings are an apt distillation of Wolff's Norse pagan soul. Beautifully packaged with a painstaking eye for detail, don't be surprised if they resonate with your own.

•TRIUMPH OF THE WILLIAMS, David E. Williams, 7", Storm Records, P.O. Box 3527, Portland, OR 97208-3527.

Joshua Buckley, reviewer.

Virtually unknown and undeservedly ignored, David E. Williams may be the greatest living musical genius to grace these shores since, well, since ever. An unimposing cross between Woody Allen and Rudolph Hoess, Williams' music ascends heights of psychotic perversity typically reserved for a good Ellie Wiesel page-turner, all tinged with enough obsessively neurotic hand-wringing to make even the most steeley-eyed sociopath nervous. I imagine a

childhood spent dodging fleet-enema bags and schoolyard barbs, or maybe just a brainy suburbanite lad dispassionately pulling the wings off butterflies while his less prodigious peers trade bubble-gum cards and head-lice. No matter the source, Williams' universe is one that must be experienced firsthand to be appreciated—and appreciate it, you shall. These are stirring lyrical portraits of the reality saner souls have chosen to ignore, a world populated with ruddy-complexioned Scout leaders who plunder the puckered rectums of their unwitting youthful charges and shift-eyed Rohypnol rapists, content to stalk the parking lots of middle school sweetheart dances and garish neon roller rinks. Oh yeah, and you can dance to it. Three words: BUY THIS NOW. Limited to 666 copies (surprise, surprise), which should keep you record collector geeks happy.

•SMELLS LIKE CHILDREN, Marilyn Manson, EP, Nothing—Interscope.

Jeffrey Nagy, reviewer.

Mr. Manson and his gang (-bang) quartet continue to erase the fine line between right and wrong, good and evil, male and female in their child-like romp *Smells Like Children*. While not a full length album, it is a hefty soundtrack of Willy Wonka-ish nightmares.

Included are remixes of various songs from their debut album, *Portrait of an American Family*, as well as Manson-like covers of a few of Marilyn's personal favorites (there's an especially good remake of the Eurythmics "Sweet Dreams"). These are well served by the twisted melodies emerging from the keyboards of Madonna Wayne Gacy. Other things of note include a conversation between a pharmacist's wet-dream of a patient with an overly under-standing female specialist, as well as a redneck rendition of "Cake and Sodomy."

Smells Like Children amounts to an interesting compilation that could easily be a soundtrack for Marilyn Manson's life story, or even scarier—your own!

•MARK BIRNBAUM PLAYS RAGTIME PIANO, cassette, Burns Productions, 117 West 75th St. NYC, NY 10023 USA. (\$12.00 US ppd, \$15.00 foreign ppd).

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

If you're like me and you think of ragtime as just another auspicious time of the month, then this one is for you. In this self-titled release, Dr. Birnbaum treats us to a meat and potatoes sampler of ragtime covers including works from Scott Joplin and Jelly Roll Morton, to name a few. It's this one time "Joe Franklin Show" pianist's skill and depth which are showcased here, occasionally accompanied by Birnbaum in vocal black-face, which is always in good taste. Birnbaum's approach here seems to be, keep it simple, and it's an approach that succeeds as there is no sweetening or electronics to dull the edge of what I thought up until now was just bubble-gum and blues. Close your eyes and see what happens when you listen to this one!

•GOD BLESS SATAN, Mephiskapheles, CD, Distributed by Moon Records, Post Office Box 1412 Cooper Station, NYC NY 10276 USA.

André Schlesinger, reviewer.

It's not Rock'n Roll... Mephiskapheles play "Ska" music, that Jamaican (via England) import that brought us such bands as Madness and had earlier given birth to what we now know as Reggae. Thankfully Mephiskapheles fall short of that big-band sound which seems to dominate the styles of many of their better known contemporaries. However, the complexity of rhythms (riddims),

melodies, and vocal scats are by far more soulful than their two-toning peers. Don't look for any esoteric dialog or backtracking as the message here is to just have fun, although their seemingly innocent corruption of some familiar commercial jingles could help to take some of the pressure off of Procter & Gamble. This is the jungle music that anti-Rock 'n' Roll evangelists should be concerned with. And wouldn't you know it, Christian Ska bands have recently formed in retaliation.

•ANTI-GOD, ANTI-CHRIST, Acheron, CD, Moribund Records, P.O. Box 77314, Seattle, WA 98177-0314, tel/fax: 360-732-7285.

Brian Kenyon, reviewer.

It has been three years since Florida's Acheron has released anything new. With their latest creation, *Anti-God, Anti-Christ*, many things have changed. They are now on a new label, Moribund Records, owned by Church of Satan member Odin Thompson. This release shows Acheron growing musically with the addition of a full-time keyboardist, which complements the band very well. The musicianship on *Anti-God, Anti-Christ* surpasses everything Acheron has done in the past. While remaining true to their roots, the music has become much more technical. Magister Vincent Crowley's vocals are stronger and much clearer than in the past. Lyrically, *Anti-God, Anti-Christ* is the most blasphemous album Crowley has written, with songs like "Fuck the Ways of Christ," "Shemhamforash: The Ultimate Blasphemy," and "Blessed by Damnation." Here you will also find the songs "Baptism for Devlyn Alexandra," written for his daughter, and a cover of NON's (Magister Boyd Rice) "Total War." As in the past there are intros by special guest, Magister Peter H. Gilmore, before each song with quotes from Nietzsche's *The Antichrist*. With the intros sounding better than ever, they play an important role in setting the mood for the songs. The cover artwork was done by Church of Satan Magister Rex Diabolos Church, who is also responsible for the visual demonic conjurations gracing Acheron's previous releases. *Anti-God, Anti-Christ* is the best that the black/death metal scene has to offer and is quite refreshing. It will take Acheron to a level of achievement that they have not yet experienced. Any fan of this genre will be able to appreciate this album. There will also be a vinyl version being released with extra tracks. For more information on this and Acheron write to Moribund Records at the above address.

SATANIC CINEMA

by Peter H. Gilmore

Earth vs. the Flying Saucers, Again?

It seems that in the last year a major shift in attitude has happened on the big screen concerning the approach taken to humanity's contact with alien races. Gone is that sheep-like looking-up to a beneficent "Gods-from-space" crystallized in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* or worshipping a troll-like Jesus as seen in *E.T. the Extraterrestrial* (both Spielberg works). Now we're back to the 50's, with aliens seen as pure threats, but ones which our species can combat using pluck and intelligence—mind and force.

First up is *Independence Day*, which is obviously an unacknowledged remake of the 1953 George Pal adaptation of *de facto* Satanist H.G. Wells' novel *War of the Worlds*. It merely has added 90's eye-blasting special effects and PC multi-ethnic casting to the framework of the old film. Instead of an

organic virus (put there in "God's infinite wisdom" as the epilog to Pal's film states—anti-religious Wells was surely spinning in his grave) as key to the invader's defeat, we have the scientists using a computer virus delivered by a Macintosh Power Book (Macintosh is the computer of choice of Satanists everywhere—Mac compatibility clearly demonstrating the advanced technology of the aliens).

There are truly spectacular images of destruction but the characters are mere stereotypes (not archetypes), the plot is full of implausible coincidences and this film often quotes entire sequences and images from the earlier film (which I watched the evening before I went to see the new film). The aliens themselves are only interested in plundering Earth's resources, then moving on (a none-too-subtle characterization of what corporate America has done to third world countries). Humanity is like a cockroach infestation to be cleared away (one thinks that they wouldn't have troubled the few survivors, once human military response was neutralized). Their threat is impersonal.

Next we have *The Arrival*, a conspiracy-invasion film wherein one scientist discovers that "they're here" and altering our ecology so that our world will be fit for colonizing by the invaders. They have justified this because humans have simply abused this planet's ecology and thus they're going to take it for themselves, so their threat isn't personal. As the film progresses, the scientist gathers all the pieces of the story and finally succeeds in alerting the world to the danger. This is a fine little film, that harkens back to *The Outer Limits* approach to such stories, with the 60's ecological concerns.

Next is *Star Trek: First Contact*. This film tries to play both sides of the field, by having the federation's greatest nemesis, The Borg (a bio-mechanical race that absorbs [converts, or else—how Christian of them!] other sentient races) attacking Earth (great space battle scene) then running back in time when defeated to get Earth at a more vulnerable period. Of course the valiant crew of *The Enterprise D* (a spiffy new ship) are hot on their heels, and they help the inventor of the Warp Drive (a real person, they discover, not the idol they worship in the 23rd century) to do his thing to bring about humanity's first contact with benevolent aliens (the Vulcans) thus initiating an era of peace and prosperity for an Earth that just came out of its third and most devastating world war. For *Star Trek TNG* fans, there's much fun here, even though the film has a very clunky start. The effects are first-rate and the Borg Queen, played by Alice Krige, is a three-dimensional character, both menacing and seductive to Picard and Data. The Borg are a truly frightening menace as they want you, not dead, but alive and part of their collective. Their threat is very personal! There is an amazing scene in a holodeck 1940's club (beautifully realized and quite Satanic in aesthetics) wherein Picard kills some Borg soldiers, then rips through their flesh and metal bodies to find a piece of equipment that will give him information. He is ruthless and unsentimental, as these Borg had shortly before been part of his crew.

It is interesting to note that the original creator of *Star Trek*, Gene Roddenberry, has created an Is-To-Be for humanity's future, and with the amazing success of this entertainment franchise is really infiltrating consciousness around the globe (people all over the earth know who the Klingons and Romulans are, but how many can tell you about Ulysses and Achilles?). In recent years there have been "darker" elements added—decisions aren't so clear cut, death is frequently a result of interaction

WESSEL MANIA



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THE TIJUANA BULLFIGHT DOCUMENTARY

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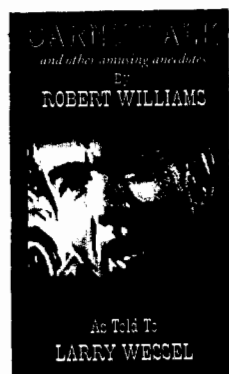
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with other species, and this reflects more accurately on the real nature of humanity. However, this idealized view of mature intelligent people going forth to explore the galaxy could only happen in a culture that sends out its best members (Star Fleet Academy may have reversed the current educational trends of lowering standards—they'd have to produce people equipped to handle the realities of galactic exploration). Perhaps there is a subtle message here?

Finally we have an acknowledged *homage* to the 50's with Tim Burton's *Mars Attacks*. Here the lurid trading cards are brought to the screen in a festival of vivid destruction. The martians are just as tacky and stupid as the humans and Burton's misanthropy is well displayed in all the characters—parodies of archetypes that are really closer to the truth. There is much mayhem as the martians gleefully abuse the earthlings, who finally find a very tacky weapon to destroy the invaders. They are quite gleeful in their invasion and enjoy wholesale destruction as well as personal torture.

The filmmakers tip their hats to *Earth vs. the Flying Saucers* in the design of the martian ships and in scenes showing their attack and final defeat. Interior saucer designs refer to *Forbidden Planet*. There's a wonderfully apt score by Danny Elfman, complete with Theremin *obligato*. Quite a funny film, with some powerfully ominous as well as grotesquely funny images.

So, the viewpoint shown in such films as *Alien* and John Carpenter's remake of *The Thing*, as well as their 50's progenitors, has been triumphant—the struggle to survive in a dangerous universe has won out over passive worship of "something from above." There's more to come with the fourth entry in the *Alien* saga, as well as the film of *Starship Troopers* (the novel which gave *Aliens* much of its flavor) soon to hit the theatres. I definitely find this a preferable trend—worship is out and Darwinism is in!

WESSELMANIA!

Gifted film-maker Larry Wessel keeps the hits coming with further entries in his line of video documentaries. You can count on these to take you on a tour through the very heart of Darkness of each subject for Larry's camera functions as a surgeon's scalpel, and you're along for the forensic journey.

•**CARNY TALK, And Other Amusing Anecdotes By Robert Williams As Told To Larry Wessel.** VHS, 1 hour and 11 minutes.

Did you ever want to spend some time with artist Robert Williams? Wessel has captured Williams, who proves to be a fine *raconteur*, with revealing tales about America in the 1950's that strip-away the pseudo-innocence of that decade so cherished by the nostalgia merchants.

•**SUGAR AND SPICE, VHS, 1 hour and 59 minutes.**

The world of Transvestites, Drag Queens and Transsexuals has rarely been shown with such candor. Wessel gives an intimate portrait of luminaries as Lypsinka, The Cosmic Danielle, Glen Meadmore, and the "absolutely fabulous" Goddess Bunny.

•**ULTRAMEGALOPOLIS, VHS, 2 hours and 35 minutes.**

An amazing and harrowing tour of the urban Hell known as Los Angeles. From the McMartin Pre-school to the riot decimated rubble—still emblazoned with graffiti, you'll see the blasted architecture and meet the shell-shocked inhabitants. Wessel's camera plays Vergil to your Dante on a journey through all the circles of this contemporary Tartarus.

The above mentioned films can be purchased for \$25 each (postpaid—checks and money orders made out to Larry Wessel). Larry Wessel, P.O. Box 1611, Manhattan Beach, CA 90267-1611.

Howard Stern's *Private Parts*

Howard Stern is today's leading radio comedian and he has done more for free speech and iconoclasm than anyone ever to grace the airwaves. For those anal-retentive folk who want to control what you see and hear, Stern seems to be the living embodiment of Satan, and for their world view—he is! Stern has conquered radio with his syndicated morning show and television with an amazing show (originally on channel 9!) that broke new ground in over-the-top mockery of all things sacred and profane. This was climaxed by his pay-per-view beauty pageant parody, and his direct-to-video release *Butt Bongo Fiesta*. His later efforts for the E! Network (an interview show and the current video broadcast of his daily radio show) seem almost sedate by comparison.

Stern conquered the print word with his hilarious autobiography *Private Parts* and its equally funny follow-up *Miss America*. Now he's finally earning his previously self-proclaimed coronation as "King Of All Media" with the release of producer Ivan Reitman and director Betty Thomas' adaptation of *Private Parts*.

This movie is hilarious and touching. Stern's life as a geeky outsider who uses his comedic talents to move the world is followed from his childhood (when he's constantly admonished by his father Ben to "Shut up! Sit down!") and when he conceived the Is-To-Be of becoming a disk jockey, to his triumph on NBC in New York City, where he reached number one in the ratings—despite the fact that the network itself was trying to tame him with a particularly arrogant asshole of a program director known aptly as "Pig Vomit." His subsequent firing from NBC and later mega-triumph in syndication will perhaps be covered in the sequel.

His true talent lies in saying what comes into his fertile mind, and this film has some delightful sequences which show him exercising this ability, to the chagrin of his bosses. His long-time relationship with his wife Alison is explored, particularly the strain of being married to a creative out law who uses everything, including his intimate personal life, as fodder for his comedic genius. See the film (Tiny Tim has a cameo). Read his books. Watch his videos. And, if you are fortunate enough to be in one of the areas that can receive his radio show, listen—for this is the arena in which his genius burns most brightly. And kudos go as well to his staff: Robin Quivers, Fred Norris, Jackie Martling, Gary "Baba Booley" Dell'Abate, and "Stuttering John" Melendez.

In all media, Howard is cherished by Satanists because he performs the function of being society's jester. He mocks the pretentious, whether they be in politics or show business (his appearance as Fatman on the ultra-pretentious MTV music awards was a landmark), exposes the hypocrisy in contemporary racial issues, and rips the façade off of all who present lies for the truth. He asks the questions no-one else would dare ask. He speaks the thoughts currently forbidden by the straight-jacket of political correctness. His admonition to "Be honest" has been the bane of the vapid morons presented by our culture's hysteres as he puts them on the hot seat and we get to watch them fry. His "Wack Pack" is a collection of freaks and misfits the likes of which would grace any old-time carnival midway. Among them are Fred the Elephant Boy—who has a peculiar speech impediment, Kenneth Keith Kallenbach—who

performs bizarre acts of bodily degradation, and Nicole Bass—the world's largest female body builder, as well the midgits and giants who make frequent appearances on his show, who are cherished for their uniqueness. He has performed massively attended funerals against his radio competitors which we recognize as ritual curses on a grand scale—and they work! Not to mention the fact that he makes jokes about being the Devil to goody-goody Kathie Lee Gifford and has Marilyn Manson on his soundtrack album (a best-seller even before the film opened). Does Howard show sympathy for the Devil? You be the judge.

Howard Stern IS the trickster archetype from world mythology made flesh. Is he an Anti-Christ? For my money, you bet he is!

GUEST VIDEO REVIEW

•**THE MAGIC OF THE SIDE SHOW, featuring Todd Robbins & Michael Wilson, VHS Video, 2 hours, \$40.00 plus \$2.50 shipping; Stevens Magic Emporium, 2520 East Douglas, Wichita, KS 67214 Phone: 316-683-9582**

Rev. George Sprague, reviewer.

Take a trip into the exciting and incredible world of the side show! Step right in as Todd Robbins, working performer at the last remaining ten-in-one side show in Coney Island, presents incredible feats such as glass eating, sword swallowing, pounding a nail up his nose and many other strange feats that are both delightful and disgusting! Marvel as Michael Wilson, "The Illustrated Man," displays his body which is covered with tattoos! Interesting to note, Michael has the five Hindu chakras tattooed on his chest and the uppermost chakra is depicted by the Baphomet!

Todd Robbins not only performs his feats, but goes into some explanations of how some of them are actually done. He also shares some views on side shows and their history, explaining how people are drawn in to see the show. Amazing performances, amusing anecdotes and thrills abound in this video. If you have ever wanted to see these amazing feats and even understand how some are done, this video is for you.

GUEST MUSEUM REVIEW

•**OFF THE BEATEN PATH: SAN DIEGO'S MUSEUM OF DEATH**

Phantom, reviewer.

Upon a recent visit to San Diego, amidst the myriad of tourist shops and coffee houses, I came across a somewhat out-of-place little shop entitled "The Museum of Death" which I believe all CoS members would enjoy. After paying the quite reasonable \$4 admission fee, I was able to observe genuine serial killer art by the likes of Charles Manson, Richard Ramirez, and John Wayne Gacy (to name a few), various execution devices, a multitude of crime scene photos, and books and newspaper clippings all dealing with (you guessed it!) DEATH. There are also a few surprises, such as actual blood-spattered clothing taken from an executed convict, death certificates, a real-life two-headed turtle, and even an upright coffin fitted with a television playing such favorites as *Death Scenes*.

I had a chance to speak with proprietor James Dean Healy, and although he denies being a Satanist, he certainly fits the *de facto* category as he takes his work very seriously. He has visited numerous serial killers, including the ones previously mentioned, and has kept in close contact with others. In pure Satanic sentiment, he informed me that

rather than glorifying death, he is merely presenting it in its most gruesome, unadulterated form in order that one may appreciate the ephemeral nature of life, and live it to its fullest.

He also told me, unfortunately, that his landlord was putting pressure on him to move the museum, as he considered it detrimental to the surrounding tourist area. As of the date of this writing (2 January, XXXII), Mr. Healy was considering a move to San Francisco to escape such closed-mindedness.

Although still in the beginning stages, there is much to enchant here. The Museum of Death can be found at 548 Fifth Ave, San Diego, CA 92101; Phone: 619-338-8153, Fax: 619-338-0003. Check it out!

BOOKS, PERIODICALS, 'ZINES

by Peter H. Gilmore

•**DEN SATANISKA BIBELN**, by Anton Szandor LaVey, Swedish translation by Carl Abrahamsson (Looking Glass Press, Box 8105, S-104 20 Stockholm, Sweden, 1995; 188 pages, ISBN 91-88708-02-0, \$25 US cash includes postage, add \$10 if paying by check, paperback, 5 7/8" x 8 1/4").

Here is a beautiful translation, exquisitely designed and produced—with a very striking color cover design with a red Sigil of Baphomet and an image of Dr. LaVey amidst rising flames. This joins the ranks of several other non-English, paperback editions and stands strong with truly Satanic elegance, and it is available! Even if you can't read Swedish, you'll certainly want to add this to your collection, and it does include the original dedication. Get it now!

•**THE DEVIL, The Archfiend in Art from the Sixth to the Sixteenth Century**, by Luther Link (Harry N. Abrams, Inc., New York, NY 1996; 208 pages, ISBN 0-8109-3226-1, price unlisted, hardback).

Here is a fine study of the imagery of Satan as depicted in Western art, profusely illustrated. The author uses the Christian perspective of Satan, but does expose Christian reactions toward other cultures for some particular instances. While the focus is limited (we never get to see the heroic imagery that emerged later), the author points out that Satan is this period is not given much personality, being reduced to grotesquery. Thus he never seems adversarial to the Christian order, merely an unpleasant functionary in the ordained scheme of things. The author calls images wherein Satan is a huge, non-anthropomorphic monster, "Satan as Godzilla" (it shouldn't come as a surprise that Link teaches at a university in Tokyo).

•**A HISTORY OF THE DEVIL**, by Gerald Messadié (Kodansha America, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, 1996; 377 pages, ISBN 1-56836-081-9, \$27.00, hardback).

For some odd reason this author seems ignorant of Carus' pioneering (and superior) work on this subject. He does a fine job examining various world cultures for an analog to the Devil as seen in a very narrow Christian perspective, and thus finds very few examples of Satan. He does grasp the origins of dualism in Zoroastrianism, and traces these influences on Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. When it comes to contemporary Satanism the author very smugly dismisses our movement, having only cursorily explored its philosophy—he obviously feels it is beneath him to spend any time trying to grasp it and simply regurgitates the simplified, ignorant views of other Christian writers (his description of Dr. LaVey physically is in error as well as one of the titles of his books, though perhaps this is a translation

problem). This flaw aside, there is some worthwhile information about various cultures' views of Evil.

•**SATAN'S SILENCE, Ritual Abuse and the Making of a Modern Witch Hunt**, by Debbie Nathan & Michael Snedeker (BasicBooks, HarperCollins Publishers, Inc., 10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022-5299, 1995; 317 pages, ISBN 0-465-07180-5, \$25.00, hardback).

Another study of the Satanic Ritual Abuse hysteria which explores the history of this period and also examines the role of victimology oriented feminism's support (ideologically and financially) of it. The authors do a fine job of covering this insanity and they uncover the impulses behind those who fostered this madness. It is still remarkable how so many miscarriages of justice happened so recently, with Christian anti-sexuality as the fuel that fed the bonfires upon which many lives were destroyed. The authors call for prosecution of real sexual abusers, and exonerate of those who were the victims of the madness.

•**UNHOLY ALLIANCE, A History of Nazi Involvement with the Occult**, by Peter Levenda (Avon Books, 1350 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10019, 1995; 407 pages, ISBN 0-380-77722-3, \$6.99, paperback).

Luridly written and confused, this attempts to be an exposé but ends up as a turgid potboiler that never delivers on the innuendos tossed about in early chapters. An "X-Files" type of a book that is all flash and irrational conclusions with no substance, sure to be embraced by those who'd like to believe in some vast conspiracy out to destroy the "goodness" of liberal humanism. A waste of time for any seeking real information.

•**INFLUENCING MINDS, A Reader in Quotations**, by Leonard Roy Frank (Feral House, P.O. Box 3466, Portland, OR 97208, 1995; 245 pages, ISBN 0-922915-25-3, \$12.95, paperback).

A fascinating collection of quotations from a wide variety of authors (though Anton LaVey is surprisingly not represented) on the topic of influencing minds. Makes for excellent excrementation chamber reading.

•**DARK CARNIVAL, The Secret World of Tod Browning, Hollywood's Master of the Macabre**, by David J. Skal & Elias Savada (Anchor Books, Doubleday, 1540 Broadway, New York, NY 10036, 1995; 359 pages, ISBN 0-385-47406-7, \$23.00, hardcover).

A penetrating and sympathetic look at a cinematic master. His archetypal images, best remembered from *Dracula* and *Freaks*, still move us, though often today they are transmuted by later filmmakers who have diluted the quintessential power found only in the originals. With many fascinating photographs and detailed filmographies, this should prove to be the definitive volume on a master magician whose work should be well known to Satanists. "Browning brings us the bad news attendant on the most technologically advanced century in history that is simultaneously the cruelist. We are animals, con men, thieves, and vampires, Browning tells us in film after film, driven by overpowering primitive emotions—beyond any real freedom and dignity. Pain and alienation teach no lessons: they only madden."

•**NOT OUT OF AFRICA, How Afrocentrism Became an Excuse to Teach Myth as History**, by Mary Lefkowitz (BasicBooks, HarperCollins, 10 East

53rd Street, New York, NY 10022-5299, 1996; 222 pages, ISBN 0-465-09837-1, \$24.00, hardback).

A scholar of ancient Greece and Rome refutes the wilder claims of recent Afrocentricists. Though she treads lightly and only implies the charlatanism of some outrageous individuals and their claims, it becomes clear through this well-argued book that outrageous propaganda and fantasy is being spread in the name of political correctness (which is thus sacrosanct from discussion and debate) in universities which should be forums for the testing out of various theories based on the best possible factual data available. She examines how some of these theories have arisen, and how and why they have been promulgated. Let us see if this is the curtain-raiser for other books which will expand upon this important issue.

•**ABRAHADABRA, A Beginner's Guide To Thelemic Magic**, by Rodney Orpheus (Looking Glass Press, Box 8105, S-104 20 Stockholm, Sweden, 1995; 198 pages, ISBN 91-88708-01-2, \$16.95, paperback).

Here is a well written and witty introduction to the Thelemic practices synthesized by Aleister Crowley. If you are new to ritual magic, or need to ground a too eclectic current practice, this handbook will focus your efforts and direct you to additional sources to enrich your practices (They even recommend Dr. LaVey's works).

•**THE END OF RACISM**, by Dinesh D'Souza (The Free Press, Simon & Schuster, Inc., 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020, 1995; 724 pages, ISBN 0-02-908102-5, \$30.00, hardback).

D'Souza is back with another excellent book addressing the current racial tensions in our society. He examines the origins of racism (not out of ignorance, but scientific attempts at classification) and brings to light many buried truths concerning this highly charged topic. Myths are laid waste, cultural relativism is critiqued, the civil rights industry is exposed, and ultimately the author calls for freedom of association, as opposed to the falsity of state-enforced "brotherhood." As a libertarian, D'Souza trusts in the current generation to reject irrational discrimination in favor of color-blind human rights and judgement based on individual merit.

•**V.A. V.A. VOOM! Bombshells, Pin-ups, Sexpots and Glamour Girls**, by Steve Sullivan (General Publishing Group, Inc., 2701 Ocean Park Blvd., Ste. 140, LA, CA 90405, 1995; 288 pages, ISBN 1-881649-60-1, \$17.95, trade-paperback).

If you're looking for a festival of pulchritude—this is it! With sultry Mamie Van Doren on the cover, this is a treasure trove of Satanic Witches to enchant and delight (you'll never be able to look at currently touted "beauties" again). Divided into four sections, we are treated to Movie Bombshells, Glamour Girls, Pin-up Queens, and Strippers. There's a video list of the "100 Sexiest Movie Performances of the Va Va Voom Era" so you can find out what you've been missing, unless you're one of our *connoisseurs* cads. Even though Sullivan mentions Jayne's Church of Satan connection as a negative, the positive aspects of this book make it a worthy addition to your collection. Don't miss this one!

•**SHADOWS OF THE MIND, A Search for the Missing Science of Consciousness**, by Roger Penrose (Oxford University Press, Walton Street, Oxford OX2 6DP UK, 1994; 457 pages, ISBN 0-19-853978-9, \$25.00, hardback).

Platonist physicist Penrose explores the state

of understanding of the universe and points towards areas which need exploration so that we can truly understand the phenomenon of consciousness, which cannot successfully be explained in terms of increasing computational complexity (thus he successfully attacks the possibility of artificial intelligence based on current methods and understandings). An excellent discussion of the nature of consciousness that eschews mystical solutions and seeks carnal answers.

•**VITAL DUST, Life As A Cosmic Imperative**, by Christian de Duve (BasicBooks, HarperCollins, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022-5299, 1995; 362 pages, ISBN 0-465-09044-3, \$25.00, hardback).

Biochemist de Duve examines the origins of life itself and posits it to be an inevitable occurrence that is caused by the very structure of our Universe, which will continually evolve towards greater complexity. If you seek a greater understanding of life's place in our Universe, this will provide intelligent insights as well as providing a glimpse of the shadow of the Dark Force in Nature.

•**THE DEVIL, A Visual Guide To The Demonic, Evil, Scurilous, And Bad**, by Genevieve Morgan and Tom Morgan (Chronicle Books, 275 Fifth Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, 1996; 175 pages [6.75" x 7.5"], ISBN 0-8118-1176-X, \$17.95, hardback).

The authors have assembled a truly sumptuous book, with very classy design, filled with color images and beautiful type-setting. The contents are a sort of light survey of Hellish things, including Infernal Names, mythology, and various things you've probably encountered in greater depth elsewhere. They've left out the Church of Satan (for shame!), being published out of San Francisco), and their section on Satanism is from a Christian perspective. The attraction is the beauty of the product, a coffee-table book that is a pleasure to peruse just because of the imagery alone.

•**THE DEVIL'S MISCHIEF**, edited by Ed Marquand (Abbeville Press, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, 1996; 184 pages [7.5" x 5.125"], ISBN 0-7892-0136-4, \$17.95, hardback).

Like the above mentioned book, here's another small volume that is quite beautiful, with high production values. It purports to be The Devil's story in his own words, but he "speaks" through fine excerpts of Satanic literature such as Twain, Baudelaire, Milton, France, Bulgakov, and others. Their are fine color images, some quite imaginative. Another little gem for your collection.

•**DANGER IS MY BUSINESS, An Illustrated History of the Fabulous Pulp Magazines; 1896 - 1953**, by Lee Server (Chronicle Books, 275 Fifth Street, San Francisco, CA 94103, 1993; 144 pages, ISBN 0-8118-0112-8, \$17.95, trade paperback).

Here's a fine introduction to the phenomenon of Pulp Magazines, which spawned several genres of written entertainment (among them horror, science fiction, hard boiled, action-adventure) and launched several classic writers into the consciousness of readers. Lavishly illustrated with covers that convey amazingly archetypal images, Server points the way for those who haven't already found the later reprints of such folks as Lovecraft, Howard, Bloch, Smith, Wellman, Cave, Chandler, Hammett, Kuttner, Clarke, Asimov, and Bradbury to name a few. The Pulp carried talent and trash, and served to fire the imagination of millions, and you'll get a fine introduction to them in this astute and informative book.

•**THE GRAND GRIMOIRE**, translated by Gretchen Rudy, edited by Antonio Venitiana del Rabina, (Trident Books & Ars Obscura, P.O. Box 85811, Seattle, WA 98105, 1996; 117 pages, ISBN 1-879000-01-6, \$95, leatherbound).

Here's an elegant new edition of this notorious book of Solomonic magic. One of the most posh presentations I've yet seen (I received a corrected proof which has well designed type setting, but I also received a picture of the final cover which is leather with an embossed inverted pentagram and the title embossed in gold—very impressive).

•**INSIDE TERADOME, An Illustrated History of Freak Film**, by Jack Hunter (Creation Books, 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, EC1, UK, 1995; 245 pages, ISBN 1-871592-41-0, \$16.95 trade paperback).

Here's a fascinating study which really explores the subject, starting with a history of freaks and freak shows to prepare you for their advent on the silver screen. There's even a positive mention of the Church of Satan (though the author isn't aware of Dr. LaVey's role in the rebirth of US interest in Browning's *Freaks*) as a place which accepted freaks into its ranks, and they mention *Satanis* as well as *Speak of the Devil*. The book is well designed and full of fine illustrations. It will remain a fine source book for all interested in human oddities.

•**V IS FOR VAMPIRE, The A-Z Guide To Everything Undead**, by David J. Skal (Penguin Books, 375 Hudson Street, New York, NY 10014, 1996; 288 pages, ISBN 0-452-27173-8, \$15.95, trade paperback).

Skal is back, who you'll remember for his excellent previous books *Hollywood Gothic* and *The Monster Show*, and he's written a light-hearted and very biased encyclopedia of vampire-lore which covers films, personalities, history, literature, and anything he could think of to discuss. There are truly excellent appendices which list vampire films and novels by year of release/publication as well as a list of vampire and vampire related creatures from around the world. This is an excellent source book and a really fun read (and nicely illustrated as well!).

•**LET US PREY**, Tony Sokol, Vampyr Theatre, P.O. Box 6012, S. Hackensack, N.J. 07606 (\$4.93).

Tony Sokol has been the moving force behind *La Commedia Del Sanguine: Vampyr Theatre*, which has produced plays exploring vampirism. This is a play which was first performed in 1993, and it is illustrated with stills from one of the productions. Vampire aficionados will relish this ritualistic exploration wherein various postulants present themselves to the vampires in search of satisfying various needs. Audience participation is encouraged at times in a controlled fashion. I have yet to see one of their productions, but this script seems to be a fine basis on which to build an effective theatrical experience.

•**CTHULHU CULTUS, 1-5**, edited by Tani Jantsang and Philip Marsh. \$10 each volume from P. Marsh, P.O. Box 534, Captiva Island, FL 33924.

These delightful volumes present new fiction, poetry, humor pieces, essays, art, and even sheet music which takes Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mythos as a starting point. If Lovecraft gives you pleasure, then you will enjoy these writings which play in his universe. Authors include: Robert M. Price, Crispin Burnham, Tani Jantsang, Philip Marsh, Jeff Gerber, Casey Ley, Peter Gilmore, Wayne Hicks, James Ambuehl, E.P. Berglund, Ales Guillotte, and Jeffrey Thomas. If you write Lovecraftian pastiches, then you might submit works for future volumes.

•**FECAL FORCES ZEEN #5**, Boris "Kukatz" Milakovic, SV. Duha 30, 34000 Pozega, Croatia.

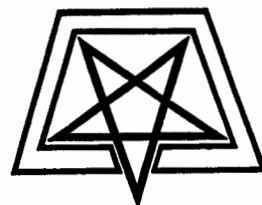
Here's something you don't see everyday: a punk anarchist Satanic metal 'zine from Croatia. It's very much a punk 'zine in design (hard on the eyes), but it does have energy. No price listed but I'm certain they'd trade.

•**SECONDS**, published by Steve Blush, edited by George Petros, 24 Fifth Avenue, Suite 405, New York, NY 10011, Phone: 212-260-0481. Internet Browser: iuma.com.

Still reigns supreme as the source for musical discussion and controversy beyond PC strictures. If you really want to read about the thinking behind contemporary musicians and other cultural icons, then this is THE forum for dangerous discussion. Every issue has someone that will be of interest to the Satanist. Here's a listing of outstanding interviews from recent issues: #31—Danzig, Tom Jones; #32—Charles Manson, Calvin Schenkel, Slayer; #33—Death In June, David Bowie; #34—Ambient Temple of Imagination; #35—Camille Paglia, Boy George, Foetus; #36—Rahowa; #37—Easy Listening & Lounge Revival Special (don't miss this one!); #38—Mike Diana, Boyd Rice (excellent photos of Boyd with nude ladies, plus an intro by Adam Parfrey); #39—Coop (great illustrations!), Type O Negative, Harlan Ellison, Ozzy Osbourne; #40—Marilyn Manson (interviewed by Boyd Rice), J. G. Ballard, Lyndon LaRouche, André Lassen; #41—Lisa Carver, Ron Jeremy, Richard Ramirez, Burzum; #42—Pantera, Xenakis, Björk; #43—Tiny Tim, Danzig, Electric Hellfire Club, Sol Invictus, Absu.

Back issues are \$5.00 each (plus \$2.00 for foreign shipping). And they still have #27 which featured an interview with Anton LaVey. You can't afford to be without *SECONDS*.

[We welcome our readers to submit reviews of books/films/music that they have found to be Satanically significant—just follow our format. *PHG*]



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RAHOWA • MICHAEL MOYNIHAN

YOU THINK YOU represent unpopular views as a Satanist? Do people give you a hard time for your beliefs? Well, you're far from the only one, as George Eric Hawthorne will be happy to inform you. Hawthorne is a true pariah on the current cultural landscape (landfill?), and as the frontman for Canada's RAHOWA (short for RACIAL HOLY WAR), he has taken his fair share of criticism.

However, if you care to go beyond media catch-phrases and actually listen to what he has to say, it would undoubtedly fly right over the heads of most redneck racists or Hitlerian hatemongers, as much as it'd rile up the typical liberal humanist. And beyond this, his musical group recently released a CD, *Cult of the Holy War*, that could well climb right up the indie charts if it weren't for his thoroughly unpromising—yet extremely eloquent—lyrics. Combined with neo-classical influences and inspiration from Ragnar Redbeard, it's an impressive piece of work that many Satanists would find inspiring, even if they don't completely agree with Hawthorne's platform.

It's no secret that his glossy magazine, *Resistance*, has been attracting a lot of attention lately, along with the releases on his successful record label of the same name. A significant proportion of attention has also come from Satanists, enough so to stir controversy in the pages of the latest issue. It seemed appropriate to turn the tables and fire off a round of questions in George's direction to find out just where he stands.

How is it that you came around to your present outlook? From what I understand you had a very different one as a youngster, which was not particularly racially oriented.

I was raised in the suburbs, and the only non-Whites that lived near us were pretty submissive. Back in the seventies, Canada was almost exclusively White. Although my parents were not "racist" *per se*, they definitely taught us not to race-mix, explaining that "you just don't do it." This feeling was more of a response to it being socially unacceptable than having some philosophical premise.

As I got older, and the racial makeup of Canada began to change, I was confronted with different cultures and ethnicities. Initially, I had no problem with this, as I stuck with the white guys, and was never really bothered by the muds. I had some non-white friends, but this was more of a result of being on the football



Photo credit: Brandon

George Eric Hawthorne in performance.

team and being vice-president of the student council than anything else. I ran with the "in crowd"; I was a jock, and I founded a weight-lifting club. High school years were easy for me, as I was well-liked and accepted, and coming from an upper-middle class family, I had nice things and did not suffer from any deprivations. For many reasons, I was destined for this average life as an upwardly mobile, affluent bourgeois guy with no concerns except planning my next vacation to the Gulf of Mexico or Vail.

But my life took a wicked turn when I started reading Nietzsche. Suddenly, something deep and forbidden in my racial soul was evoked, and I knew that I wanted much more from life than to be sentenced to an existence of excessive comfort. I started looking at life differently. No longer was materialism important to me; the Law of Blood spoke the wisdom of the Ancients.

I began to seek out the things truly potent in Western culture, and developed a voracious appetite for reading classic literature. Plato, Thucydides, Cicero, Shakespeare, Poe, Bacon, Dostoyevsky, Shaw, and of course Nietzsche filled my nights and moments between classes. I lost interest in mindless pursuits like excessive drinking, and shunned the drug use I saw amongst my friends. Although I did not know it at the time, I was finding myself amidst the

modern labyrinth of anti-culture, rediscovering the collective wisdom of my forefathers in an era when it is buried deep in layers of rancid philosophical excrement.

What was your first exposure to religion?

I was raised as a Roman Catholic, and fed it through my mother's milk. I was the head altar-boy at my Parish, and served masses sometimes up to 5 or 6 days per week. I heard everything that there was to learn about that religion. I literally memorized the mass word-for-word, and when coupled with my high school education at an all-boys Catholic school run by Christian Brothers, I knew the faith inside and out. Being a fanatic, I was a devout follower, choosing never to be one of those drifting souls that was neither good enough for Heaven, nor bad enough for Hell. Nothing could be worse than the Christian notion of a "purgatory"; a place where the mediocre get to spend a huge chunk of their after-life. Give me the option of hanging out with maniacs or saints over that contemptible lot, and I'll take it every time.

At about the age of 15 or 16, I started to seriously question my religion. I was asking questions that were far too difficult for my priest to answer. But these were basic, logical, common-sense questions, ones that must have been tackled by every believer, I thought. At first I assumed that it was just my priest that couldn't give the answers, that he spent too much of his time dipping into the "blood of Christ" instead of studying priesthood. So I searched, talked to many priests, and they all had the same pathetic answers for me.

I was insulted! Surely my religion was based on a foundation more solid than the fluff I was being given! But time would prove otherwise. Soon I was to learn that the faith I had been reared on was nothing more than another one of man's Dark-age attempts at explaining the vast unknown. And around it, they had erected this farce, this con-job, this racket that milked the masses of their money and vibrancy. It became my destiny to destroy it.

Is religion even necessary? Does it serve a positive function?

That would be like asking if reading served a positive function. If you are reading lies designed to neuter you and render you listless, then it serves a negative one. Conversely, if the book provides you with qualified, intelligent answers, and healthy

philosophical mind-food, then yes, it would serve a positive function.

Some religions destroy people, turning them into malleable, cooperative plebeians. Others provide a healthy ideological backbone and supplement it with a strong community interaction with other like-minded individuals. So it really depends on the religion in question. The Islamic religion seems to have served the Arabs quite well, although it was a disaster for the (initially white) Moors, who practiced miscegenation after putting Islam before Racial Loyalty.

Some people need religion. My girlfriend is an Odinist Pagan, and although she is like a Satanist in that she doesn't believe in the literal existence of the Norse Gods, it gives her an ancient faith and tradition to provide her with a healthy point of reference. I however, am an Atheist, or more appropriately a Creator, and this empowers me more than any other belief-system could.

Your initial major involvement in the racial movement was via The Church of the Creator, which was known for its vehement anti-Christian stance. Was this part of its appeal for you?

The White Man's Bible and *Nature's Eternal Religion*, the two basic books of the COTC, emancipated me from the remaining Christian residue that even Nietzsche couldn't fully purge. I saw the Racial issue as profoundly important as destroying Christianity, because I don't believe White people can act with the necessary ruthlessness while still saddled with the Christian baggage.

How did you become a member of the organization?

I was 19 years old, and in my first year of University (we have grade 13 here in Canada), and I was given a copy of *The White Man's Bible*. I read it in two days, and immediately wrote the COTC for more information on how to build a Church here in Canada. I thought that I would be enrolling in an energetic, viable religious movement, that was organized and active. Although the group had been around since 1973, and had been founded with over \$1 million of the founder's money, it was a disorganized mess, and very poorly promoted.

Why did you leave the COTC?

After time, the frustrations of dealing with the poor leadership structure just got to me. I felt like I was sinking wasted energy into a losing venture. So I politely resigned, and eventually formed Resistance Records, the first ever "pro-White" or "Euro-centric"

recording label in the world. There had been other racial music released, but never from a label that was owned and operated by the Racially Loyal.

I have read many of your older articles from COTC publications, which are very intelligently done. However, one can't say the same for much of the rest of their newspaper and propaganda. Did you not feel like you were battling against a major current just trying to push things in a dynamic, thoughtful direction?

Sometimes, yes. However, you must remember that the group's publication, *Racial Loyalty*, was almost universally disappointing for Creators. It did not reflect the state of mind or mental capacity of the Creators I was meeting across North America, and corresponding with from all over the world. It was a very poor representation of the COTC, and it was the two aforementioned books that were the main source of propaganda.

It seems to me that many of the most forward thinking, competent and progressive racialists like yourself all emerged from COTC. Why might this be, especially given their bizarre ideas about having everyone dress up in frontier western outfits waving "It's Great to be White" flags?

Well, that is an unfair generalization of the COTC. One member, who called himself Victor Wolf, promoted some off-the-wall ideas, but not one Creator I ever met actually went and put on a Ranger's costume or had a flag that said "It's Great to be White." That was viewed as a corny idea generated by some geeky old guy, and not representative of the membership at all.

The members that I knew were of above-average intelligence, were well-educated, and were some of the toughest motherfuckers who could ever hope to have on your side. Of course, the group was so extreme that it attracted its share of lunatics, which the Satanic movement also does, but it was nevertheless a movement filled with the progressive-minded.

Clearly Nietzsche is a major influence. How did you come across his writing and where do you think its value lies?

One of my high school English teachers once held up a sheet of paper and said, "if you want a real education, drop out of this facility today, and go buy the 100 books on this list of classic tomes." While I didn't drop out, I did go and purchase dozens of the books, beginning with Nietzsche, which my teacher told me was the hardest to fully grasp. While I did have to re-read many portions at first, I gradually

became acclimated to his condensed writing style, and internalized the message well.

I think that Nietzsche's greatest contribution to philosophy, besides having been a major inspiration to Ragnar Redbeard (author of *Might is Right*), is his discussion of the coming of the Overman, the next evolution of mankind, provided that we regain our foothold and cleanse ourselves of unpure ideologies that restrain us. I also appreciated his disdain for Wagnerian-style Nationalism, instead preaching unity amongst all of Europe.

Nietzsche often leveled scathing criticism at "anti-Semites". How do you interpret these sentiments from him?

Anyone who has read *The Antichrist* will know that Nietzsche was the most profound anti-Semite on the block. He made such a thorough, coherent, and condemning case against the Jews in that book, that it perplexes me that anyone has any doubts about his opinion on the matter. Jewish apologists point to comments he scrawled late in life, while in a syphilis-induced delirium. No, like it or not, Nietzsche was a Jew-hater, and a profound one at that!

Likewise, many would claim Nietzsche avoids any absolute racial stance. Is this merely due to his living in a less troubled time than we do presently?

What was the issue of Race to someone living in the 19th Century? There was no non-White encroachment on Europe's Racial integrity. Without the modern-day mud-slide we are witnessing, is it any doubt that Nietzsche left a non-issue unaddressed?

Saying that Nietzsche took no absolute Racial stance is like saying that he did not take environmental protection seriously. The issue was irrelevant to his time. However, much of Nietzsche's writings deal with his concept of genetic elitism, so you don't have to be a brain-surgeon to take those clear observations and apply them to the modern Racial issues. If Nietzsche lived today, he would agree with most of my platforms, but hate my band, writing our music off as a "well-orchestrated assault upon the nerves", which is how he also defines Wagner!

Many in the racialist movement claim to be advancing or protecting an advanced culture, while—with extremely few exceptions—these same people seem utterly unable to produce any superior cultural works themselves. How do you feel about this? I know a number of people who have no problem with racial ideas, but on the other hand shudder at the thought of a

world run by some of the obviously inferior racial "leaders".

The "leadership" of the Racialist movement is pathetic indeed. So is much of the membership. But then again, as I look around me today, I see little reason not to be a seething misanthrope! The idea itself does not belong to any tin-pot *führer* and his cast of *Hogan's Heroes* rejects, but rather to the ebb and flow of the Universe, and the greater wealth of wisdom from time immemorial. These ethics are true and just, irrespective of the foolishness of modern man, or the current fashion of political correctness. Racialism is absolute truth, and no beer-bellied redneck can claim ownership of it.

I should also interject that there are hundreds of decent, solid, highly intelligent young men and women that I personally work with and communicate with involved in the Racialist movement. The leadership is filled by people that have nothing to lose by being outspoken. The quality members of the movement don't show up on *Geraldo*.

How did your initial efforts into the realm of music come about?

I first played with a band in grade eight. We covered some popular metal tunes at the time. I was 12, so I thought *KISS* was just about the apex of musical ability! I also really loved *Led Zeppelin*, which is an influence that definitely outlasted Gene Simmons & Co. I also played trombone in brass band, and later formed a high school rock band that wrote its own music. I still have some shitty tape kicking around here somewhere.

RAHOWA is often categorized as a "skinhead" band but this seems more and more of a misnomer. How would you describe what you're trying to accomplish and how is it different from the rest of the current racial music scene?

I am trying to explore the emotional and intellectual depths of the Fascist ethic through the expression of music. As this idea becomes more and more intimate to me, our music becomes more and more revealing and profound. Our next project, *The Iron Dream*, will take it all to a new level.

Skinheads were initially pissed off at our metamorphosis, because we were always this really popular "Skinhead" band. But we were never into playing Oi music, or playing untalented crap just to provide some lunkheads with a soundtrack to get pissed to. On the contrary, we have always tried to take Skinheads to a higher level, and we get along best with those Skins we can relate to, the percentage of the Skin scene that is educated and forward-thinking. I like people who are

not intimidated by any idea.

From where did the prominent classical influences on *Cult of the Holy War* arise?

Jon Latvis (lead guitar, cello, piano) is a highly accomplished classical musician, having been trained at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto for several years, where he earned a grade eight cello and a grade nine piano. But I think he could go even higher. He is a total virtuoso, and the most talented musician I have ever seen. MTV couldn't handle this guy's talent for minute.

I have always loved Bach especially, and my appreciation of other music from the Baroque and Gothic/Gregorian period led me to this place where my hard metal influences collided with my classical attraction. RAHOWA became the outlet for the fusion that occurred.

You have asked your readers in *Resistance* whether "Satanism is forbidden by the skinhead thought police?" What brought about this question and how do think the average racist feels about such things?

Well, there is a lot of resistance to Satanism amongst Racialists, mainly due to lack of knowledge, and a residue of Christianity. But we are getting tons of letters from Satanist Black Metal and Death Metal bands, as well as lots of fans of Satanic music.

As an atheist, I look at the whole Christian/Pagan/Satanic squabble and sigh a little, wondering why so many people need religion. But I guess it is a fact that people do, so I have come to accept it. I judge people based on their individual value, not based on whether or not they attach the correct label to themselves.

Unfortunately, many Skinheads don't feel that way. But I like to push every issue that upsets them, because it gets them to think about the things that they try and avoid. The more those wheels turn, the faster the machine can go!

How do you personally feel about the issue, as I know you are at least familiar with the philosophy of Satanism?

Well, since every Satanist I have spoken to about the issue doesn't believe in the literal existence of "the devil," I don't understand why they don't just call themselves atheists, and avoid becoming the next fund-raising story on this Sunday's televangelist broadcast. That having been said, I have met some fantastic, brilliant people that are Satanists, so I respect the movement as being able to attract and inspire some worthy men and women.

I think that the Racialist movement

ultimately benefits from having Satanists involved. I know that many Satanists agree with our world-view, so why not work together? I am one of the most anti-Christian prophets I know, so if I work with some Christian Racialists who are solid people dedicated to similar ideals, then I sure as hell am going to work with Satanists that fit the same criteria. Fuck, I would work with Hare Krishnas if they met my prerequisites!

How do you see Resistance Records developing over the coming years?

I want our magazine to become bigger, more frequent (bi-monthly and then monthly), and filled with better articles every issue. I pour myself into each issue, and it is like an extension of myself, so I damn well intend on it progressing, just like I seek to aspire!

As for the label, I want to see it sign less bands, and move more volume of all the records we have already released. We have only pressed 6,000 RAHOWA's *Cult Of The Holy War*, which is our fastest selling album, and I think that it should be heard by 60,000 and then 600,000 before it slows down! This is wishful thinking, of course, and it requires some pretty hard work to promote this, considering some of the obstacles in our way.

What are the main ones you face?

A music industry that shuns us ... indie labels that actively work against our efforts, threatening to boycott stores and 'zines that carry our records or ads ... big media that makes us look like the anti-Christ hate-corporation of the century ... stores that won't carry our CDs ... companies that won't press our records ... studios that won't record us. The list goes on and on. We are as black as black sheep get, and there is no let-up in sight.

Through all of this, we keep laughing, and enjoying the fun of upsetting the puny little minds that try so hard to be "correct" in their pathetic little lives. We get to speak out on issues that concern us, make a few bucks along the way, be creative in the process, and find our way into history books as the most notorious and officially hated company of the late 20th Century! What more could I guy ask for from life???

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THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL? - AZAZEL

THE EARTH HAS NEVER STOOD STILL; since my childhood, in fact as far back as I can remember, I have heard about Christianity. Contrary to popular belief, I don't need to hear the "Good News". I've heard it loud and clear, and all too often. It's a good story but any story gets boring after awhile. The Christians claim it's the literal word of God, but they seem to disobey it nonchalantly. Why? Because, I fear, they really know—much to their dismay—it's not the word of God and if "Faith without works is dead," then someone better grab a shovel.

Why do they hold on to this dying faith? They have been conditioned, like Pavlov's dogs, to respond. They have, for the most part, been intensively indoctrinated (read brainwashed) into this cult since the day they were born and the cult leaders leave their flock ghettoized, confused, and 20% lighter in the wallet! When I was a child, tithes were only 10%, why did a supposedly omnipotent God need a pay raise? Maybe to keep up with the cost of living? Meanwhile the only solace the Christian can find is that "it might be true." This has become the cry of desperation of many followers of many faiths when their "logic" fails to convince me of the existence of any god.

Christians claim that their creed is "love thine enemy" and everyone has "free will," yet they behave as oppressors of personal liberty (by law or murder) to reinforce their malevolent control over society. The facts are that the Christians have been responsible for the Inquisition, the Crusades, the Salem Witch hunts and, whenever empowered, the ritual murder of anyone who didn't conform to their religion. They have banned the work of scientists and authors in the guise of protecting society from immorality, but their true motivation was to prevent the spread of scientific knowledge, new philosophies, and any ideas that conflicted with their religious doctrines. These are the facts and they are not in dispute and, in fact, they would stop at nothing to preserve their place in society. According to Christian dogma, the first sin of mankind was the pursuit of knowledge (of good and evil). Truly "ignorance is bliss," or at least piety, in Christianity.

In this, Christianity's desperate hour, and throughout their history, they have sought to stop the flow of progress and

personal liberty. Even now, they are hard at work to remove the gun from your hand, eliminate your ability to get an abortion, restrict what you may see or read on the internet, put prayer back in your public school system and have it reinforced at your state colleges and universities. If you don't believe me, call your congressman and ask him or her about *the Contract with the American family*. This piece of "reform," sponsored by the right-wing, is an effort to turn back the clock of progress on personal liberties because its purveyors supposedly "know what's best" for the country. Excuse my arrogance, but when did they get a clue?

The Holy Bible says that the Earth stood still one day. The Earth has never stood still; since my childhood, in fact as far back as I can remember, I have known that the earth revolves around the sun and on its own axis. And now that I'm older, I know that our sun is moving away from the center of the Milky Way galaxy, which in turn is moving away from the center of a superstring of galaxies. And this superstring, presumably, is moving away from the center of the universe where the Big Bang, not creation, started it all. So, as Galileo told his sister almost 400 years ago, the Holy Bible is wrong—"the Earth has never stood still." And, in all of known existence, there is not one scientific fact which supports the existence of any god. I'm thankful that there's no Inquisition to come after me and make me renounce my beliefs.

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If you are not interested in creating *"Un-American Art,"* because it sounds a little ANGRY, or CONFRONTATIONAL, DANGEROUS, NOT NICE, MEAN, UGLY, GROTESQUE, VIOLENT, or whatever *"weak"* reason you may come up with—

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AGNOSTIC SATANISM AND OTHER DELIRIUM • REV. KEN GAGE

GOD. THE WORD HAS MANY MEANINGS and interpretations, even amongst Satanists. The significance of Satanic God(s) is, as it should be, utilitarian and highly individualistic. (If something is working for a person, then obviously he or she should take it to the limit.) This lack of simplicity regarding the subject of the "divine" is most likely why so many non-Satanists have difficulty understanding our position. Often, words like God and Satan are used (by Satanists) in a symbolic way to represent the highly complex and relatively unknown forces at work (or play) in this Universe of which we are a part. To complicate matters further, some Satanists engage in confrontational histrionics which, although perhaps fulfill them personally, fail to demonstrate their intellectual grounds (and fail to "win friends and influence people"—which is a whole other argument on the superfluosity of Satanic PR.) Likewise, despite our sense of rational skepticism and studious worldliness, many so-called scholars are also confused about Satanists, perhaps because we so often cloak ourselves in elements of horror, myth and supernature.

I have recently recovered from a bout of local cyberspatial obsession—in which I took to task agnosticism and a number of other loosely related subjects—and, therefrom, bring you both the delirium of the cybermasses and my remedy unto the same. But before this presentation, I shall describe exactly how delicate some subjects are in relation to Satanism.

For example, let's take the "God is Dead" movement. We know it primarily from philosophical history (which is intellectual in its details). It also serves as a catchy marketing device for a band of Satanic musicians, ACHERON—which is commendable. But, taken on its face value, it presumes that God (in the traditional sense) must have been real and alive at one time; supporting "God is Dead" literally is necessarily inattentive to the fact that there is no evidence for the existence of any and all gods, unless one is fooled by the godly corpses which are propped up and animated by the slaveringly devout.

To say "God is Dead" might not be so Satanic if we must presume irrationality. In-

stead, and this may further mislead the already mislead, saying "God is Alive" could be a Satanic proclamation, if by it we mean He is only alive in as much as His drowning body bobs afloat in a sea of His followers' verbal diarrhea—or if by it we mean He is alive in whatever way we choose to define Him. One must be cautious, for the ice isn't always as thick as it appears. By my way of thinking, God is a meaningless slogan left over from a failed ad campaign, and "He" can be exploited in many ways by many persons.

All this brings us to the question of agnosticism and precisely what that word means. Is agnosticism compatible with Satanism?

Calling themselves agnostic, I've been in communication with several people who didn't realize the Christian implications behind the concept of agnosticism, which I'll explain after this refresher on the subject.

The term "agnosticism" was coined by the English rationalist Thomas Huxley in the 19th Century. By the little of his work that I've so far read, I would conclude that he either wasn't sure himself what he meant by agnosticism or else he was socio-politically cautious in exploring its usage. Whatever the case, I don't think Mr. Huxley would approve of the way "agnosticism" is popularly used today. "Agnostic" is derived from the Greek word *agnostos*, meaning "unknown" or "unknowable," and it is generally used to define the position that "it is impossible either to refute or demonstrate God's existence on the basis of available evidence." This definition is rather narrow-minded, for the agnostic position applies to much more than just God.

George H. Smith put the problem of agnosticism in perspective in his book, *Atheism: The Case Against God*. His wording is too suitable to paraphrase; I give you Mr. Smith's words:

"Agnosticism is not an independent position or middle way between theism and atheism, because it classifies according to different criteria. Theism and atheism separate those who believe in a god from those who do not. Agnosticism separates those who believe that reason can not penetrate the supernatural realm from those who defend the capability of reason to affirm or deny the truth of theistic belief."

* * *

You see, a person can be any combination: agnostic theist, agnostic atheist, non-agnostic theist or non-agnostic atheist (—this last is closest to Satanism).

On the broadest level, agnosticism is a belief in "unknowability" which practically equates to transcendentalism—that the character of ultimate reality is unknowable. Satanists can not reasonably support agnosticism because it is a position of anti-reason, claiming as it does that things exist which are "beyond reality" and which can not ever be known by humankind. But if there are things beyond reality and forever unknowable, how do agnostics know this? Faith? How do they know our future scientific, technological achievements will not someday disrobe all the unknown/unknowable and lay the cosmic "secrets" naked before us? And what makes the agnostic so sure perpetual unknowables exist? One would have to have knowledge of something which possesses the trait of "unknowability" before one could advance a logical argument for that something. And, obviously, if one has knowledge of such an unknowable, then that unknowable must actually be knowable after all and be within reality's scope.

Another reason agnosticism is unreasonable is that by its acceptance of the unknowability of matters (like God), it allows credibility to every presupposition (be it God, Satan or the Tooth Fairy) by way of the shady logic that "because there is no evidence for or against the said presupposition, the presupposition must be a valid one." In this way, uncertainty is the hand of proof. By their fence-sitting—their total suspension of judgment—the agnostic validates everything equally, failing to understand that a lack of evidence for something (like God) is refutation enough against that something (like God) until concrete evidence turns up otherwise. The Satanist does not jump the fence of reason, but rather looks to examine just what territory the fence encloses.

"If Satanists are not agnostic, does that mean they are Gnostic?"

Here, of course, we must be careful to distinguish our rejection of agnosticism from our equally Satanic rejection of Gnosticism. Gnosis, as defined in its relation to Gnos-

ticism, is an "esoteric knowledge of spiritual truth held by the ancient Gnostics to be essential to salvation." Obviously, we consider all "spiritual truths" to be wholesale lies. The Satanist is non-agnostic, or one could say he or she is a gnosis atheist, in the sense of gnosis being a stance for reason and reason's capability to affirm or refute the validity of anything.

Using the shield of "agnosticism" is no defense against one choosing if one is a theist or a non-theist, as it is a blanket statement of mystical uncertainties. Agnosticism has become the refuge for cowards who fear the social prejudices that are engendered against the Godless label, atheism. Agnosticism is also a convenient dodge to substitute faith in place of reason.

And speaking of faith, the Christians I've come across using the Devil's cyberspatial technology are still whining about the rising Satanic nature of modern society and the seemingly anti-Christian sentiments in mass media. Well I'm not sure how accurate this assessment is, as X-ians have been saying such things for a long, long time. But I am sure we need to remind them of a few things, because they are always forgetting their

theology...

If the truth is Christian-bashing, so be it—these truths are carnal ones, not "spiritual." That the material evidence does not support Adam & Eve, virgin births, miracles and resurrections is something I would not force on anybody; perhaps reality is only for the few who can handle it and remain content. X-ians should study their bible and remember that "faith" should be their modus operandi. When they start looking for reasons to support that faith, then they are no longer relying on faith, but rather reason; then they have abandoned the principle their Jesus allegedly said: blessed are those who have not seen, but believe. Satanists should be reminded also that it was the X-ian founder Paul who said that all things which do not proceed out of faith are evil.

Thus, Paul lumps reason with evil, which should put us diabolists on firm ground—with the non-spiritual world anyway. When X-ians stick to faith, fine; we can not argue with this freedom. Argumentation is dependent on reason. Christians are not.

Hail Reason! Hail Satan!

• • • • •



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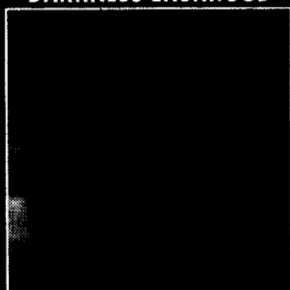
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OBITUARY • TIMOTHY PATRICK BUTLER

MY PET RAT AND FRIEND for two very short years recently passed away. Travis was loyal, affectionate, sensitive and loving—more so than most humans EVER could be. On the night that he died, his cool, limp little body struggled to breathe as I held him in my hands. He communicated clearly to my wife and I that he did not want to die. We tried to put him in his cage, but he mustered every bit of strength that he had to jump back into my hand. He wanted to be with ME, to say goodbye. I realized that by sheer force of will, he was staying alive as long as possible, for MY benefit. He really, truly LOVED me—loved me enough to endure pain and discomfort just so we might spend these last few hours together. What human being would do that? Finally, I turned down the lights and coaxed him back into his cage. I could see that contact with me was cruelly prolonging his life. I kissed him goodbye. He died about two hours later.

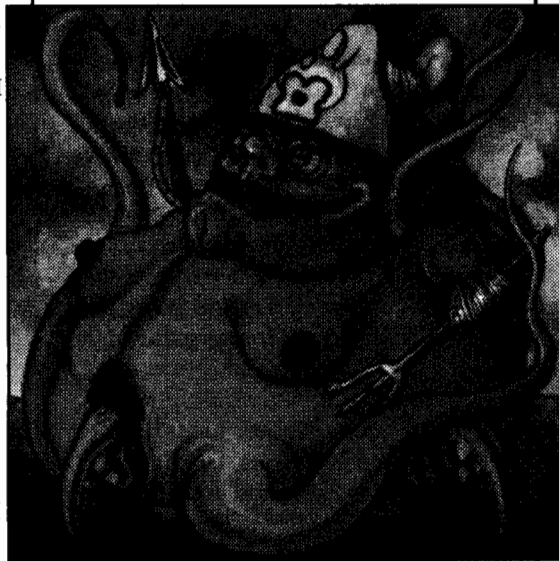
The next day I lifted his cold, stiff body into his favorite empty Kleenex box. I broke into tears—he was usually so warm and animated. Now he was simply still.

I would step over the bleeding bodies of street people without giving the matter a second thought. I don't give a damn about suffering people in Bosnia, Somalia, Ethiopia or Rwanda. I cheer every time the State of California puts another criminal to death. I shrug when I hear that a fourteen-year-old kid is riddled with bullets in a gang shoot-out. I marvel at the stupidity of people who die

in trailer parks when hurricanes and tornadoes strike. These people are incapable of mustering one-tenth of the amount of loyalty, love, enthusiasm or will that my rat Travis displayed on this single night.

When I appeared as a guest on Bob Larson's TALK BACK radio show, Bob said, "...This guy thinks a rat's more important than a human being..." Damn straight, Bob. When human beings live up to the standards set by Travis, I'll reconsider. I know that won't happen, though And people wonder why we're misanthropes.

Each time I passed by Travis' cage after he died, I felt a sense of incompleteness. Travis was my familiar, and he took part of me with him when he passed on. I knew what I had to do. I found a quiet spot in Golden Gate Park in back of the Japanese Tea Garden to bury Travis. I said a few words, shed some more tears, and walked back to my car. I headed immediately to the pet store and procured a sweet little gold-colored rat whom I have named Jupiter. Jupiter and I are still getting used to each other, but I already like him better than the guy who sold him to me.



Vagina Ann is Sleeping by Timothy P. Butler

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SATANISM AND OSMOCONSCIOUSNESS • R. ELIZABETH FOX

THERE ARE THOSE WHO would say that we all know what Satanism is, that there is no need to define what we mean when we label ourselves in this manner. We should get on with creating things of value and not waste our time on such trivial debates as whether Satanism is compatible with fascism, and boldly proceed with what our guts tell us, because, after all, we are the elite and superior Satanists.

The fact of the matter is, these debates are extremely important. To relegate your ethics (your guide to action, what is right and wrong) to your guts is to relegate your decision making to what I call osmoconsciousness. And just what, you may rightfully ask, is osmoconsciousness?

To begin with, everyone has one. You can't help acquiring one as you grow up in any culture. You get it from your parents, the TV, and from every other human that you encounter, either in person or in any sort of media. You have acquired it by osmosis, and most of the sheeple assume it to be consciousness, and substitute it for thinking. It is the subconscious accumulation of a junk pile of unexamined conclusions and generalizations, undefined contradictions, undigested slogans, wishes, doubts, and fears thrown together by chance. It has been integrated by the subconscious into a mongrel philosophy, and it is responsible for emotional responses (your guts), which are usually counterproductive.

To the degree that your osmoconsciousness corresponds to what is real, it causes your guts to tell you the correct action to take. Since osmoconsciousness is a chancy grab bag, your decisions and behavior will have a chancy grab bag sort of outcome. To the degree that you correct the ineffective aspects of the osmoconsciousness, your guts will speak to you more effectively. One extremely effective way to change this unconscious jumble of ideas is to examine those ideas, define them, and discover their consequences. Then the ineffective and counterproductive ideas can be rejected. Only by carefully defining our words can we be sure that we understand each other, let alone ourselves. Otherwise, we are just babbling at each other, no meaning, just wasted breath. If a person refuses

to define what he means, then he is hiding something, from you the listener, or from himself. If a person cannot define what he means, then he is simply repeating phrases, like a parrot, without meaning.

If you think this is of minor importance, note what has happened to the civil rights movement, and the NAACP. The leaders of the original civil rights movement did not clearly define what their goals were. In very blurry terms, the original goal seems to have been something like equal treatment under the law. Now it has come to mean special treatment for the most obnoxious or wealthy group by the law. Originally the NAACP had within its platform the complete integration of the school system. I hear (meaning that this information has not been validated) that they have been co-opted by a radical group which is calling for the re-segregation of the schools. Bill Clinton and other politicians use blurry meanings and obfuscation in notoriously great quantities to further their own ends, especially to get elected.

From what I have read in the Satanic literature, especially that of Dr. LaVey, Satanists tend to be individualists. An individualist does not run anyone's life except his own, is neither master nor slave, and does not sacrifice himself to anyone. There is great joy to be had from making the sheeple do what they do best, which is being run by their osmoconsciousness. Pushing sheeple buttons can be very entertaining for short periods of time. It can be likened to games such as teasing the kitten or bear baiting.

The trappings of Nazi fascism were well designed for messing with the sheeple. However, to say that therefore the philosophy behind Nazi fascism is compatible with Satanism is like saying that because we use similar tools we are of similar mind. This is simply not true by any stretch of the imagination. Over and over again, in the words of the Nazi leaders (and also those of their philosophical mentors), the individual is nothing. The individual is to be ruled by the group, the state. The group (or its representative, the state) can sacrifice the individual at its whim. Any focus on personal desire is to be discouraged. These are the ideas of Kant, Spengler, and of the

Nazi leadership. They claimed they were being rational. This doesn't mean that they were rational.

However, as has been proven many times, by the Nazis and scores of others, the vast majority of the sheeple do not want to be individualists, no matter what slogans they spout. It requires too much responsibility, too much thinking. Try to teach their children the basics of individual power, and the sheeple will hunt you down and weed you out. I have read of several cases where parents have begged the school system to teach decision making to their children, but when their children started to make their own decisions, the teachers were fired and the school systems sued. These sheeple deserve what they get; dysfunctional families, failed and unhappy lives, fear, uncertainty, and despair. Rather than think their way out of their unhappiness, they bury it in bland, soothing white noise, which they refer to as culture. They want a benevolent dictatorship, but they would never admit that. It has to be has dressed in the right words. The Christian Bible had it right, the sheeple are thoroughly hypnotized by the word. When their families fall apart, their teens commit crimes or suicide, or they become the victims of crime, they look for someone to blame, and it certainly can't be themselves. After all, the sheeple did all the right things; they bought the right clothing, they watched the right shows, they spoke the correct slogans, believed the correct politicians, supported the right causes. What else is there?

Well, there is individualism, but that's unacceptable to all but those born to it. Keeping in mind that the sheeple outnumber us vastly, we individualists, who have difficulty joining together because we are individualists, must understand one another very well if we are to be triumphant as a class. We can never be a group. However, if our class is to rule, we must be very aware of exactly what we mean when we are consulting with each other, especially if concerted action is to be taken. We must be very aware of each of our own self-interests, keep them in mind, and also be able to understand very specifically the self interest of the other members of our class. We will

otherwise be constantly working at cross-purposes. Self-examination is very necessary, because to lie to ourselves is to undercut our own personal power.

In just what manner should we rule? We certainly cannot force individualism on the sheeple or make them act rationally. It doesn't work. The term fascism keeps coming up. Can an individualistic class impose a fascist dictatorship without destroying themselves? I seriously doubt it. Is there a name for the most practical system that individualists could impose on the sheeple so that we can maintain the lifestyle to which we aspire without having to bother with them? If so, I certainly don't know what it is.

If left to their own devices, the sheeple will eventually come up with someone to rule them, so constant monitoring for such threats to our power would be required. What a drag! They have to be told what to do all the time. They have to be content enough to keep them passive. They have to be made to produce enough to keep themselves happy. How about a version of the current conspiracy theories? Let the sheeple mess with their own government, but we, the elite, pull the strings from behind the scenes. A dangerous but exhilarating game for those with the desire for it. So how do the rest of us individualists keep from being screwed by any of these systems if we just want to be left alone, and have no desire for political power over the sheeple? As individualists, we always have social power, and play it accordingly. Political power is another matter.

It would seem that Dr. LaVey is indeed correct that the sheeple are hopeless peasants and require rulers of one sort or another. It is also true that Satanists do not want to be ruled, and indeed make excellent rulers when so inclined. I certainly hope there will be an answer as to how to reconcile this matter. In the meantime, dear Satanic readers, check your premises, define your words, and seek harmony in your own class.

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THE SATANIST IN THE GARDEN • MICHAEL ROSE

I O MANY, GREEK PHILOSOPHY begins and ends with the "holy" trinity of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. The fact is that there were many other philosophers, who often had views quite different from these three. Some find the roots of Satanism in these philosophers, but I feel a much greater affinity with a philosopher carrying on the work of one of the pre-Socratic philosophers—a philosophy quite different from that espoused by that well known trinity.

The pre-Socratic philosophers regarded themselves as physicists as well as philosophers. These men often approached things from two sides. On one hand, they looked at the nature of the world, the primal substance of existence. On the other, they examined ethical and sociological matters. One example is Heraclitus. On the physical side, he believed that life was characterized by struggle, and that the best men eschew the way of the mob. Another of these pre-Socratic philosophers was Democritus, who founded the school of philosophy known as Atomism.

Democritus' Atomism held that there were only two things in the world: atoms and void. Atoms are indivisible things from which all matter is made, which move through void in straight, pre-determined courses. One of Democritus' successors, Epicurus, deviated from this, saying that these atoms did not move in straight, pre-determined courses. He suggested that there was a slight swerve in the movement of the atoms. This slight swerve added an element of unpredictability to the world so, in a sense, Epicurus could be called the father of chaos theory. I mention this only as a bit of background information. It is not the Atomism of Epicurus that is of principal interest to us here. Instead, I will concentrate on his ethical and social ideas.

Unfortunately, most of Epicurus' writings are lost to us. I suspect that the Christian mob took great delight in consigning his works to the flames. One of the early Christian leaders, Jerome, denounced one of the foremost Epicureans in Rome, the poet Lucretius, as a madman. What does survive is of great value. It is, in my opinion, of infinitely more value than the writings of the Stoics and Platonists.

Epicurus taught in his garden in

Athens. Unlike most other philosophers, Epicurus also taught women. Philosophically, Epicurus taught that the highest value was pleasure. This was something unheard of at that time. Many had accepted the idea that Man did, in fact, act in the pursuit of pleasure, but this was seen as a defect in Man's nature. Epicurus said that Man should regard pleasure as his goal. This philosophy is often interpreted as mere unlimited license, but it is not. Epicurus was quite clear in stating that mere licentiousness often brought with it far more pain than pleasure. Epicureanism can not be easily pigeonholed as a sort of "Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die" type of philosophy, although this is the common perception. As Satanists, we should know from firsthand experience that the common perception is often quite different than the reality. "No pleasure is a bad thing in itself; but the means which produce some pleasures bring with them disturbances many times greater than the pleasures." Do these sound like the words of a mere libertine?

Epicurus was also a dedicated proponent of common sense. While other philosophers believed that the world that we can see, and hear, and touch, is somehow unreal—or less real than some kind of "ideal" world, Epicurus believed that only a fool rejected the evidence of his senses. To Epicurus, the phenomenal world was not just an apparent world, but the one and only world. This categorical rejection of otherworldliness is all too scarce in the shadowy world of philosophical metaphysics, and I for one find it quite refreshing. In keeping with this distinctly materialistic philosophy, Epicurus rejected any notion of life after death. To Epicurus, the idea that you might feel pain after you died was ridiculous. The dualistic notion that there is a spiritual realm that exists separate and apart from the physical world was alien to his philosophy. Pain and suffering are products of flesh, therefore, when that flesh lies cold and dead, there can be no pain.

All things considered, Epicurus is a philosopher whom Satanists would do well to explore. I do not generally recommend philosophers. Most are fools engaging in debates every bit as meaningless as the old theological dispute over how many angels could dance on the head of a pin. When a

philosopher deals with reality, it is a sufficiently rare occurrence to be worth looking into.

Don't You Have Anything More Important To Worry About?

Most Satanists whose names and addresses have become known have probably gotten letters from a variety of strangers. I generally answer the interesting ones and laugh at, then discard, the others. There are some letters, however, that just annoy the Hell out of me. These are the letters from those who are sniffing around for interesting new gossip.

Recently, I heard from such a person. At first, this individual asked if he could ask me some questions about myself and the Church of Satan. So far, so good. However, this individual decided to slip in a few questions about Dr. LaVey's personal, private life. Even if I could, I wouldn't answer such questions. I considered answering all but these offensive questions, but finally decided not to answer any of his questions, and used the SASE he'd provided for the answers to tell him why he wouldn't be getting any answers. As expected, I got a letter complaining of my unfairness. Was I unfair? I don't think so, but it doesn't matter. These nosy gossip-mongering dimwits just rub me the wrong way.

What is it with these people? Just because they shell out six bucks for a copy of *The Satanic Bible* they think that they own a piece of Anton LaVey? Sorry, asshole, guess again! Dr. LaVey knows that there is an interest in his life and philosophy. For this reason two biographies have been written about him, and he has done interviews expounding his views. He has really made quite a bit of information about his life available to the public. If this is not enough information for you, then that's just too bad.

Dr. LaVey's personal, private life is just that. It is personal. That means that it is his, to share with those of his choice. It is private. That means that if he didn't decide to tell you about it, then it's none of your damned business. Finally, it is his life. You should try to get one. Maybe then you wouldn't be so concerned about the personal minutiae of Dr. LaVey's.

Magister Michael Rose

SATANISM AND OBJECTIVISM • NEMO

OBJECTIVISM, THE PHILOSOPHY OF AYN RAND, is an acknowledged source for some of the Satanic philosophy as outlined in *The Satanic Bible* by Anton LaVey. Ayn Rand was a brilliant and insightful author and philosopher and her best-selling novels *Atlas Shrugged* and *The Fountainhead* continue to attract deserved attention for a new generation of readers. I am a strong admirer of Ayn Rand but I am an even stronger admirer of Anton LaVey for the vital differences between the philosophies of Objectivism and Satanism.

First, Objectivism holds that metaphysics, that branch of philosophy which concerns itself with the nature of reality, determines the nature of epistemology (which is concerned with how man acquires knowledge) as well as ethics (which is concerned with valuing human action), politics (social ethics) and art. Current philosophical disagreement on this issue still continues. It is, in fact, an unproven assertion by Rand that one's metaphysical assumptions determine one's ethics.

You don't have to start with metaphysics to create your ethics. Satanism does not assert that the fundamental truth of the nature of reality (metaphysics) is known. In fact, Satanists utilize two different metaphysical assumptions regarding reality as evidenced in Satanic ritual as opposed to the rest of life. In effect, Satanists are pragmatic regarding their beliefs regarding reality. Thus, as Satanists do not claim to know the absolute "truth" regarding what is real they are, by definition, not "Objectivists" who hold that reality is totally objective. Satanists proclaim that doubt is vital in the absence of proof. At this fundamental level there is division between the two views of reality.

Second, Satanism does not hold that "a life appropriate to a rational being" is the sole standard of ethical right as does Objectivism. If anything, Satanism holds that indulgence in life or "fun" as perceived by the individual is the highest standard of ethics. Satanists see that Objectivism has enthroned reason above the individual as opposed to utilizing this sole means to knowledge as a tool to achieve a purpose. Satanism enthroned the individual as a whole, not reason, as the supreme standard to determine the value of actions (ethics).

Third, Rand's philosophy rejects as ethi-

cal accepting the sacrifice of another to one's self (to paraphrase the end of Galt's oath from *Atlas Shrugged*). The Satanic view sees as ethical the reality of domination of the weak by the strong. The assertion in Objectivism is that the use of force to cause others to submit to the will of the stronger or cleverer individual is "wrong" for the individual. This is a second major assertion which Satanism finds unproven by the Objectivists. Consequently, the Satanist is far more flexible in the choice of actions available than is the Objectivist who cannot simply accept his personal needs as absolutely reliable to determine the best course of action in any circumstance.

Fourth, Objectivism is purely atheistic with a complete rejection of the value of a god in their metaphysics. The Satanic view of this is in pure agreement except in two areas. The Satanist holds that the meaning of god is useful when one holds it to mean the most important person in an individual's universe and chooses that person to be himself. The Satanist also ascribes magical god-like qualities to himself when indulging in the alternate view of reality enjoyed in ritual. In both instances, Satanism sees the cultural effect of religion and god as an emotional asset to be tapped rather than simply rejected. In other words Satanism is a religion (with the individual as God) and Objectivism isn't.

Let me conclude this brief overview by adding that Satanism has far more in com-

mon with Objectivism than with any other religion or philosophy. Objectivists endorse reason, selfishness, greed and atheism. Objectivism sees Christianity, Islam and Judaism as anti-human and evil. The writings of Ayn Rand are inspiring and powerful. If the reader has not yet experienced her power, try her novelette *Anthem* for a taste. You will almost certainly come back for more.

At the same time, Satanism is a "brutal" as well as a selfish philosophy. We do not hold, as do the Objectivists that the universe is "benevolent." Satanists view the world as neutral, beyond the concepts of benevolent or treacherous, good or evil. Satanism enables the Satanist to codify his life beyond the ethical and metaphysical straightjacket which Objectivism unfortunately offers. This is not written to attack Objectivism but merely to clarify the areas of difference.

Satanism drew from Objectivism as even Rand drew from others. Both are, however, unique. Each is different from the other.

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SPARKS • PETER H. GILMORE

SATANISM OFFERS THE INDIVIDUAL the choice for either selective isolation or social interaction—whichever suits one's needs during the varying periods of one's life. The current trend is for the formation of Grottos, which provide a means for group exploration and ritualization, and they remain active so long as they serve a purpose for those involved. They coalesce, flourish, then disintegrate, as is the usual pattern for organic development.

The intent of *The Satanic Bible* was for anyone who read it to put the principles therein into practice, and we do see groups that follow its inspiration.

One such is The Order of the Nefarious Mass founded by Harry J. Mowry, Jr. (P.O. Box 6911, Pittsburgh, PA 15212). The ONM has two main purposes. The first is "to provide a means for an individual to experience direct dialogue with others who, like themselves, embrace Satanic thought and practice in the Pittsburgh area. This dialogue may include participation in religious rites and ceremonies. In doing so, it is the desire of the ONM to build the individual ego, to further exploit one's potential, and to enhance one's character."

"The secondary purpose of the ONM is to intelligently and responsibly engage in actively dispelling misinformation regarding our beliefs and practices. This is intended to secure a more safe and non-inhibiting environment for the Satanist to flourish." These above passages are quoted from the brochure "Order of the Nefarious Mass" by H. J. Mowry.

Mowry definitely takes these purposes to heart by providing a solid forum for ritualizing for his members, as the photograph of his chamber proves. He vigorously pursues the second purpose by producing informational pamphlets that define his organization's beliefs and practices with concise and concrete essays. Aside from the introductory pamphlet about the ONM, they have also produced "Black Magic: What In Heaven's Name Is It?" demystifying this subject and "The Truth About SRA (Satanic Ritual Abuse)" which debunks the Christian hysteria that still has lingering traces after its heyday in the 1980's.

Mowry has represented Satanism to the local press with wit and intelligence



left to right: Priest Ondrejko, Jeff Mine, Priest Mowry

and they have responded accordingly. He has even taken his beliefs into the public forum by debating street preachers, and more than holding his own by countering the Christian fire and brimstone with devilish humor and logic!

ONM is open to members of other Satanic organizations, and stresses its allegiance to the principles of Anton LaVey's *The Satanic Bible*. They may be contacted at the above address, and be sure to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope as well as a donation of \$1.00.

On the other side of the globe, Jeisman Rubicante (a member of the Church of Satan) has founded The Sentinel of The Satanic Empire the purpose of which is to give knowledge and guidance to its members and to act as a sentinel against anti-Satanic propaganda in Australia.

As acting priest, Mr. Rubicante pro-



Jeisman Rubicante, S.E.E. founder

vides guidance by publishing highly detailed papers which explore Satanic aspects of literature (such as Milton, Dante, and Baudelaire) and history (the

Knights Templar and the Yezidis) as well as Satanic references in the Bible. He also has a fine sense of graphic design and has created personally significant variations on traditional Satanic sigils as well as new emblems which crystallize his magical goals.

Ritual is a concern for members in their private pursuits, while the group itself works to dispell misinformation regarding Satanism as presented in various media. They have an internal hierarchy based on the members' mastery of knowledge of Satanism. Communication skills are naturally prized because of the intention of presenting information to the media and thus the public. This has been successful even to the level of Mr. Rubicante's interview with Australian *Rolling Stone* on the topic of Satanism and Black Metal.

This active and selective group was founded on 31 October, XXIX A.S. and seems to be flourishing in its chosen tasks. They may be contacted at: S. S. E., P.O. Box 5342, Wollongong, N.S.W. 2500, Australia.

Finally, there is a new Grotto in Canada called NOCTURNAL REFLECTIONS, THE LEFT HAND PATH OF THE LOWER MAINLAND. They currently are in development and seek local members who want to "Get in touch with (their) dark side!" They are dedicated to the philosophies of Anton Szandor LaVey and the study of the Vampyric. They may be contacted at P.O. Box 61600, RPO Brookwood, Langley, B.C. V3A 8C8 Canada. E-mail: midnight@blaze.bc.ca.

ALTAR EGOS



FROM THE CHAMBER OF
THOMAS PICKERING

FROM PROHIBITION TO PRECEDENT: • PHANTOM

The Evolution of Satanism and the First Amendment Behind Bars

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof..." First Amendment, 1791.

OCTOBER 7, 1994 C.E. should be remembered as an important date in Satanic history. That is the day Church of Satan style rituals were formally recognized and approved by a federal court in Denver, Colorado, granting prisoners the right to possess ritual items as outlined in *The Satanic Bible*. This article will chronicle how courts have interpreted prisoners' First Amendment rights in regard to Satanism and in particular, the practices and philosophy of the Church of Satan through the years, and it will soon become apparent to the reader that the case of *Howard v. United States* will not only have a great impact on prisoners, but possibly all who have adopted the philosophy we call Satanism.

During the course of my legal research on Satanism, I discovered numerous criminal cases discussing drugged-out, socially retarded Christians lighting black candles before committing heinous crimes, and then pleading insanity or the famous "devil-made-me-do-it" defense. I will not discuss these decisions as they have little to do with contemporary Satanism or the First Amendment and further create no binding precedents, being decided on their facts rather than legal analysis. My research did reveal, however, four civil cases specifically mentioning the Church of Satan and Dr. LaVey which will be the focus of this discourse. Although these cases only involve prisoners (and I, like most Satanists, am far from a fan of prisoners' rights), it must be stressed that under established legal principles these decisions can have a resounding effect on all Satanists.

To fully understand the importance of any legal decision, one must first realize that our legal system is based on the principle of *stare decisis*, which is Latin for "let the decision stand." Essentially, *stare decisis* means that before a court decides a question of law, it must ascertain whether the issue has already been decided upon by a superior court in that jurisdiction. If a higher court has made a ruling on a legal issue,

the lower courts in that jurisdiction *must* follow the now binding precedent.

Courts in other jurisdictions who have never ruled on a certain matter, however, usually examine these other decisions and, if persuasive enough, adopt them into law. It follows from this reasoning, and history has shown, that a published legal decision can carry enormous weight on a national level even on a semi-related matter. Keep this principle in mind as you read about the following cases.

Kennedy v. Meachem, 540 F.2d 1057, 382 F.Supp 996 (10th Circuit Court of Appeals, 1976 c.e.) is the first case on record dealing with prisoners who claimed that their First Amendment right to practice Satanism was violated when officials prohibited their religious activities. The three inmate/plaintiffs demanded that they be allowed to possess Satanic ritual items and stated that while they were "not members of the Church of Satan proper, they were following Dr. Anton LaVey's philosophy to the letter." *Id.*, 540 F.2d at 1059. Although the court did not formally recognize Satanism as warranting First Amendment protection in the prison context it, in fact, dismissed the Government's argument that Satanism was not a religion by stating: "In our record there are no averments, proof or findings that a religious belief is *not* involved..." *Id.* at 1060. The court held however, that if the government could show that the practice of Satanism would result in security risks at the prison, the restrictions were justified as the State's interest in maintaining order and discipline inside the prison outweighed the inmates' First Amendment rights. *Id.* at 1061.

No further decisions were published in this area until 1983 c.e., when the United States Court of Appeals for the Seventh Judicial Circuit decided *Childs v. Duckworth*, 705 F.2d 915. *See also*, 509 F.Supp 1254 (lower court decision, 1981 c.e.). In *Childs*, the rather confused plaintiff/prisoner claimed to be a member of various "Satanic" groups and professed his adherence to "The Satanic Bible, Satanic Rituals and Satanic Laws as

published by an Anton Salvatore Lavay" (sic)! *Id.*, 509 F.Supp at 1260. As can be expected of misguided imbeciles, this self-styled "Satanist" also admitted to sacrificing cats and pigeons as part of his religion. *Id.*, 705 F.2d at 918. Although the court easily saw through the plaintiff's lack of sincerity concerning which "Satanic church" he belonged to, it described The Church of Satan in a surprisingly neutral, if not favorable, light:

The Satanic Church of America, founded in 1966 by one Anton Tzandor (sic) LaVey, a former animal trainer and carnival organist, is the best known of the Satanic cults. This Church, which in 1977 claimed more than 10,000 members, publishes a periodical, appropriately named, *The Cloven Hoof*, and its founder has authored three religious tracts, *The Satanic Bible*, *The Satanic Rituals* and *The Compleat Witch*, which contain the Church's teachings. Of the various Satanic cults, this group is one of the least spiritual, for its members worship Satan, not as a supernatural being, but as a symbol of man's self-gratifying animal impulses. *Id.*, 705 F.2d at 919.

The *Childs* court, in denying plaintiff's claim, again did not decide the question of whether Satanism was a religion subject to First Amendment protection in the prison context, but rather adhered to the long established rule that "prison officials may legitimately impose certain restrictions on the practice of religion in prison, including the right of association, which would be unconstitutional if imposed outside the prison." *Id.* at 920, citing to the United States Supreme Court decision of *Bell v. Wolfish*, 441 U.S. 520, 545, 546 (1979 c.e.).

While the foregoing decisions appear rather innocuous, a wealth of misinformation and ignorance regarding contemporary Satanism was laid into law in *McCorkle v. Johnson*, 881 F.2d 993 (1989 c.e.). In *McCorkle*, the United States Court of Appeals for the Eleventh Judicial Circuit went one step further than just denying a prisoner's claim to possess ritual items and practice Satanism. The court confirmed the local prison warden's "finding" that the teachings of *The Satanic Bible* by Dr. LaVey "present a significant threat to security

and order within the prison...and that **persons following its teachings would murder, rape or rob at will without regard for the moral or legal consequences.**" *Id.*, 881 F.2d at 995.

The court then took the prisoner's description of a "Satanic Book of Rituals" as gospel when he described its rituals as involving "the sacrifice of a female virgin, ...wrist slashing, blood drinking, the consumption of human flesh—usually fingers—, [and] ...candles made from the fat of unbaptized infants." *Id.* While the court did not explicitly state that the "book of rituals" the plaintiff described was authored by Dr. LaVey, the implication (and, in my opinion, total lack of independent research on the court's part) is obvious. Even more disturbing is the court's failure to distinguish the philosophy found in *The Satanic Bible* from the repulsive and illegal practices of Christian devil-worshippers. The court lumps the two groups together and concludes that "the plaintiff's asserted rights to worship Satan can be exercised only at a significant cost to guards, other prisoners, **and society in general.**" *Id.* at 996. This case is a prime example of the old legal adage: "Bad plaintiffs create bad law."

The most bothersome aspect of the *McCorkle* decision was its potential effect on future cases pursuant to *stare decisis* principles. For instance, imagine a civil or criminal trial where it is revealed that a defendant is a member of The Church of Satan or admits being influenced by Dr. LaVey's texts. If the defendant's character is at issue, a meticulous plaintiff's lawyer will likely discover the *McCorkle* case and milk its so called "findings" for all they are worth. Although having one's religious beliefs in issue may be a rare situation legally (discussion of a witness's religious beliefs are generally prohibited under the Federal Rules of Evidence), the potential persuasive effect of *McCorkle* on future Satanism cases (prisoner and otherwise) was devastating—that is, until *Howard v. United States* was decided.

In *Howard v. United States*, 864 F.Supp 1019, 1994 U.S. Dist LEXIS 14648 (1994 c.e.), a federal prisoner, Robert James Howard, professed a strong adherence to the philosophy of Dr. LaVey and *The Satanic Bible* and demanded that he be allowed to possess various items to perform Compassion, Destruction and personal rituals. In granting Howard's request, the court gave the Church of Satan a long overdue "legal boost." While arguing his case, the articulate Howard dismantled many of the miscon-

ceptions concerning contemporary Satanism: "My religious beliefs are non-violent in nature. I believe in a humanistic ethical system which would never allow for violence, rape, human sacrifice, animal sacrifice, bloodletting or other practices inaccurately described by the government and the Federal Corrections Institute..." *Id.*, 864 F.Supp at 1022. It should also be noted that Howard admirably requested no *special* treatment, but rather "only asked for the same privileges granted to every other

ic language [and] that references to human sacrifice are symbolic only. Plaintiff also asserted that Satanism is a 'religion of reality': 'The reality is...[that] we can't just go breaking laws...' ...**Therefore, The Church of Satan does not advocate breaking laws.** *Id.* at 1022, 1023.

Of prime importance is that in its well-reasoned decision the court distinguished the practices of the Church of Satan from the Christian devil-worship indulged in by the plaintiffs in *Childs* and *McCorkle*. In short, the court found that there was not "one shred of evidence" indicating that the requested rituals would cause inmate unrest or be considered abhorrent to others: "While [security and order issues] might be a proper concern about some *other* types of Satanism discussed in the reported decisions, the facts in this case do not support the government's argument. ...I emphasize that my ruling does not require prison officials to accommodate every form of Satanism..." *Id.* at 1025, 1026, 1030.

While the full effect of *Howard v. United States* remains to be seen, the positive and accurate portrayal of contemporary Satanism is now legal precedent. Once again, hard evidence has prevailed over ignorance and twisted Christianity. As the *Howard* court stated: **"We should not lightly conclude that because of its content, Satanism is to be denied the full protections of the First Amendment. We ought to give the devil his due."** *Id.* at 1030.

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Author's Note: As of the date of this writing (April, 1997 c.e.), *Howard v. United States* has been cited as precedential authority in at least three published decisions nationwide. See generally, *Ramirez v. Coughlin*, 919 F.Supp. 617 (Northern District of New York, 1996 c.e.); *Samad v. Horn*, 913 F.Supp. 373 (Eastern District of Pennsylvania, 1995 c.e.); and *Walker v. Johnson*, 891 F.Supp. 1040 (Middle District of Pennsylvania, 1995 c.e.).

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religious group." *Id.* at 1026. The court summarized Howard's beliefs as follows:

He vehemently denies wanting to perform any bloodletting rituals or any violent acts that are against prison rules. Plaintiff stressed that he has made mistakes—one of which landed him in jail—but stated that none of those things were done in the name of the Church of Satan. ...Howard also testified [concerning] misconceptions about Satanists and Satanism in general. First he noted that much of LaVey's writing, including *The Satanic Bible* and *The Satanic Rituals* was done in symbol-

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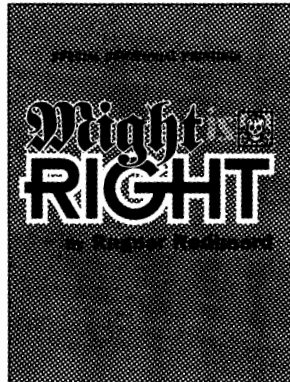
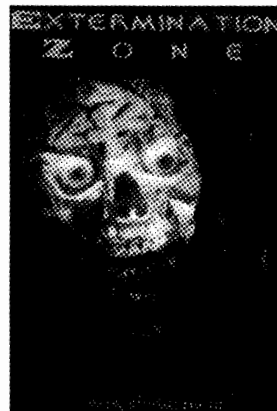
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UNARMED SELF-DEFENSE AND THE SATANIST • JOHN C. DAVIS

IN MOST SELF-DEFENSE situations, the best weapon with which to safeguard your continued health and happiness is a handgun. Yet there are situations in which it is unwise or impractical to use your pistol, and sometimes the circumstances of the developing situation are such that you cannot get to your weapon. If you aren't physically and mentally prepared to deal with such crises in which for tactical reasons you cannot or should not use your handgun, then chances are that the outcome of your confrontation will prove that you deserved whatever you got, be it a bloody nose and bruised pride or your torn and bleeding carcass lying in the street. Survival of the Fittest.

With what, then, to fill the void found between the rapid and deadly use of your firearm and the unfortunate corpse which results as a consequence of your unpreparedness? Obviously, you must be prepared for a hand-to-hand fight; and to maximize your chances of survival in such combat, you must be trained and used to this kind of fight. Where then to find this training, and what distinguishes training of real value from that which will do nothing more than flatten your wallet while inflating your head with false confidence, an illusion of combat-worthy skill, and theories which are a blatant waste of the air used to speak them?

Although I've spent half my life developing myself through the practice of the *budo* (martial ways) of Japan, I avoid using the term 'martial art' and dislike being called a 'martial artist' because of my distaste for the common associations which arise in the mind of most individuals using those terms when talking with me about what I am and do. Awareness of just what these associations are connected to will help you to know what to avoid when searching for the right man to train you for combat.

There are a slew of "masters" and "doctors" of the "martial arts" out there who are more than ready to take your money. Teaching watered-down, ultimately useless "martial arts" is what these people do for a living and as such, they are more concerned with keeping you as a paying customer than they are in doing whatever it takes to insure your combat-readiness. This is common herd mentality—the idea that consumerism is more desirable than anything of real substance. Indeed, many of these shysters will insist that new students sign a legally binding contract which "guarantees" that for "X" amount of dol-

lars, one will receive one's black belt in "Y" amount of time. They're preying on the common misconception propagated by the *homo normalis* media—that to be awarded a black belt affords one some sort of invincibility—which is patent, grade-A bullshit. They're selling their students a sense of self-worth which is ultimately a thin veneer at best. I personally know a score of black belts who couldn't punch their way out of a wet paper bag, much less stand a chance of survival in a life-or-death streetfight. I could go on at length, but you get the picture: don't let yourself get suckered by someone out to make a quick buck off your very real desire to get some quality training.

Also, get away from anyone who extols to you the 'virtues of sport karate,' for they want you to subscribe to their masturbatory, ego-stroking fantasy that in learning how to "play tag" with someone of roughly the same weight as yourself while wearing foam protective padding and within strict "fair play" rules will somehow teach you how to dominate a streetfight. More bullshit. Or if, when asked about sparring, they say something about "no-contact sparring" and the respect for all human life which your sparring partner represents...need I say more?

Therefore I refuse to group or allow myself to be grouped with these charlatans through the use of the terms 'martial art' and 'martial artist,' and you should now see why you should avoid them in your search for quality training.

When forced into using terms...what I do is *budo* and what I am is *busbi* (warrior). This is indicative of a fundamental difference between what it is that I do, and indeed am, and what it is that they do and are (or aren't, as the case more probably is). And that brings us to the question of what it is that sets training of value apart from 'play training.'

Notably absent from our training (that of my teacher—who studied from childhood in Okinawa and Japan the true martial ways of the real masters, and the two other students who have what it takes to thrive on and grow from the valueable, applicable training) is empty theory. We learn concepts of motion and alignment, but there is no element of vague or untested theorization. Grasp of the knowledge presented is shown not by rote repetition, but in actual application. Ask one of your local "karate masters" how he would react to a headlock and he'll weave for you a nice tale about how he would do such-

and-thus...but that's all you'll get. By way of contrast, yesterday the four of us spent three hours doing nothing but applying full-strength headlocks to one another and working to escape from those headlocks.

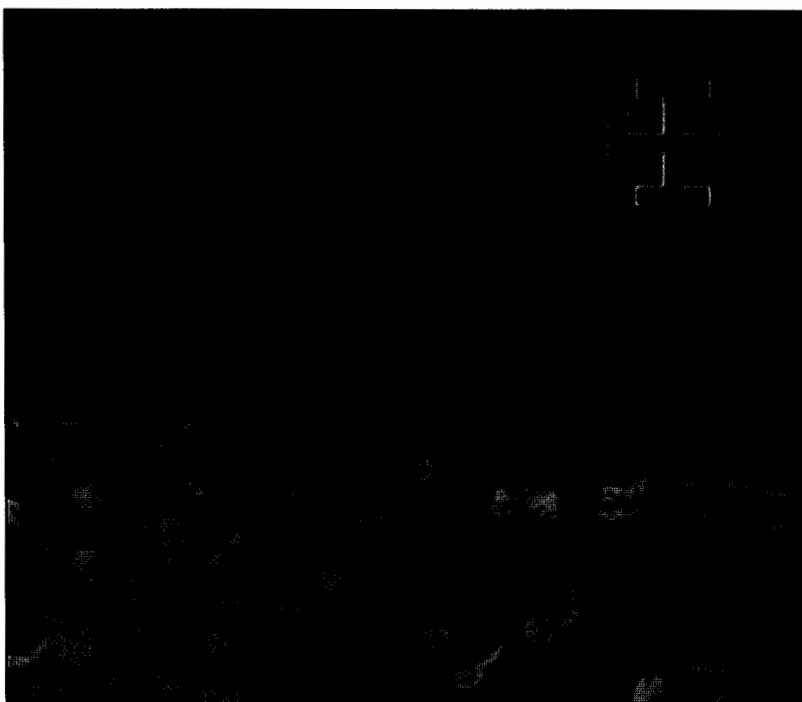
In our training, we work out on bare concrete and sometimes gravel or in the snow. There are no pads, either on the floor or on ourselves, and everything we do is full-contact—no pulled punches or half-assed headlocks...and that's crucial to training for real life (or maybe I should say "real death") encounters. H. P. Lovecraft opened his famous essay "Supernatural Horror in Literature" with the often-quoted, "The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear, and the oldest and strongest kind of fear is fear of the unknown." If your body and mind are accustomed to headlocks, chokeholds, the receiving of punches, kicks, headbutts, and elbow strikes to all parts of the body—no holds barred, then there is no fear of whatever may happen in a streetfight—you've already felt that pain and become inured to levels of pain that *homo normalis* does not even know exists.

In a recent communication with Magistra Peggy Nadramia, she quoted Dr. LaVey as having remarked once to her in conversation that "The animals must be our gurus now." And that idea is important here. This no-nonsense training of mind and body can be likened to the rough-and-tumble play of housecats (or any other mammalian young given to such things—wolf cubs, the offspring of large cats, etc.). They wholeheartedly engage in play which simulates actual fighting and care not for a nip here, a scratch there, or the bodyslams that happen so often in the course of their play. Yet when they are mature, these same actions in which they engaged with their littermates are taken up to the level of combat, and the concepts which the cat learned in violent play become devastating.

This training is ultimately Satanic in that it is completely devoid of bullshit—everything you do works, and you know because you've done it. If you can't make something work, you then figure out why not. Your search for training of this caliber (pun intended) will probably be very difficult, but necessary...for **this** is the kind of training that you must undergo in order to maximize your chances of mastering a self-defense situation in which you can't go for your handgun.

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